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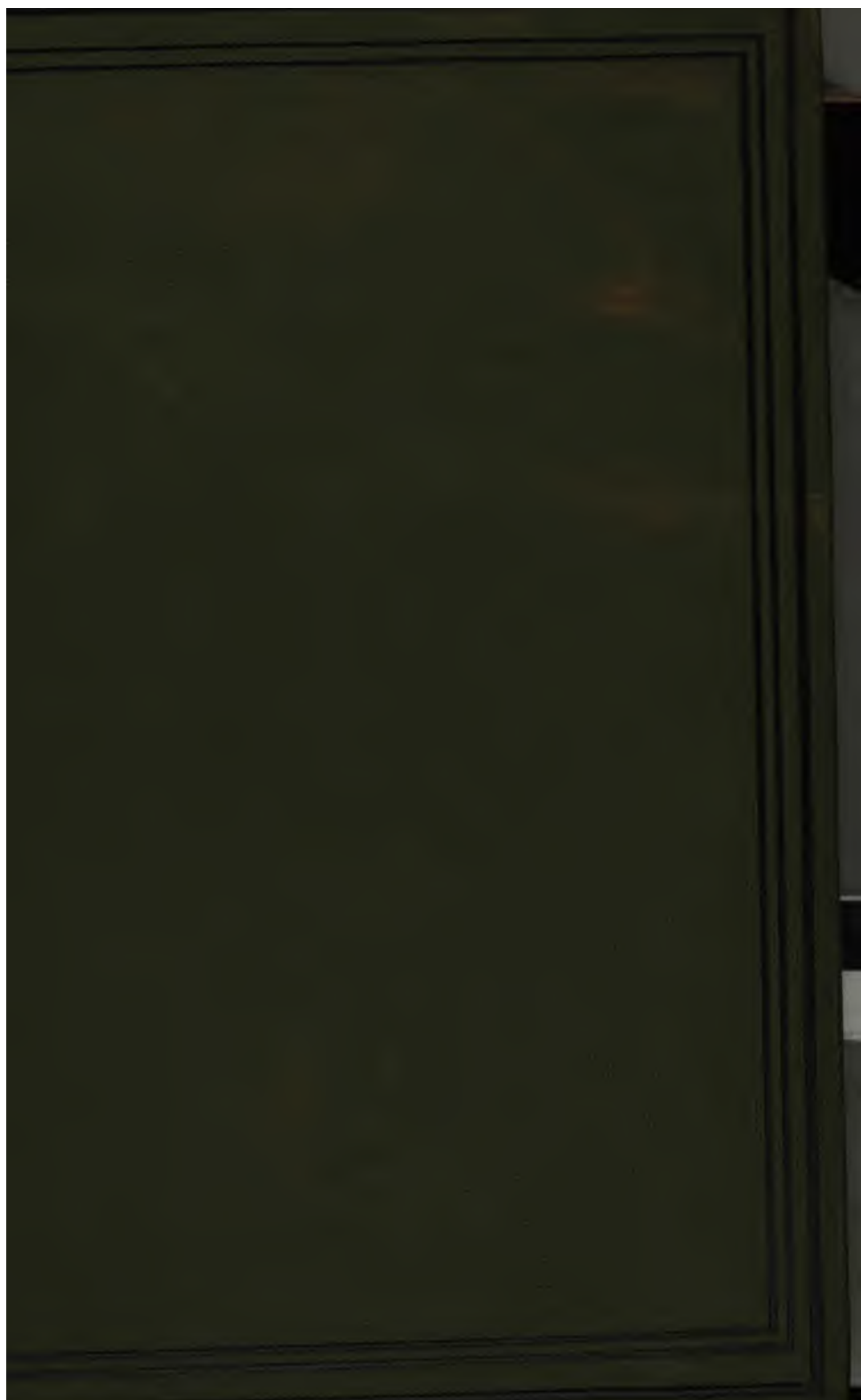
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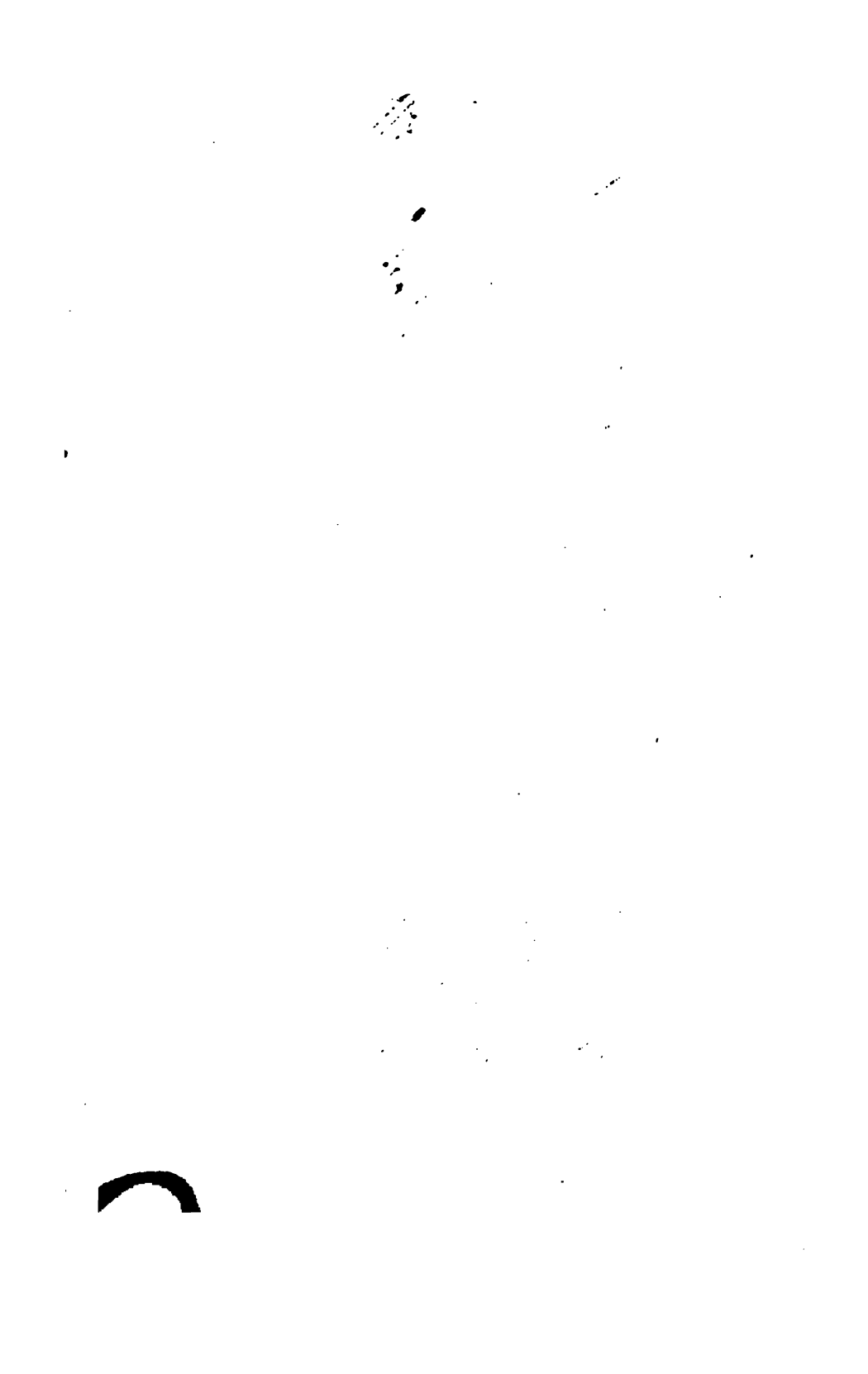
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## **HOLIDAYS IN TYROL.**





# HOLIDAYS IN TYROL

KUFSTEIN, KLOBENSTEIN,

AND

PANEVEGGIO.

BY WALTER WHITE,

AUTHOR OF "A LONDONER'S WALK TO THE LAND'S END," "ON FOOT THROUGH TYROL,"  
AND OTHER BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

"Some things can be done as well as others."

SAM PATCH.



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## FOREWORD.

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TWENTY years ago I walked through Tyrol from end to end, and published an account thereof in a book which, perhaps, some readers may remember. In that walk the great highway of the Brenner was our eastern limit. Now, in the holidays of seven summers, I overpass that limit, and invite all who are willing to renew the friendly acquaintance of earlier days, to accompany me into a wild and romantic region still comparatively unknown.

In order to maintain the unreserved confidence which has always prevailed between us, I make known here at the very beginning, that in this book there is no description of perilous adventures, and no snow, except far away on shining summits. Exploits above the snow-line are, consequently, not to be looked for. Readers who enjoy that kind of excitement may indulge themselves to the full among the feats of climbing recorded by Mr. Freshfield in his very entertaining volume.

But there is much concerning field and forest, and road and river, and men and women and their ways, their opinions and their superstitions, in a district of South Tyrol which but few English folk have visited. And among all this are incidents of daily life, touches of character, a little meteorology, and a sprinkling of nonsense; and, taking the reader

as a companion, and using singular or plural at pleasure, I gossip with him over our daily experiences. Habit strengthens as years multiply; and if, as has been said, I "preserve things that are insignificant, that are in no way characteristic, and that tire if they do not vex one," I am ready to accept the consequences. In my first book I stipulated for liberty to tell my story in my own way; and to that stipulation I have faithfully adhered.

An opinion prevails that South Tyrol—the land of the dolomites—cannot be seen without extraordinary privation or fatigue; whereas all the best parts of the country may now be visited on wheels. From Toblach in the Pusterthal an excellent road affords easy access to Italy. From Landro there is choice of two ways to Cadore—the main thoroughfare, or the new road through Auronzo. From Belluno you may drive all the way to Caprile. Here a break occurs, and they who wish to reach the new road at Primiero, must undertake a few hours' journey from Agordo on mule-back, or return by the way they came to the Brenner railway, or drive from Belluno down Val Sugana till they strike the railway at Trent. From Neumarkt on that railway, Campidello at the head of the Fassathal, or Primiero, beyond the Costonzella Pass, is accessible by a carriage, with a view of the very grandest of the dolomites on the way. In 1875 a really new comfortable messaggeria was set running between Neumarkt and Cavalese. A few years hence there will be greater facilities of approach, for a road is projected, which, crossing the hills in the neighbourhood of Buchenstein, will connect Fassa with the Ampezzo. A holiday-seeker pressed for time would find it possible to start from London, cross the Brenner, travel all the way to Belluno, and return, by way of Ampezzo, within three weeks.

The route map here prefixed is purposely left free from details for facility of reference, and but few names are given which do not occur in the book. The two lines of railway are shewn; stretching from north to south across the Brenner, and from east to west along the Pusterthal.

At the principal railway stations the usual continental tyranny prevails; and the liberty-loving Tyrolers submit to be locked up in ill-ventilated waiting-rooms, and denied access to the platform until the moment comes for the unseemly rush to the train. It is not so easy to conquer the army of the platform, as it was to drive out the French and Bavarians.

Tourists who require a complete travelling-map, with mountain panoramas and plans of towns, would do well to provide themselves with the "Kunstbeilagen zu Amthor's Tirolerführer," a small book of moderate price.

Florins and kreutzers, the money of Austria, are easy to reckon. The value of the florin (apart from the rates of exchange) is the same as our own, namely, two shillings, and one hundred kreutzers make a florin. Thus four kreutzers are equivalent to a penny. A sufficient supply of small notes and small change—always procurable at Innsbruck or Botzen—should be laid in before entering the mountain districts.

For further facility I have ventured to give, in the Appendix, a very elementary lesson in pronunciation; from which as well as from particulars set forth in this foreword, it will be understood that I expect to meet with untravelled readers. English tourists generally make a curious, not to say ludicrous, exhibition in their attempts to pronounce foreign names. It has never yet entered into the imagination of any one of them that *Bot* can have any other sound than as in *bottle*; I therefore advise them to consult the first page of

the Appendix before they begin to read the first chapter. But the principal offence in this particular is the travesty of Tyrol which has grown into use—"the Tirrel." Why not say *the* Switzerland, or *the* Tirren, in speaking of an Irish county? The name of the county is Tyrone. Put *l* in place of *n*, and you have the true pronunciation of Tyrol.

There is a gratifying choice of routes by which to travel to Tyrol:—The old familiar route up the Rhine, and so to Munich; across Belgium to Treves, and down the Mosel to Coblenz, or across France to Strasburg. From Offenburg on the Mannheim-Basel line, the Black Forest railway offers a singularly interesting route to the Lake of Constance, whence there is further choice:—from Lindau to Munich, or from Bregenz across the Vorarlberg to Landeck, and down the Inn valley to Innsbruck, or by way of Finstermünz and the Vintschgau to Meran and Botzen. From Nauders on this last route there is a way into the Lower Engadine.

To the tourist, above all others, is essential that contentment of mind which is a continual feast. Among the mountains he must make up his mind for simple diet, and for the wholesome lesson that travel would lose its advantage if it brought no vicissitude. Of danger, so far as my experience goes, there is none. I have wandered much quite alone, and in very wild and solitary places; and never had occasion to feel afraid. Even the three snakes that I saw during my many rambles in the forests seemed glad to wriggle themselves quickly into a safe hiding-place.

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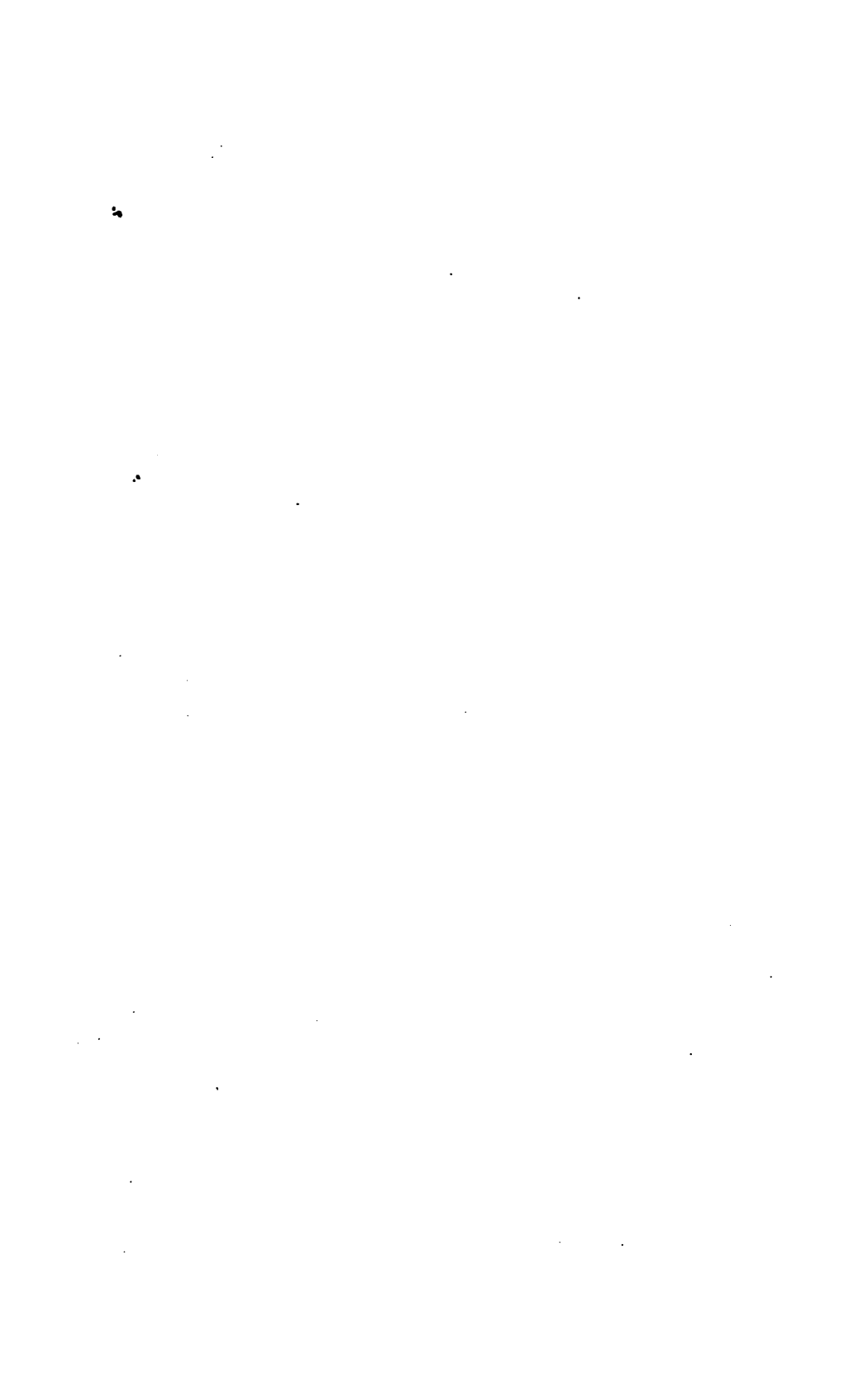
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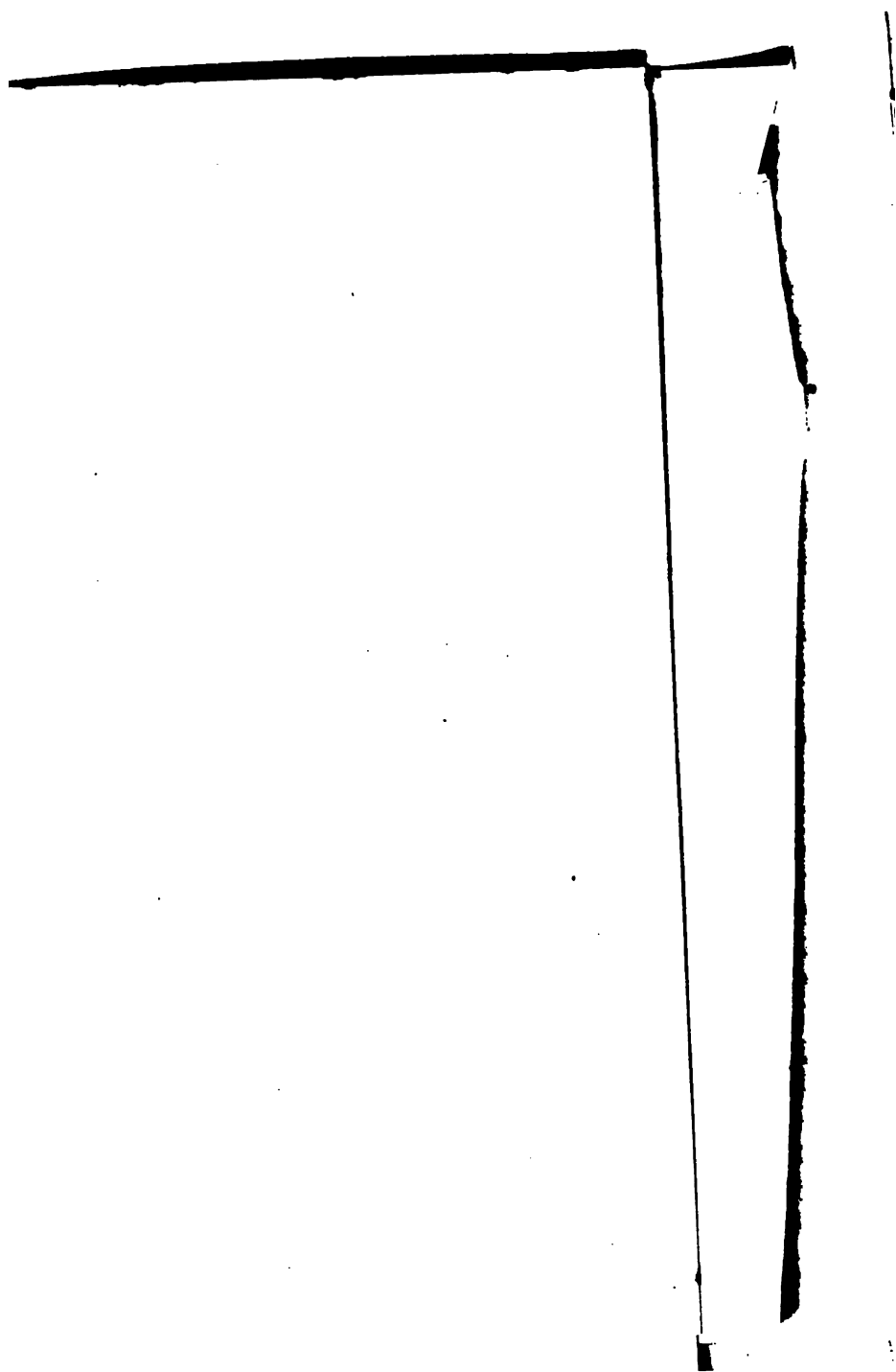
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# HOLIDAYS IN TYROL.

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## CHAPTER I.

Glad Tidings.—A Bay of Mountains.—Converted Castles.—The Klaus.—The Inn, a rushing River.—Kufstein.—Attractive Perspectives.—Twofold Custom House.—The Town.—The Citadel.—Kaiser Max.—Hurlyburly, and Wake-up.—Imperial Vengeance.—View from the Bridge to the Thierberg.—The Hermitage and Hermit.—The Chapel.—Anatomical Offerings.—Curious Picture.—The Tower.—The Prospect.—The Kaiserberg.—A Circle of Mountains.—A Ring of Forest.—The Fremdenbuch.—The Kaiserthal.—Prosperous, yet not fruitful.—The Hechtsee.—The Earthquake.

FAR in the south-east, as you travel from Munich towards Tyrol, you see rising above the level horizon the picturesque summits of the Bavarian Alps. The sight animates you ; for the “beautiful feet” have left thereon an imprint of beauty, and those lofty mountain-tops are fraught with “glad tidings.” Higher and higher they rise as we approach Rosenheim, a place of noise and bustle, where we part company with passengers bound for Salzburg. Soon distant peaks appear as islets on our left, and these also rising higher and higher, we have at length on each hand a continuous range. It is as if we were hastening into a great bay, which narrows and becomes more picturesque and romantic as we advance.

The mountains come still nearer, and rise higher, and the

bay contracts to a defile, where castles in ruin on the heights remind us of knightly patriots and knightly thieves. Some of the ruins have redeemed their character by conversion into factories or breweries, and some give shelter to peasants or old servants.

We pass the frontier stone, and come to Klause, where road, river, and railway are crowded into the narrowest part of the defile. The Inn, a mighty stream, rushes forth to meet us, and ever onwards carrying his message from a thousand hills and valleys, across the great Bavarian plain to the far distant Danube. Fresh exhilaration comes to us at sight of so swift a breadth of running water.

Then the vale expands, and looking ahead we see the citadel of Kufstein on the crest of a bold rock, and the town clustered around its base, all overlooked from each side by greater heights of rock, pasture, and forest ; and we soon discover that, as a native topographer describes, the neighbourhood is " enlivened by enticing perspectives."

We have entered Austrian territory, and of course baggage must be examined. The task is an easy one as regards hand-packs, for the customs' officers accept your assurance that your bag contains nothing taxable (zollbar) ; but for those who have trunks and coffers, there is much expenditure of time and trouble. Meanwhile, the others may dine at reasonable cost, and drink good beer or wine at pleasure ; for Kufstein has now a large and commodious railway-station, divided between two nationalities, the northern half being Bavarian, the southern half Austrian.

The town—for it is called a town, though smaller than many a village—stands on the right bank of the river. The first house as you cross the bridge is the Hotel zur Post. A little higher, on the opposite side of the way, Zum Auracher

offers equally good entertainment, and a perennial tap of lively beer, at reasonable charges.

A broad steep street, with a fountain supporting a Virgin and Child above the waterspouts, two or three public-houses, and a few good shops, crossed at the top by a narrow street, where, among groceries, napery, soap, and candles, you may find a bookseller, make up the town. But it seems oppressed by the great citadel rock which rears itself high above all the houses, as if it were the most important of local institutions. Permission to climb the steep path which leads to the summit may be obtained from the commandant, when he is in good humour, should you desire to make the ascent.

Where, centuries back, Kufstein emerges from the misty period, we find it vexing the soul of the great Maximilian because the defenders would not give it up at his summons, and sneered at his puny artillery. He lost his temper, and vowed a terrible vow ; and, what was more to the purpose, he brought up two guns, Hurlyburly and Wake-up, the biggest in all Germany, and delivered his fire with such effect, that, as the chroniclers tell us, the balls not only passed through the fourteen-feet thick walls, but penetrated the solid rock at the rear. The garrison surrendered ; but victory was not enough for the famous emperor, and eleven heads were chopped off before his vengeance was appeased. He could not forgive the sneers. A little chapel on the hill-side, known locally as Ainliften (eleven), still marks the burial-place of the victims.

Since then Kufstein has shared the usual fate of a border-fortress, an envy and a prey to quarrelsome neighbours ; and as a prison, it has proved strong enough to hold political captives, whose thoughts, meanwhile, were quickening the work of freedom outside.

Standing on the bridge with your back to the town, you see beyond the little village of Zell, on the left bank, two big casemated forts with a long connecting covered way crossing the slope between: so jealously does Austria guard this narrow entrance to her faithful Tyrolese province. But, compared with the surrounding hills and mountains, the stronghold looks insignificant. One among the hills, identified by an old tower on the summit, is the Thierberg. We can walk thither easily in less than an hour. Let us go. It is much more inviting than the grim citadel.

Pass the railway-station, and take the road down the valley till you come to a friendly way-mark, erected by the Verschönerungsverein, which indicates the upward path. It is a pleasant path under trees, among ferns, weeds, and grasses that love the cool shade. At the end of the trees is a seat, placed perhaps by the same good-natured Embellishment Society that has set up so many way-marks here and there on the hill, as we shall see. We cross fields and pastures, where husbandmen and women too, not hired labourers, but small proprietors, are working in the bright sunshine. Before us rises the old tower from a thickly wooded cone, and, as if to mitigate its severity, the roof and bellcote of a little chapel peep confidingly over the topmost trees. Near the base of the cone the path turns suddenly to the right, by the side of a white house, and mounts steeply through the wood. Midway stands another way-mark, pointing to the Hechtsee, which we will keep in mind. A little below the tower, in a curious old building, which may be described as a few wooden closets jammed between two massive walls, there dwells an ancient man to take care of the place and attend to visitors. His kitchen, sitting-room, and bedroom, are of the smallest; suited for a hermitage; but are wide enough for him and his

little dog. His tiny precipitous garden contains a vine, a few flowers, a sprinkling of salad, and in one corner a tub for rain-water, from which he can drink when not inclined to go down to the spring. The trees yield him shade, and he can enjoy the breezes and the talk of strangers. But in the winter he is very solitary; and even in summer there are days when no one arrives, and the rough bin in which he keeps cakes, beads, and little pictures for sale, remains unopened.

Adjoining the old man's dwelling is the little chapel, dedicated to St. John the Baptist. It has the usual appurtenances, an altar, an organ, a gallery, a side altar adorned by a life-size image of the Virgin crowned, which, as the ancient one says, was brought from Spain. The style of the face corroborates him. But besides all this the walls are crowded with votive offerings; pictures, prints, wreaths, flowers, crucifixes, and an anatomical collection, all in wax, of legs, feet, arms, hands, breasts, hearts, dolls, and a babe swaddled in the ordinary manner of Tyrol, looking very much like a big chrysalis. Such a strange sight I never before saw.

A weekly service is held here, and on the 24th of June, the Baptist's day, throngs of pilgrims mount to the chapel, and thus the stock of tokens grows always larger.

Between the side altar and the door a curious painting, said to be of the seventeenth century, representing the beheading of St. John, claims attention. The canvas, in a black frame, is about seven feet square. The scene is a spacious hall with a dais at one end, where, under a canopy supported by black columns, Herod is seated, with his queen and courtiers at the feast, attended by two youthful cup-bearers, while Herodias dances before them. To the right



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of the feasters are the musicians, among whom sit two women, one playing a harp, the other a guitar, and behind them is a spacious court enclosed by the high walls of the palace. To the right of the musicians guards are posted with partisans and banners, one displaying the Black Eagle, another stripes of red and white. Above the guards are four trumpeters in a balcony, blowing a lusty blast.

On the left, the entrance of the prison, with raised portcullis, is seen. A guard holding a javelin lets John out ; the executioner, a fierce-looking fellow wearing red breeches, white scarf round his head, and shirt sleeves tucked up, takes the captive by the forelock ; and in the lower corner on the same side we see the result : the headless body lies stretched on the pavement, and the figure of the headsman, brandishing the sword with which the fatal blow was struck, is repeated. Near him stand the "damsel" and her two attendants looking horrified at the "head on a charger," which has just been placed in their hands ; but a little to the rear they are walking up the steps of the dais, carrying their ghastly prize with countenances unmoved. In the upper corner, somewhat indistinct, is a landscape with figures, two of which are engaged in the rite which gives to the Baptist his distinctive name.

A few feet higher up the slope and we come to the tower, a rectangular building with walls eight feet thick, looking very much like one of the old Border peels. We mount by a convenient wooden stair built against the bare inner wall, and, stepping out on the roof, behold outspread before us a complete panorama. Eastwards, a jagged ridge somewhat resembling dolomite, fronted by a grey hill which reminds us of Arthur's Seat, first attracts the eye. All that is the Kaiserberg under different names—Vorderkaiser, Hinter-

kaiser, Wildekaiser, Zahmerkaiser, Hoherkaiser—and truly its aspect is imperial.

The hill to the right is the Würzen, and, turning to the south, we look far up the valley of the Inn, across ridges which seem interwoven in innumerable folds of blue, among which the mountains of the Zillerthal, and farthest, of the Stubayerthal, show their summits. A white patch within the entrance of that long vista marks the place of Kirchbichl, and beyond a white tower shows us where to look for Wörgl. That pointed hill, dark with wood, which we see on turning more to the right, is the Pendling, partly masked by the Moosbrockenberg—a mass of forest. Another turn to the right opens the western prospect with the three-peaked Rittenberg, and the three-peaked Sonnenwendjoch, whence Munich can be seen, forming a background to the Reinhartsberg and Dransalp. Along their summits, with many a bend and twist and up and down, runs the boundary-line between Bavaria and Tyrol.

To the right of these, in Bavaria, rises a saddleback hill—the Grosstreiten—which completes our half circle. Next come the Bruenstein, a fine peak, known to German tourists, the Riesenkopf, the Wildbarm, the Grenzhorn, and Spitzstein. Then the Wechsel appears, a bold, peaky, saw-like, irregular muster, and from this we look down into the main valley, and meet the lower slopes of the Kaiserberg.

There was a strong place here on the Thierberg more than six hundred years ago. Did the possessors of that day appreciate the prospect? It belongs now to a Kaufmann (merchant) of Munich.

Truly there are “perspectives,” for in all directions hills rise behind hills with varying effect. The innermost ring is nearly all forest, which imparts a sense of warmth and mys-

tery, and heightens the impression of beauty and grandeur. Within that expanse of fir and foliage there are lakes and waterfalls, rocky glens and smiling valleys, more than enough to entertain a week of holidays. We will content ourselves with this suggestion; for it would not be economical to expend in one chapter the stock of adjectives that will have to suffice for a whole book.

Mingled with our feeling is a touch of surprise that so much can be seen from so small an elevation, and we pace slowly round and round the roof with untiring admiration, and unwilling to depart from a scene so full of promise. The old man is very patient; and when at length we descend he leaves the roof door open that we may see to inscribe our autograph in the Fremdenbuch which rests on the upper landing. German and Slavonic names crowd the pages; of other nationalities there are but few. To the ordinary English tourist the land of promise lies always farther away.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that Kufstein is a centre whence excursions may be made with advantage. For travellers whose time is limited the interval between the morning and afternoon train would suffice for the ascent of the Thierberg and a visit to the Hechtsee, and give them a favourable idea of the land of their expectations.

The romantic Kaiserthal, which shows its gorge-like entrance in the angle of the pastures beyond the river, can be seen in half a day; and in three or four days the Thiersee, Bayerischzell, the Walchsee, and Traunthal may be visited. And it is worth mentioning here, that the road from Kufstein through Lofer to Salzburg offers a long succession of picturesque and pastoral beauty to the traveller who can enjoy a quiet drive.

If we turn from the great to the minor features we see,

immediately beneath, the shining curves of the river chasing each other between slopes and levels of brightest green until they pass out of sight. Streaks and patches of wood, that seem to have strayed down from the dark forests on the higher slopes, contrast with the smooth surface. There are fields, too, and many scattered houses spreading away from the town and the village, so that, from this distance, although not fruitful, the valley looks prosperous and happy; but during the winter it is much vexed by the inrush of northerly wind from the cold table-land of Bavaria.

From the way-mark which we passed at the foot of the cone on our ascent, a path crosses the hill, and descends by steep zigzags to a flowery meadow in the rear. From the upper end of the meadow we enter a pleasant wooded alley, which, falling after a while, brings us to a hollow whence, through an opening on the left, we see the blue waters of the Hechtsee—Pike Lake.

The descent thereto is rough and steep; but once down we find agreeable walking on the margin of the mere. Except at one spot, where a cliff rises, it is everywhere surrounded by grass and trees, here advancing, there receding, forming capes and bays, and rushy pools, with play of light and shade, and a shimmer of green and blue, and rippling silver, all combined in a picture that charms as much by its quiet as its beauty. Its effect on the eye is heightened by the bare stony peak which, rising beyond the farther ridge of trees, makes a central point in the sylvan curve that shelters the placid waters.

There are other points of view which may be discovered during the hour that suffices for a walk round the lake—a walk full of refreshing enjoyment, for the stillness is profound. Calm is indeed a characteristic of the Hechtsee;

and, if popular report may be believed, it is never disturbed by storms. But one day in November, 1755, the water was thrown on a sudden into wild commotion, and rolled in great waves over the margin, while slime and sludge were cast forth in turbulent jets. A few days afterwards came news that the earthquake which carried such terrible destruction through Portugal and other countries around the Mediterranean had occurred on the same day.

Our return walk may be varied by taking a path which will bring us down to the highway at Klausen. If we go back by the way we came we may avoid the climb of the Thierberg by turning into a shady defile at its base, and crossing the pastures beyond till we strike the well-trodden path which there descends to Kufstein.

## CHAPTER II.

Lower Inn Valley.—Wörgl.—Brixlegg.—A Miracle Play.—How to tame a Village.—Jenbach.—Choice of Excursions.—Achenthal and Zillerthal.—Schwatz.—Hall.—Innsbruck.—Old and new.—Honour to a Post.—The new Bridge.—The lost Ferry.—Swift Water.—The Silver Chapel.—The Hills.—The Lanserkopf.—Glorious View.—Val Deliciosa.—Array of Mountains.—Chorus on the Kopf.—The Lauser See.—Igls.—Sunday Theatre.—Proud Peasants.—Firemen's Feast.—Rival Taps.—The Burgomaster.—Liberalismus and Clericalismus.—A Poet's Protest.

NATURE and history have done so much for the Lower Inn valley, the far-stretching green vista along which we have been gazing, that even a railway traveller finds it interesting. On the right, as we go towards Innsbruck, the limestone which prevails so largely in the Bavarian Alps uplifts a characteristic barrier, presenting us with variety of forms in long procession. Broad cliffs and slopes, and teeth and ridges all grey, yellow, or bronze, spring from dark masses of forest to the topmost heights, in defiant contrast. On the left the geological formation is different: there the slaty rocks alternate with graceful hills, green from base to summit, and with heights that here and there touch the snow-line. But each side is pierced by side valleys, well known to the happy throng who spend their summer days among the mountains. We get hasty peeps into those valleys as we pass, and perhaps catch sight of a distant peak, while the train speeds along the level pastures and well-cultivated fields.

In the forty-seven miles between Kufstein and Innsbruck the line crosses the river twice, and has no cutting.

Wörgl is now an important station, for it is the terminus of a new railway which connects Salzburg with the valley of the Inn. The scenery through which it passes, including Zell-am-See, is for the most part very grand; but its chief interest for Tyrolers is that they can now travel to Upper Austria without crossing foreign territory, or undergoing a visitation of baggage.

Brixlegg is one of the places where travellers bound for the Zillerthal find horses and carriages always at their service. In the summer of 1873 a further attraction was offered: an imitation, on a grand scale, of the Ammergau Passion play. How it was announced all over the country, and farther, by handbills, may be seen in the following paragraph:—"By permission of the Imperial and Royal Government at Innsbruck there is now represented at Brixlegg, in the Unterinnthal in Tirol, the Great Expiatory Sacrifice upon Golgotha, or the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, according to the four Evangelists, with pictorial illustrations from the Old Testament, accompanied by music and singing, for meditation and edification." The performance was given four times a month, from June to September inclusive, aided by good actors from Innsbruck.

Travel through the valley on Sundays or Saints' days, and you will see how fond the people are of amusements. Music and dancing prevail in every public-house; and one of the consequences is that numbers of children are born out of wedlock. Your Tyroler clings to old habits, and dislikes even beneficial changes. When the new regulations concerning schools were introduced, women pelted the inspectors and compelled them to retreat. But the Govern-



ment, adopting a remedy that the Great Frederick used to find effectual, marched troops into the refractory village, and kept them quartered on the inhabitants until they submitted.

Jenbach, though in a district of forges and furnaces, is pleasantly situate, with a fine prospect down the valley ; and being the temporary head-quarters of travellers bound for the Achenenthal on the one side, or the Zillerthal on the other, it has good inns, one of which is called Toleranz, good diet, good beer, and horses and carriages, and public coaches, sufficient for all comers. The drive up to Zell is very agreeable ; and if from there you visit Mayrhofen, and the wonderful scenery at the head of the Zillerthal, you will find it difficult to spare any portion of your holiday for other parts of the country.

The same, indeed, may be said of the valley of the Inn, for at each of the nine stations between Kufstein and Innsbruck a few days may be spent in pleasant excursions—churches, shrines, towers, and historical and legendary sites are so numerous, that feeling and curiosity may be fully gratified, whether bent on miracles or heroic deeds of battle. Each place has something to be proud of, and can show that even in early days its importance was recognised. Schwatz, our next stopping place, remembers that it once had silver mines as well as copper mines, and thousands of miners, the most skilful in Europe, and that here one of the earliest printing presses in Tyrol was set up. Some of the mineral produce has been applied to religious uses, for the church is roofed with plates of copper.

The Inn valley has no monopoly of the metalliferous ores : mines have been worked in many parts of the country for centuries. In a description of Tyrol printed at “Ynnsbrugg,”

in 1558, mention is made of a number of botanical and mineralogical localities.

“Und auch viel Bergwerk ohne Zahl  
Die gefunden werden zu Berg und Thal,  
Ansehnlic Messinghütten drei  
Zu Brauneggen, Reut, Persen; auch Galmei  
Gäng von Glaserz, Kies, Eisen und Blei.”

Hall is a Tyrolese Droitwich resorted to by people south of the Brenner for brine baths, and Sommerfrisch—summer coolness—at Holy Cross and elsewhere, on the neighbouring heights. It looks dingy and smoky, but has many attractions, among which good water is not the least. There are factories with instructive proofs of industrious and artistic skill; and the salt works are surprising.

Water abounds in Tyrol, but it is not abundantly used, at least by innkeepers. In the modern hotels the bedrooms are sufficiently supplied with water; but in the real Tyrolese Gasthaus in all parts of the country, a guest is expected to content himself with a bottle of water and a pie-dish, and one tiny towel, for his ablutions, and not to require to wash his hands during the day.

“If the English were not a dirty people,” say some Tyrolers, “they would not be always wanting so much water to wash with.” Your true old-fashioned Tyroler boasts that a bottleful is enough for him. On rising in the morning he takes a mouthful of water, wobbles it about, squirts it into his hands, then rubs his face. He repeats the operation two or three times, and then boasts that he has cleansed mouth, face, and hands, with one bottle of water.

A few minutes more and we enter the broadest part of the valley, and arrive at Innsbruck (Innbridge); or “Spruck,” as rustics call it. Great are the changes since we walked into the city from the Brenner, one hot morning in July,

1855. There was then no railway : now a new quarter has been built between the former outskirts and the station, with broad streets, handsome houses and hotels, and effective architecture, and the area of the city has been doubled. In one of the new streets—Gilm Strasse—the name and memory of the most popular of Tyrolese poets are perpetuated, and his bust looks down on the passers-by from a house front in the Maria Theresienstrasse.

Shall we take a stroll and compare past and present ? The old wooden bridge, on which we sat so long watching the swift flow of the stream, has given place to a bridge of stone and iron. The iron foot-bridge lower down seems but a tame substitute for the ferry-boat, in which it was so pleasant to float from side to side by the mere force of the current. But you may still enjoy that luxury by taking a walk to the ferry at the upper part of the town.

The trees in the Hofgarten, and all the way along the river bank to the suspension bridge at Mühlau, afford ampler shade than in the former time, and are the more agreeable on a hot day. The hiss and rush of the swift stream exert a charm which makes the walk delightful.

The rush is at its swiftest in summer when snows and glaciers melt, and is, as I have been told, about fifteen miles an hour. I have taken pains to verify the statement, but in vain. Even in the Imperial Bauamt—Office of Works—not a word is to be found about the rate of flow of the noble river. Surely it would be easy to take note of the time in which, during July and August, a raft floats from Innsbruck to Schwatz, and thus get at least an approximate datum.

In the Hofkirch we contemplate once more the statue of Hofer, and with greater interest than before, for it now marks the resting-place of a trio of heroes. Since we first looked

thereon the bones of Speckbacher and Haspinger, companions of the true-hearted Sandwirth, have been laid by his side. The bronze figures, the mighty ones of the empire, that flank the tomb of Maximilian, stand stiff and unsympathetic as of yore ; but the admirable panels of that tomb, no longer covered by screens removable on payment of a fee, always show their exquisite sculpture through the sheets of glass by which they are now protected.

There is no change to remark in the Silver Chapel. The silver image of the Holy Mother, the tomb of Ferdinand II. and his beautiful wife Philippina ; the bas-reliefs, carved by a loving as well as skilful hand ; the altar, bedecked with silver and ivory ; the voiceless organ, three hundred years old, a pope's gift ; all occupy their accustomed places as if exempt from mutation, and may be seen by any one willing to contribute a small piece of the precious metal from which the chapel takes its name.

From each side of the valley the hills look down on Innsbruck, and if you desire a comprehensive view, the Weierburg on the north, or the Berreiter Hof on the south, as well as many other elevations which may be reached in half an hour, will furnish you with a favourable stand-point. But most interesting of all the minor excursions, and full of recompense, is the ascent of the Lanserkopf, a walk of two hours. It does for Innsbruck and its environment what the Thierberg does for Kufstein. We go forth at the Triumph Gate ; take a look in passing at the two giants in the church at Wilten, turn to the left from the Brenner highway, cross the Sill bridge, and begin to mount a steepish road, shaded by trees. By-and-by we quit the road for a slope of open forest, where the way is indicated by marks and posts set up by the Alpenverein. It is pleasant walking on soft grass among the scat-

tered firs ; but at length we emerge upon the round stony Kopf which forms the summit, a height of three thousand and ninety-eight feet. Glorious is the prospect ! We can see from one end of Tyrol to the other : from the hills above Nassereit to the Kaiserberg at Kufstein : the upper Inn valley as far as the Martinswand and Zirl, and the lower in its whole length. And below us, in the broad opening where the stream makes a bend, the city lies outspread on a green plain, so picturesquely bordered by mountains that, as our eye roves from end to end of the long valley, we agree with the old Italian traveller, who called it “ Val deliciosa.”

Cheerfulness predominates ; a cheerfulness exceeding that of any other valley in Tyrol, and it seems natural to imagine that gladness pervades all the dwelling-places within our ken. Hall, though nine miles away, looks as if it were within an hour's walk, through a smiling neighbourhood ; and though farther down the features become indistinct, yet still the air of cheerfulness prevails.

Who would have thought that so wide an extent of sunshiny field and rolling pasture, sprinkled with homesteads and villages, lay between the Kopf and the enclosing mountains, and would be discovered by so moderate a climb ! Our pleasure is magnified by finding that the world is broader and brighter than we had imagined. There is a lake too—the Lanser See—rippling prettily in the green vale beneath us on the south. It occupies, so says tradition, the place of a forest which, having been claimed by a grasping nobleman, was cursed by its owner, a peasant. Down sank the wood ; and ever since the great hollow has been filled by water.

And the mountains ! ranging from seven thousand to more than eight thousand feet in height : how grandly they finish the picture ! Beyond the city we see the Great and Little

Solstein, the Schneekarkessel Spitze, the legendary Frauhütt, the royal giantess who was turned to stone, and in fancy's eye still sits there aloft with her son in her arms, and, towards the north-east, the Speckkor. Pursuing the same direction we overleap the Inn and the Kaisergebirge, which in the distance seem as a solid barrier across the valley, and we mark the Glungezer, and the widespread Patscherkofel, concealing the way to the Brenner behind its southern slope, and the Habicht, a peak of more than ten thousand feet. The hollow between it and the Ampferstein is filled by the snows and glaciers of the Stubayerthal; and the panorama is completed as we turn west, by the Kalkkogel and the Hocheder. These are but a few of the great array, and when we add the multitude of lesser height, such a range of mountain landscapes is produced as to fill the beholder with enjoyment for a lifetime. And this enjoyment awaits us without heavy labour or severe preparation, for great part of the ascent may be accomplished in a carriage.

A learned professor who accompanied me in this holiday ramble, took up a musical strain which we heard as we came near the summit, where a few Germans were singing,

“Auf den Gebirgen von Tirol  
Ist mir so wohl,”

for their admiration of the landscape was as enthusiastic as ours. A chorus was struck up, in which every one joined, except two black-robed priests who stood aloof and looked around in severe silence.

To vary the return route, we descended directly to the Lanser See, a lake with grassy margin, and baths and boats, from which by pleasant field paths we walked to Igls, where a merry party of friends awaited us. There is, perhaps,

something inspiring in the air of the region, for at a Wirthshaus on the way, while we drank a glass of beer, the Kellnerinn sang to us one of the songs of her native valley—

“Zillerthal du bist mein Freud.”

Innsbruck is quiet, but not dull. The Ferdinandeum, fortunate in a praiseworthy Keeper, continues to promote literature and science, and booksellers are sufficiently numerous. Shops are open on Sunday, amusements in plenty are to be had after the early mass, and the people go forth in swarms. The public-houses and beer-gardens within two or three miles of the city are all thronged with hungry and thirsty customers, and the summer theatre at Pradl, with farce and comedy in the rustic dialect, excites the crowd of spectators to roars of laughter.

Within twenty years an active rivalry has grown up between beer and wine. What execrable stuff used to be offered for sale in Paris! Now, one of the chief characteristics of the Boulevards is beer. Other cities of the continent have felt the change, even in the south, so that at Botzen and Trent as good beer may be had as in Munich. Innsbruck, obedient to the Teutonic instinct, has provided coffee-houses, saloons, and a Deutsche Veranda with ample facilities for quenching of thirst, and social and sociable intercourse. In the coffee-houses a noteworthy indulgence prevails, for you may sit and smoke and read the papers without recompense, or at the small cost of a “Pfiff” of wine. Students order a Pfiff by a short, sharp whistle, and thereby pay for a sitting of two hours; whereas, the rustic who stalks bravely in and takes his seat among professors, councillors, generals, and merchants, will perhaps pay out two or three florins in half the time.

A right Tyrolese Bauer never forgets that one day he and his kind were the masters in Tyrol. They sometimes intimate that another Anno Nine will be necessary, not against French and Bavarians, but against aristocrats and money-lenders. The man who perhaps touches his hat and looks respectful when you meet him on a road, will shoulder you rudely aside if in haste to get through the crowd at a railway station.

One Sunday in August, 1875, the volunteer fire company held a Waldfest (Forest festival) on a wooded hill, on the south of the city. Thinking the opportunity a good one to see how a great crowd would take their pastime, I accepted a Tyrolese poet's invitation to accompany him to the place of meeting. The ascent was hot and steep, but short, and soon we reached the forest, near the Berreiter Hof, where about two thousand people, including the firemen in their uniform, were assembled. The lively groups scattered over the shady slopes, eating, drinking, dancing, or singing, presented a pretty sight. Tyrol is not behind the other provinces of Austria in ability to eat and drink on all occasions, whereby the improvised rival taps, Haller bier (Hall beer) and Löwenhaus bier (Lionhouse beer), and the retailers of bread and sausage, had enough to do in supplying the clamorous throng who, with jugs and tankards, were continually passing to and fro. The firemen's band played at intervals; light clouds of smoke from hundreds of pipes and cigars floated up among the branches, and everybody seemed happy. The Burgomaster, Imperial Advocate Tschurtschenthaler, was present with his wife and family, to the joy and pride of the firemen, who felt that, in the person of the chief magistrate, the whole city sympathized with their endeavours. As evening drew on the merriment increased, but we saw no drunkenness.



Innsbruck in the north, and Botzen in the south, separated by the Brenner, are the two most important towns in Tyrol. A few years ago, Botzen, rejoicing in its Liberalismus, used to reproach the capital city for its Clericalismus. But times have changed ; the present Burgomaster of Innsbruck, who has just been re-elected to a second three years' term of office, and the town council, are Liberals. The Clericals are in a majority in the Provincial Diet, and at times bring the government to a dead-lock ; but their power and authority are weakened, and as the schools throughout Austria have been taken out of the hands of the priests, there is hope that knowledge and enlightenment will prevail over the bigotry and superstition that have so long been rampant in this beautiful mountain land. Priestcraft has much to answer for in Tyrol. Inquisitive tourists reading between the lines, find in the history even of that memorable Anno Nine, much more of priestcraft than of patriotism.

Botzen found a voice in her Burgomaster Streiter, and Innsbruck in her Poet Gilm. Both are dead ; but their works live. One of Gilm's poems, not included among his published works, comes to us as the utterance of a man who had too long groaned under the gag. Its purport may perhaps be gathered from the following translation. The original is placed among other literary curiosities at the end of this volume.

A gloomy creature walks around,  
With stealthy step and fit ;  
It smileth not, it makes no sound,  
'T is called a Jesuit.

It hath no quiet, hath no rest,  
In gladness hath no part ;  
And in the daytime shuts its eyes,  
As though light made them smart.

## HOLIDAYS IN TYROL.

It wears a long dark mourning cloak,  
And short its hair is shorn ;  
It bringeth night to every land  
Where gleams the light of morn.

It dwells within a narrow house,  
And thinks on further thrall :  
And, looks it forth upon the world—  
Then fears men's hearts appal.

But Jesus wore a coat of dye,  
His breast was free and bare ;  
And what He spake was blessedness,  
And what He wrought was rare.

And Jesus went with open eye,  
Clear as His law, and meek ;  
In curls hung down His sacred hair,  
And ruddy was His cheek.

To listening ears He taught His prayer,  
Beneath the palm-trees met ;  
And sleeping dreamt His peaceful dream  
On broad Gennesaret.

So when I see that black device—  
“How can men,” I exclaim,  
“Bestow on such an ugly thing  
So beautiful a Name !”

### CHAPTER III.

**A** Reminiscence.—Wonderful Railway.—Clever Engineering.—Patsch.—Stafflach and Falsertal.—Overcoming a Difficulty.—A foolish Englishman.—Summit of the Brenner.—A second Visit.—Cool Contrast.—Brenner Bath.—Young Eisack.—Edelweis and frisches Wasser.—The Descent.—The Pferschthal.—Sterzing.—Franzensfeste.—Growls.—Brixen.—Klausen.—Ingenious Barber.—Waidbruck.—Porphyry Gorge.—Kunter and his Way.—The Teufelsloch.—Breadths of Vines.—Botzen.

You perhaps remember, reader, that, in the days that have been more than once referred to, we walked across the Brenner, with knapsack on shoulder, from Sterzing to Innsbruck, and had much enjoyment by the way. We are now to take the journey in the reverse direction, and, though not on foot, we shall see much that will give us pleasure and excite our admiration. There is something of the wonderful in a mountain railway. It triumphs over difficulties that seem appalling, and maintains a ceaseless conflict with the forces of Nature.

The able engineer who planned and constructed the greater part of the Brenner railway has left behind him, in the seventy-nine miles between Innsbruck and Botzen, a noble monument of his skill and genius. Three years were spent in the work, and the line was opened in 1867.

Very soon after leaving Innsbruck our train begins to ascend, crosses the Sill while we catch a glimpse of forest slopes, of a rocky gulf, and rushing water, roars through a two-

thousand feet tunnel, and presently, from a high shelf, we look down into a reach of the deep narrow valley where the stream foams and plunges far below. It seems a sudden transformation, for we are shut in among mountains ere we fancied ourselves clear of the plain. The old highway is seen on the opposite side ascending in bold curves, now above, now below us ; rocky summits appear in the breaks of the range ; and on one high cliff we see a group of pyramids which have some resemblance to those which are to astonish us on the southern slope of the Brenner.

From Innsbruck to the top of the pass the average rise of the slope is one foot in forty ; the speed consequently is moderate enough to allow of observation of the scenery and the construction of the railway. In many places the way is a mere shelf hewn out of the prevailing rock, mica schist, a kind of rock unfavourable to engineering purposes, and necessitating constant watchfulness to prevent accidents. More than once in my journeys across the Brenner have I seen the traces of dangerous landslips. Where the slope is treacherous diagonal lines of hurdle-work are driven in, whereby the soil is fixed, and the growth of grass and weeds encouraged. In one place a wall more than three hundred feet high protects us from the uncertain cliff above our heads, while beneath us the line is supported by a mighty wall ninety feet in height, and twenty-five in thickness.

Within six miles, or about half an hour from Innsbruck, we pass through seven tunnels, and arrive at Patsch, the first station. In 1875 two of the tunnels were propped with strong timbers through their whole length, suggestive of damage by pressure of rock or infiltration of water. A mountain railway has much to fear from water ; and on this line many lateral and transverse tunnels and drains, of which

the traveller sees nothing, have been made to facilitate the outflow of water from the interior.

In a narrow part of the valley between Patsch and Matrei, the Sill, turned from its course, flows through a tunnel, and forms a waterfall, while the railway is carried along the original channel.

We cross the stream from time to time ; the depth of the valley diminishes, broad pastures and patches of forest appear to the right and left, and far in the rear we get glimpses of snow-peaks and glaciers. Then we come to Stafflach, at the entrance of the Falserthal, and our direct southerly course is interrupted by a great hollow. An English engineer would have built a bridge, at enormous cost, to cross from one side to the other ; but the Austrian, evading the difficulty, turned the line eastward up the Falser valley, crossed its upper end by a curving tunnel, crept gradually upward on the opposite side until, on arriving once more at the mouth, he found himself three hundred feet above the level at which he entered it. "I don't think much of Austrian engineers," said a foolish Englishman to me one day while we were dining at Botzen ; "there's no dash about them." All this you may see if, facing the engine, you sit on the right side of the carriage. Very remarkable it is to observe the railway far above you on one side, and far below you on the other, and all the means and appliances employed in the maintenance of the line. It is a sight which we may hope to see some day during a leisurely walk.

So toils the ponderous locomotive ever upwards. From a high elevation we look down on the pleasant village of Gries ; the valley narrows to a Klamm ; the Brennersee comes into view, and the Sill, rushing from it as a noisy brook. The last climb is accomplished, and the train stops at Brenner

station, two and a half hours from Innsbruck, the highest part of the line, more than four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. While the train waits we get out to look at the place which lingers in our memory, and we feel pleasure in recognising the Wirthshaus, where we dined during our noontide halt twenty years ago.

The Wildseespitz and other snowy summits are in sight, but the immediate valley, the crown of the pass, though it has a few patches of forest, looks tame and naked. It is chilly, too, which explains why we see haymakers busy in the ranges of pasture during September; and we feel that the temperature contrasts agreeably with the heat which we thought oppressive but a little while ago. About a mile farther we come to Brennerbad, or Brenner Bath, where a large stone house, built for the accommodation of visitors, looks like a palace in comparison with the former rude and comfortless establishment. It is not an amusing place, but offers pure air and medicinal water to patients hardy enough to bear the climate.

As in our ascent, so we have a river for our companion on the descent, the Eisack, here a narrow sparkling brook, running swiftly down the southern slope, which begins just beyond the bath.

While the train waits at these upper stations you hear the cry, "Edelweis" and "frisches Wasser," from young girls, who walk up and down with a pitcher of water and drinking-glass, ready to quench your thirst for a kreutzer, or to sell for five or ten kreutzers one of the bunches of the noble flower which they carry tied to a stick. Edelweis is suggestive of lofty heights and adventurous climbing, and it may be that here on the Brenner the little bouquets are "redolent" of the mountain breeze; but the dwellers on the

Soemmering, being unsophisticated children of Nature, grow in their gardens the Edelweis which they offer so coaxingly to railway travellers.

The laborious panting of the locomotive ceases as soon as we take the downward way. The slope is less severe than on the northern side, being on the average one foot in forty-five, and the scenery is more picturesque. Again we have narrow defiles and landscapes far below us, and masses of masonry; and again the railway usurps the river bed, while the waters flow through the rock which they once embraced in a noisy curve. Then at the outlet of the Pflerschthal comes another surprise. We see Gossensass hundreds of feet beneath, while in the time-table it is marked as our next stopping place. Away bends the line to the west, the tunnel at its upper end describes three-fourths of a circle, and on emerging therefrom we find an easy slope, by which we descend to the village that a few minutes since seemed inaccessible.

A little farther and the main valley widens, and Sterzing is seen in the hollow surrounded by cultivated slopes. From this town it was that in the former days we started on our walk to Innsbruck. We had journeyed from Meran up the Passeyrthal, and crossed the Jauffen, and so missed all that interesting portion of the Brenner road along the lower course of the Eisack. We shall now complete our itinerary by observation from the train.

Through similar scenery we make our way more and more towards the south until the sight of the ugly stone walls which are always built for defensive purposes, makes us aware that we have arrived at the strong fortress—Franzensfeste. It guards the passage of the Brenner, to the south and to the north, and the entrance to the Pusterthal; and,

taken in combination with the tall bridge by which the railway is carried over the Eisack, its appearance is remarkable. We shall get a peep into the Pusterthal some weeks hence, meanwhile we will remember that it is a dividing valley between north and south in the eastern half of the province, and that through it runs the way to Carinthia, Styria, and Trieste.

France and Bavaria have reason to remember the neighbourhood of Franzensfeste, for here again and again did the Tyrolers in furious fight smite them to destruction, and prove that the hearts and arms of untrained peasants were more than a match for disciplined troops and captains accustomed to victory.

The station here, on a smaller scale, reminds us of Olten ; for we find a confluence of trains and spacious dining-rooms, and throngs impatient to eat and drink. But there are grievous complaints of overcharges, and mistakes in the reckoning always to the disadvantage of the traveller.

Below the fortress the valley again widens, opens itself to the sunshine, and looks so smiling that many churchmen have long dwelt there in the ancient city of Brixen. The station being high up on the hill-side we can look down on the place and see the cathedral, the churches, and the bishop's palace, and vines and chestnuts and walnuts and other leafy trees indicative of approach to the fruitful lands of the south.

Then again the valley narrows, and at the next station we see the town Klausen jammed between the river and a tall cliff. It is a town of one long street, so narrow as to give an air of probability to a very old story of which it was the scene. A barber, who lived in a third story, used to descend his stair every day and mount a similar stair, to shave his neighbour who dwelt in the opposite flat. The stairs were



troublesome. One day a happy thought struck the barber. Stretching forth from his window, he called to his customer, who, stretching forth also, was lathered and shaved in mid air between the houses, and no doubt to the admiration of the folk in the street below.

Warmer grows the air, and more abundant the vegetation, as we discover while the train stops at Waidbruck, a small but important station at the entrance of the Grödnerthal, a valley which has pleasant holidays in store for us. With the old castle—Trostburg—crowning the southern flank of the narrow opening, and the broad slopes of the Barbianer Alp on the opposite side, the locality is attractive; but the train moves onwards, and we enter what the guide-books describe as the grandest porphyry gorge in Europe.

In olden time there was no passage through the gorge except for the roaring river; and only by steep tracks from Kollman across the Ritten, on one side, or from Waidbruck across the Seisser Alp, on the other, could merchandise be transported, or travellers finish their descent of the Brenner. The labour, delays, and vexations thereby occasioned may be imagined.

Then it was that Heinrich Kunter, a burgher of Botzen, sought and obtained permission to hew a road through the defile—no light task in days when gunpowder was not available for what engineers call “blasting purposes.” But the stubborn rocks were pierced and shattered, and in 1314 the road was opened. Besides his toll, the persevering burgher won the praise of all traders between Germany and Italy, and the blessing of troops of pilgrims. His name is deservedly held in remembrance, for the road between Kollman and Atzwang is still known as Kunter's Weg, or Way.

From Waidbruck down to Atzwang is an easy walk by the

old road, and is well worth the trouble. The valley grows deeper and narrower at every furlong, and presents such combinations of red rock, with touches of southern vegetation to relieve the savagery, as will, perhaps, completely satisfy the desire of your eyes in so far as a mountain gorge is concerned. If attentive while on the way, you may see daylight shining through a large hole in the overhanging cliff. That hole is the Teufelsloch—a name suggestive of something supernatural. A passing wagon once stuck fast in the road, and the wagoner, in despair, invoked other than saintly aid, when an elegant stranger, clad all in green, appeared, and offered help on condition that the wagoner would cut off and give him a piece of his body. The condition was accepted: the wagon, extricated from the slough, began to move onwards; the stranger demanded fulfilment of the bargain, and the wagoner cut off and gave him a piece of finger-nail. In a twinkling the stranger turned from green to black, and, in a furious rage at having been baffled, sprang upwards, and struck the rock with such force that he passed through, and the Devil's Hole remains to this day as evidence of the incident.

With precipitous hills on each side rising up to thousands of feet the narrow valley at Atzwang seems yet narrower. The river roars and rushes, and leaves but little space for the road and the railway. We pass through tunnels, and under cliffs and hanging woods, and see more and more vines; and a sense of freedom comes to us as the valley widens, until, at last, we have a broad level of vineyards on each side, and broad slopes of vines on all the hills, and the air is sultry, and the sunshine oppressive. In the midst of all this the train stands still; our passage of the Brenner is complete, and we are at Botzen.

## CHAPTER IV.

Another Way to the Brenner.—Hinterdux.—From Zillerthal to Schmirnthal.—  
A Scrap of War News.—Ueber die Eck.—A Surprise.—The Falsertal.  
—Stafflach.—The Old Highway.—Gries.—Brixen.—Plums and Bigotry.—  
Cows and Cloaks.—An Old World Druggist.—The Rhaetian Coblenz.—  
Rienz and Eisack.—Elephant and Star.—Voyage of the *Novara*.—Down to  
Atzwang.—A dark Road.—The wild Torrent.—Post and Kellnerinn.

THERE is a choice of ways by which the Brenner may be approached. One of these ways leads you from the Zillerthal up the long Duxer valley, over the Duxer Joch, and down into the Schmirnthal, whence to Stafflach on the Brenner is easy. After a few days of inspiriting rambles by the swift Ziller and the swifter Zemm with one of my brothers, we had taken the way above mentioned ; had passed a night in rough quarters in muddy Hinterdux—"the modest Alpine-bath," as it calls itself ; had not seen the terrible phantom of a wild horse that haunts the upper part of the valley ; had walked over the Joch, with due observation of glaciers and snow peaks ; had eased our feet on the pleasant pastures of Schmirn after the stubborn paths of the mountain ; had admired the vaccine cascade, which rivals the one near Martigny ; had met two Englishmen who, in return for our topographical information, told us that MacMahon was beaten and wounded ; had talked with the priest of Schmirn, who confirmed the news from a telegram, and chuckled over the discomfiture of the French ; had quitted the smooth road at

St. Jocodus for the rough path Ueber die Eck, and had found ourselves unexpectedly in a romantic ravine, where a brook, as with many voices, sang a loud chorus, and where harmonies and contrasts of rock, wood, and water charmed us into forgetfulness of everything but scenery.

Suddenly a loud harsh whistle disturbed our serenity. Unawares we had come to the inner extremity of the Falserthal, which, as we have seen, is one of the deep lateral curves of the Brenner railway; and a train passing at the moment startled us out of our dreams, and brought us rudely back to the world that buys and sells, eats and drinks, talks politics and—nonsense.

As we walked down the right side of the valley we had a good view of the railway, of the curve by which it passes from one side to the other, and of the painstaking devices by which it is protected from landslips. Wherever the soil is loose there you see stakes driven in and diagonals of hurdle-work.

We struck the main road at Stafflach and walked thence to Gries, the nearest railway station. The glory of the old highway has departed. Formerly it was enlivened by coaches, carriages, and vehicles of many kinds, including the huge broad-wheeled waggons drawn by ten horses by which merchandise was transported from Germany to Italy. All these and the various groups of wayfarers have disappeared; and now the road is silent, and grass growing in long green stripes contrasts somewhat sadly with the famous thoroughfare along which we walked so cheerfully in our former passage of the Brenner. So

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new.”

Gries is a well-kept village, and has a good Gasthaus,

where we dined while waiting for the train, and then went down and slept at Brixen.

Brixen, though remarkable for excellent plums, bigotry, and dulness, is very pleasantly situate. Nature smiles on it, and has provided attractions for tourists in adjacent valleys ; nevertheless it has denounced railways from its pulpits, and is, as Fallmereyer says, the " fire hearth of superstition."

Of churches and religious houses, and monks and nuns, including a company of Angelic Virgins, it has more than enough for a population of four thousand. Here is a ceaseless training of boys and girls to fear the bishop, honour the pope, and love darkness ; and at the same time coarse cloth is woven, and shaped into cowls and cloaks for the Kapuziners of the diocese. And much ringing of bells, and rolling of voices, and fine pictures, and rarities of ecclesiastical art, and a cathedral, and a prince-bishop, produce the inevitable effect. Even in " merry England " cathedral towns are proverbial for dulness.

The palace of the prince-bishop looks something like a castle, protected by a walled garden, and you may walk round the outside of the wall and look up at the trees that grow inside, and imagine the beauty within, for that garden is described as one of the most delightful in Tyrol. The Domplatz, with its trees and stately buildings, makes an agreeable impression. Thence you may pass into cloistral walks, and see ancient frescoes, and old tombstones built into the wall ; among them one to the memory of the Minnesinger Ritter Oswald von Wolkenstein, who lies buried at Neustift, a place an hour distant among the hills.

The Brixentii are mentioned in very ancient history ; but whether the present Brixen derives anything from them has not been proved. But the town looks very old, which is the

more remarkable as it was burnt down three or four times during the first few centuries of its existence. Its name in Italian is Bressanone, and there is a good deal of Italian in its physiognomy : narrow, crooked streets, here and there an arcade, and suggestions of sleepiness. A druggist's shop, low, quaint, and dingy, had such an old-world look that I went in to buy some trivial article in order to see the interior. The ceiling was low enough to be touched, and had apparently not been whitewashed since the days of the Minnesingers, and the shelves, drawers, closets, jars, and bottles, were like those shown in pictures of laboratories and workshops of Albert Dürer's day. The occupants were quite in keeping : the master solemn and slow, and a solemn and slow boy. Indeed, the boy seemed the slower of the two, and admirably qualified to be a member of the Slow Club.

Through these narrow streets you approach the bridge and cross to the left bank of the Eisack, whence there is a good view of the town and neighbourhood. The prevailing rocks are granite and mica schist, but their features are softened by good cultivation, by breadths of yellow grain, by pastures that yield a crop to the scythe three times a year, and streaks of vines on slopes that look towards the afternoon sun. To the traveller coming down from the chilly heights of the Brenner those vines suggest influences of the sunny south.

The view is pleasing, for houses and churches on the hills seem to bring them into sympathy with the life in the valleys. They do not stand apart in grim solitude. That large red house was once a Schloss. A Bauer bought and fitted it up as a boarding-house, in the hope that Brixeners would go up there for Sommerfrische ; but he was disappointed. Perhaps it is now in Italian hands, for Tyrolese become every year fewer as owners, and more numerous as tenants.

Brixen has been called the "pleasant Rhaetian Coblenz," for it lies between, and on the confluence of, two rivers. If we walk a short distance down this bank of the Eisack we come to the broad opening where, on the opposite side, the Rienz pours in its wealth of water from the Pusterthal, apparently in threefold greater volume than the Eisack.

While we sat on a low wall watching the swift stream, a priest clad in black passed with a file of boys—priestlings—in grey gowns, taking their walk in very sedate manner, and giving ocular demonstration of the work to which Brixen devotes itself. I wondered whether they would not like to throw off their gowns and play at leapfrog, rounders, or prisoner's base.

It seems matter of course to lodge at the Elephant, for the omnibus of that inn is always waiting at the railway station; but it is generally crowded, noisy, and not remarkable for cleanliness. Once I found even the landings full of beds, for some great religious dignitary from Rome had taken eleven rooms; and I learned to prefer the Golden Star, which is nearer to the station, and has a pleasant garden in which you may dine and sup under green leaves.

I was one day dining there at the same table with a government functionary from Innsbruck, and gossiping of things political, when he said,

"Let me tell you something. England has done much good here in Austria, perhaps without knowing it. You know that we sent out the ship *Novara* on a scientific voyage round the world. Well, the ship touched at English colonies, French colonies, Spanish colonies, and others, and the officers and learned men who were on board saw in the English colonies that which could be seen in no other colony: they saw liberty and prosperity. In some places they saw

that nobody was cared for except the government and the priests; whereas in the English colonies it was everything for the people—the people governing themselves, and with surprising success. It is true the historian of the voyage has found here and there something to blame; but for the most part he gives praise. That book has made a great impression here in Austria, and good will come of it. Meanwhile, I can tell you that Austria makes progress, although she does not make a fuss about it, as is the case in some other countries. Even here in Tyrol there are many Gemeinde (parishes) that are entirely liberal.”

From Brixen we journeyed downwards, and came after nightfall to Atzwang, a small scattered village. As we stepped from the station into the dark road, a man presented himself and offered to carry our bags down to the Post, some twenty minutes distant. The Eisack roared loudly, and the valley, deep, steep, and narrow, seemed somewhat dismal as we descended deeper into the gloom. Presently we were stopped by a ridge of great rocks and boulders, and a torrent rushing across the road. The noise was confusing in the darkness. What did it mean?

“’Tis the Finsterbach run wild once more,” said the man; and recommending us to keep close to him, he squeezed himself between the rocks where drifts of sand afforded foothold, and so we got across.

True enough, the Black Brook—ominous name!—swollen by a storm in the hills, had a few days previously rushed down, bringing an overpowering stream of stones and rocks as well as water, had ravaged its banks, carried away a section of the Brenner road and the retaining wall, and partially dammed the Eisack. When we saw the havoc by daylight, and the irregular stony ridge stretching far up the hillside,



marking the course of the torrent among the vines, we could scarcely believe in the possibility of such a destructive outburst.

More steepness, and then we found a big gabled house sheltered in a recess of the dark hill. This was the Post : a house of long vaulted passages, vaulted kitchen, a big crucifix at the foot of the stair, and such a general old-world look as would remind you of an ancient hostelry as described by Erasmus.

An excellent supper was soon placed before us, recommended by cheerful service. It does one good on arrival at a country inn to see how readily the Kellnerinn betakes herself to the work of entertainment, as if all comers were her personal friends. She seems alike a stranger to fatigue and ill-temper, and is not sparing of blithe words as she hastens to and fro. From early morn to late at night she is always in request, and there is much to admire in the way in which she will carry on the service of a large and busy Gasthaus.

## CHAPTER V.

A Choice of Climbs.—The Morning Prayer.—Upwards.—A Gulch.—Schlern and Company.—Heat and Cress.—Lizards and Grasshoppers.—The Ritten.—Klobenstein.—Path for Pilgrims.—Diners and Dinners.—A Protestant Pastor.—Pleasant Walks.—Quest of the Rittnerhorn.—The Hund.—The Eirleberg.—The Village.—The Dolomite Country.—The Evening Post.

ATZWANG is a convenient starting-place for the heights on either side of the valley. If Castelnuth, or the Seisser Alp, or the Fassathal, or Gröden be your destination, you may cross to the left bank a little above the inn, and immediately begin to climb. It is a climb which requires good lungs and good legs, for the ascent is very steep.

A toilsome path on the right leads up to Klobenstein. That was our way, and we were early afoot on the morrow. While we sat at breakfast in the big guest-room the bell in the little church near by rang for matins. A group of rustics seated round a table at the lower end of the room immediately ceased their smoking and drinking, took off their hats, knelt, muttered a prayer, made the sign of the cross, then rose and went on with their gossip as if nothing serious had happened.

Our pilot of the night before volunteered to carry our bags for half-a-florin. He descended the road a few yards, and there struck into a path which at its very commencement called upon us for work. Zigzags are soon reached, and the change of direction at the angles furnishes an excuse

for halting to recover breath. From the corner of a great precipitous hollow in the hillside—a gulch, as Americans call it—we got a view of the valley and the road that seemed so dismal the night before; and from the opposite corner we passed into little fields of buckwheat and rye, or plots of vines, orchards, and small meadows. After a while whiffs of cool air saluted us, and in one of our pauses I saw peeping up on the opposite a copper-coloured rocky summit, and exclaimed, “That must be the Schlern!” True enough, it was that bold sentinel of the dolomites, and now every step of our ascent brought more and more of its commanding form into view. Then another, and another, the Langkofel, the Blattkogel, the Rosengarten, Lattemar, all differing in outline, rose into the prospect with the broad bright expanse of the Seisser Alp lying between. The scene was animating. We had only to walk a few steps, and the world grew larger—a world of forests, pastures, and villages, with tall church towers, all spread out above the heads of the travellers who hasten to and fro through the narrow valley of the Eisack.

But the heat! and what a scorching glare reflected from the stony path! However, we came to a church tower which an hour previously we had seen far above us, and knew thereby that something was gained. Then for a little while we had grassy paths, soft and comforting, and came to cross roads and a cool spring. While we drank, our man plucked and ate yellow angular leaves that grew on the margin of the water, and, offering us a handful, said, “Where this bitter cress grows ’tis a sign the water is excellent” (*vortrefflich*). We tasted the leaves, and found them agreeable.

Another steep, chequered with big trees, plots of maize,

and buckwheat, awaited us. Lizards glided about on the hot path and hotter stones, and swarms of grasshoppers leaped continually into the air, all apparently in intense enjoyment. Then we stepped upon the brow to which we had long been lifting our eyes, and were on the Ritten and at Klobenstein—a village of white houses and a church on an irregular plain, beautified by large trees, and leafy slopes in the rear. The Gasthaus Staffler stands in the foreground. We found there a room and a welcome. The climb from Atzwang had taken two hours.

Any one suffering from what medical practitioners call “an acid state of the system” should undertake the same climb on a hot day—the acids will all evaporate; and if those modern pilgrims who boil their peas in first-class carriages would come and scramble up to Klobenstein seven times a week, they might perhaps begin to question whether a “painted bredd” were worth so much trouble.

Thirteen guests were seated when we went to the dinner-table; among them two English ladies who liked Klobenstein so well that they had stayed a month; the others seemed to be Germans, and before the afternoon ended proved that they were Germans by shutting the doors and windows. How is it that the sons of Vaterland have such a dread of fresh air, and indulge it to the discomfort of those who are not afraid of the breezes?

The style of living may be judged of from particulars of the repast—soup, boiled beef, sour-kraut, hare, potatoes, salad, sponge-pudding with chocolate sauce, and a dessert of unripe fruit. On a following day the course was—soup, cutlets, rice sprinkled with chopped ham, pickled beet, roast beef, salad, stewed plums, chocolate cakes, and green figs.

The dining-room opens on a spacious balcony, or rather

"Terrass," as the landlord loves to call it, whence the great things of Nature and the small things of the village may be observed. Foliage is abundant, relieved by patches and lines of fir about the pastures, fields, and gardens. Here a party of reapers are cutting the rye ; there a group of visitors are trying to swing a suspended ring, so that it shall hang itself on a hook, and under the grand lime-tree and poplars on the farther side of the road a knife-grinder works his busy wheel, and men and boys play at ninepins. And among the trees white walls, grey roofs, black roofs, red roofs, green and yellow shutters, and yellow corner dressings produce a pretty effect ; and the great mountain prospect is always there in the distance.

The German Protestant pastor of Meran, with his wife, was among the guests ; he, a tall, fine-looking man, very like the portraits of Goethe in his early prime. Fresh air had no terrors for them, for they were always walking, and explored the whole neighbourhood. They told me that at that time (1870) the Protestant flock in Meran numbered thirteen persons only. Perhaps it has increased since ; but the disinfecting influence of even thirteen can hardly fail to be beneficial.

The Ritten is an undulating plateau at an elevation of from 3,000 to 4,000 feet, ascending on the west to twice that height. Its length from north to south is about three hours. It is well timbered, has running streams, and such varieties of feature as to offer new attractions in every walk, even though you stay a whole month.

After dinner we walked away from the rear of the village hoping to discover the Rittnerhorn. A summit 8,000 feet high we thought would be conspicuous miles around ; so we mounted slopes, crossed pastures, scrambled over fences, but

saw nothing that looked like a horn, though we did see a dark, long-backed hill called the Hund. On our return we came upon the Eirleberg, a delightful mount just behind the hotel, with easy terraced walks from base to summit thickly shaded by beeches, and with seats and tables conveniently placed. It is private property; but the owner keeps it in order for the recreation of visitors, and you may choose a spot where only a stray glint of sunshine twinkles through the rustling leaves, or saunter to the top and enjoy the breeze and the open prospect from the bastion, on which a flag is usually flying. A few minutes on that elevation will satisfy you that Klobenstein is a good place for headquarters.

The view is indeed delightful, combining wildness and culture, masses of foliage and of fir-forest, pleasant habitation, footpaths, villages, smooth rounding pastures, and slopes of buckwheat: there is something fresh to discover every time you look upon it, and if you weary of smiles in the near, there is always the solemn distance as a contrast. There in the east spreads the region of the dolomites; and if you desire to see that region without the fatigue of further travel, come up and behold it from Klobenstein. Behind, and overtopping the Schlern, appear the peaks and wall-like sierras of the Roszähne and Rosengarten; to the left, beyond the broad slope of the Seisser Alp, the Langkofel, Blattkogel, Meisules, and Geisterspitz lift their bare rocky summits high into the blue sky; while to the right the Lattemar, Schwarzhorn, the Fassa Alps and other crests and ridges, some of them blending with far remote purple, complete a picture which exerts a strange fascination on the eye. If a lasting fascination, we shall perhaps learn during our sojourn.

While at supper we noticed that the Germans seemed expectant ; they were impatient to see the war telegrams. At half-past eight newspapers and letters were brought in—the *Bozener Zeitung* of the day, and the *Vienna Presse* of yesterday ; and how eagerly they were scanned ! The readers, though mostly Austrian subjects, rejoiced at news of Prussian victories. The news this day was unusually exciting, for it told us that Strasburg was invested, and that the Prussian foreposts were at Metz.

To Botzen and back is a walk of five or six hours. This walk the Klobenstein post-mistress takes every day—all up-hill on the return. Discontented postmen in a certain model country may consider the fact and learn wisdom.

## CHAPTER VI.

An Ascent.—Saucy Haymakers.—Hund and Horn.—Limitless Mowing.—The Spring.—Summit of the Rittnerhorn.—Panorama.—Gross Glockner to Adamello.—Agile Träger.—Lengmoos.—Religious Art.—The Betrayal.—Bildstöckl.—Two Inscriptions.—A Gulch.—Edification.—The Finsterbach.—The Pyramids.—Treacherous Road.—Cudgel Bridges.—Witchcraft.—Columns, Poles, and Pinnacles.—Three Churches.—A Procession and its Consequences.—What Spectators said.—Chaff for Churchmen.—Waiting outside.

AT six the next morning we started to walk to the Rittnerhorn. The way is pleasant and characteristic, here and there a lane, a breadth of forest, broken ground with many ups and downs, little brooks in the hollows, and slopes of pasture. At a farm on the edge of the open country is a Wine Schank—convenient for thirsty folk. Beyond this we fell in with a large party of haymakers. The women wore broad straw hats trimmed with a scarlet band and feathers, in some instances peacocks' feathers, a chequered kerchief, red and yellow, crossed on the breast, and a black or brown skirt. The general result was a style best described as saucy; but it looked remarkably picturesque. The pasture is steep, and rises, pervaded by the fragrance of the hay, to the base of the Hund, where a crucifix marks the bend of the path over a low ridge. The farther or north-western side of Hund is very different from that by which we have come, being rugged and stony, sprinkled with dwarf fir, through which the path straggles gradually upwards.



Wider views open on the left ; and at length we see the Rittnerhorn, which is not a horn, but is a long-backed hill, looking something like the Hund, but not so high. Midway on the stony slope we came to a spring in a hollow, in which abundance of the bitter cress was growing. The water was cold and delicious ; and our Träger corroborated what we had heard at the spring on the other side of the mountain.

Then more pastures present another agreeable contrast ; and here we found a house, and another large gang of hay-makers, who had already left so large an expanse of smooth sward, that we might have fancied they intended to mow the whole mountain. Much cattle and many horses were also to be seen, for here is the grazing ground of the neighbourhood. But upwards, and into the solitudes, lies our way. The good grass gave place to rough coarse grass, and more dwarf fir, bounded by a stony ridge, whence we crossed a rocky slope to the cairn which marks the summit. Our time from Klobenstein was three hours and three quarters.

We stayed more than an hour lounging and gazing on the prospect which, except the segment cut off by an intervening ridge, is panoramic. It is a grand circle of rock and snow in which the rock predominates, but yields to the snow in charm and glory. What the circle comprehends may be imagined from the names of a few of the principal summits within reach of the eye. Eastwards we see the white cone of the Gross Glockner ; towards the north the snow-fields of the Zillertal ; in the north the Weisshorn, then the Oetzthaler Alps, and the Ortler group, which brings us round to the west. Then comes the Tonal Pass, reviving recollections of our former travel ; then the Adamello, then Monte Baldo, and we know that midway between those two Botzen lies deep down out of sight. A little farther to the left the

Schwarzhorn initiates the grand view which lies outspread before Klobenstein, but with a wider sweep, for it includes the snowy top of the Marmolata.

Among the contents of our basket we found Klup, as our Träger called it, a sort of rissole. The word is perhaps very local, for I have sought it in vain elsewhere. There was good wine, too, of which we gave him a fair portion. Shortly afterwards, on our descent, he made such short cuts, and went at such a pace, as surprised us. His habitual gait was a kind of shuffle, such as Cheshire folk signify when they say, "He shackets along." But why he should have become so enterprising on a sudden was remarkable. A few days later, one of his companions speaking of him and imitating his shuffle, said, "He! Oh, he has no head: a small drop of wine makes him straightway tipsy." The dashing feats of our descent were thus explained. We were back at the Gasthaus by half-past two.

A walk to the "Pyramids" is commonly the first excursion of new comers. Turning northwards from the Gasthaus, you soon pass a Bildstöckl (the first of many), and skirt the foot of the Eirleberg to the adjoining village of Lengmoos, where one of the houses looks gay with flowers in every window, and the red flags look gay along the shooting alley when the riflemen are busy, and the broad pond shines in the green meadow, all enclosed by wooded heights wherein are shady walks and peaceful glades. Besides these attractions, Lengmoos has a church with groined ceiling, a rare old tombstone, and a library. We shall ask leave to look at that library by-and-by.

We soon find that religious art, so called, abounds on the Ritten, and displays itself by the wayside. One of the Image Stands—we might call them Idol Cages—contains a Christ

with chains hanging from his wrists ; another has a group of life-size figures representing the betrayal : Christ attended by two angels, the three disciples asleep, soldiers with a torch, and near them Judas in tight breeches. He stares, and seems to be saying with savage gesture, "There he is : go and take him."

In another cage sits the Holy Mother succouring the bleeding Saviour. A flat gilt plate forms the glory round her head. Her upper lip is raised to show the upper teeth, which imparts somewhat of a smirk to the expression. I noticed the same in other effigies on the Ritten, and came to the conclusion that that which is a disagreeable characteristic in thousands of Tyrolese women, had been imitated by the maker of the graven images. At the time we passed a woman was decorating the floor of the cage with dahlias and asters—a thick floral mosaic. The reason why appeared later in the day.

Besides these, there are large crosses along the road, and effigies of saints on house-fronts, and here and there a cage on a hillside, whereby a religious aspect is imparted to the neighbourhood. We shall see more farther on. Meanwhile we come to the Gasthaus Niederstetter, and on the lintel read the inscription,—

"DVLGIVS ÆSTATIS INVAT HICVI TASSE FVROREM."

A little beyond, and a writing above a cottage door sets forth the views of the owner in what may be regarded as a moral strain, thus translated :—

"I've built this house to suit my mind ;  
Who like it not, may walk : no matter ;  
For whoso by the wayside builds,  
Must just let people chatter."

Then the road makes a curve around a precipitous hollow,

on which it is in fact a mere precarious shelf of clay, protected along its outer edge by stakes, piles, and horizontal tree-stems, where in places we see signs of hasty repair. It is clearly a road maintained on sufferance; but it commands a good view up the valley of the Eisack and the Pyramids on the opposite side of the hollow; or shall we adopt the foreign word, and call it a gulch? In Somersetshire it would be called a coomb.

At the innermost part of the curve we come to more religious symbols, and to a covered barn-like wooden bridge that crosses the Finsterbach. That is the torrent which, as we saw, worked so much mischief in the valley beneath. The symbols are, a tall crucifix with the figure half life-size, and a cage intended to be edifying.

In the recess, protected by a grating, is a picture of Mary supporting her Son, with a small crucifix and a small white angel at her feet. Above the grating the Deity is seen amid clouds, and "O Maria, bitt fur uns"\* is written. In a hollow of the base are shown a bier and coffin, a pall marked with a large white cross, and a lively picture of purgatory, with two young men, two women, and a greybeard in the flames looking imploringly upwards, and raising their hands as in prayer. An inscription above the picture is a standing prayer in their behalf—

"Herr gib ihnen die ewige Ruhe."

And this is amplified in the rhyming invocation below the picture :—

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\* "O Mary, pray for us. Lord, give them everlasting rest. O, Father of compassion, look on these poor souls. Ah, lay aside wrath and vengeance; leave them no longer in torment. They have, indeed, deserved punishment, but have remained true. Shew them, Father, Thy grace, that they may love Thee for ever."

"O Vater der Barmherzigkeit!  
 Sieh an die armen Seelen.  
 Ach! Zorn und Rach' entferne weit,  
 Lass sie nicht länger quälen.  
 Sie haben zwar die Straf' verschuldt,  
 Sind aber treu verblieben;  
 Zeig ihnen Vater! deine Huld  
 Dass sie dich ewig lieben."

Where the bridge crosses, the brook flows between perpendicular walls of rock, and makes a sudden plunge. Upwards you look into a wooded glen where Nature is contrasted by saw-mills, dams, races, and shoots of water, piles of boards, men at work, and children pretending to play. And the dwelling-house is in the hollow, and the broken ledges of rock are converted into a garden which yields a small crop of salad, and is beautified by mosses and ferns that grow from crevices splashed by the swift-rushing water. A rough stony footway passes the mills, ascends the hill, and disappears among the trees.

Looking downwards you have a striking view: the course of the torrent marked by a sombre irregular line of firs, which seems black in the bottom of the chasm. The whole slope is dark and steep, but relieved here and there by little patches of pasture or of rye, some of them so inaccessible in appearance that you feel how hard the life must be which digs and reaps under such difficulties. No wonder the farming folk are not sprightly. The mountains for them are not a rapture.


Wherever visible the bed of the brook is a chaos of rocks, amid which the water leaps and struggles with noisy impatience. And there, a short distance down on the left bank, are the Pyramids, so called, a yellowish red strange-looking group, which we might fancy an attempt on a small scale to rival the freaks of form among the rocky mountains on

the farther side of the valley. But we must take a nearer view.

The road continuing at the same level presently crosses the mass of clay out of which the Pyramids are formed. We can examine the structure of the clay in the cliff on our left. Geologists tell us it is decomposed porphyry ; but it is very hard, and as full of stones as conglomerate, varying in size from half an ounce to two or three tons. They look ready to fall, and do fall sometimes, as is manifest by the broken state of the road, and the patched appearance of the rough timber fence. In one place the edge of the road is protected by a coping of shingles, in another it is supported on courses of rough stones ; and three of the gaps are so deep that the continuity of the road is maintained only by corduroy bridges : *Prügelbrücke*, that is, cudgel bridges in German. Evidently this side of the curve is regarded as critical.

What has become of the stone into which an unlucky peasant was changed as a punishment for his mockery of things religious ? His superstition had been weakened by travel, and he returned home a scorner. In those days witches used to dance on the *Birkboden* by *Lengmoos*, and on the *Mittelberg*. One night the young man walked out late ; the witches' chant was heard ; a terrible storm arose ; the *Finsterbach* roared with tenfold fury ; and in the morning the mocker was found turned into a stone so firmly imbedded that it could not be moved.

But here, before and beneath us, are the Pyramids, a name which does not describe them truly, for they rise from the rough slope of the gully as towers, columns—single and in clusters—maypoles, pinnacles, which can hardly be called pyramids. They are of the same kind of clay as the cliff, and are as full of stones. Some are pointed, some blunt, but



the most have a stone on their apex, which produces a curious effect. It seems incredible that such slender columns should remain standing, or that the winds and rains have not long ago wasted and overthrown them. But, as before remarked, the clay is exceedingly hard ; and the stone cap affords some protection. When that falls they waste rapidly ; at least so say the natives.

The opposite side of the gulch has similar columns, and there we can see the process by which they were formed. Near the base of the cliff sharp wedges, apex uppermost, project, supporting here and there a block of stone. Some parts of the wedges are softer than others ; these get washed out by heavy rains, leaving a series of notches which, when deepened and widened by the action of weather, leave the columns standing.

It is obvious that the whole of the gulch was formerly filled by the same kind of clay, and that it has been wasted down in course of ages. We now see where the prodigious cataract of stones came from which barred our way on the night of our arrival at Atzwang.

At the bend of the road beyond we get a view up the valley, much diversified by hill and hollow, and field and forest. Below, on the right, we see Lengstein and its church ; and on the Mittelberg, the church of St. Nicholas, looking picturesque with red cupola, while above on the left stands conspicuous the church of Mariahilf. It is a pleasing picture, dignified by the mountain-tops which are always in presence.

On the way back to the Gasthaus we saw a crowd at Lengmoos, and heard that the Feast of the Assumption was to be celebrated, and we understood why the shrine had been floored with dahlias. At two o'clock a procession was

formed at the Pfarrerei, and began to pace slowly to the church at Klobenstein. We got a good view of it from the terrace of the inn.

First a banner representing the Virgin was carried by men wearing green waistcoats and tall hunting boots, with a white patch below the knee. About two hundred men—Bauern—bareheaded and walking in couples, followed. Their whole aspect reminded me forcibly of a procession of paupers I once saw in Berkshire, walking from the workhouse to church in their Sunday clothes. Then came another banner, and a brass band with a trombone and drum of extraordinary bigness. Then, borne by four men, a graven image of the Virgin, crowned, with long hair hanging down her back, and clad in a magnificent petticoat, on which sat the Child, also crowned. Then two men, dressed somewhat like Chelsea pensioners, carrying lighted candles, went past, followed by a baldaquin, under which walked an aged priest holding the monstrance well before him. All the bystanders knelt as he passed, and petards were let off with prodigious smoke and uproar all along the line. Pöllerknall is an important ingredient of religious demonstrations in Tyrol.

Behind came groups of women and girls ; a lively sight, for nearly every one wore a bright-coloured skirt, and the mixture white, green, purple, and scarlet, produced a pretty effect. Some of the women had broad-brimmed, yellowish green hats, trimmed with grass-green ribands. Two women with lighted candles came next, preceding four who carried a seated figure of Christ ; and these were followed by four robed priests swinging censers, attendants on a patriarchal-looking churchman, who walked in their midst. Then another two hundred men in couples, bareheaded and muttering prayers, brought up the rear.



The church was crammed by the women and girls, and the men stood in dense masses outside the doors. They recited a litany, and a curious effect was produced by the alternation of voices within and without. Then every one knelt, and presently, when they rose to their feet, the organ sent forth loud-sounding harmonies, and a hymn was sung. Then the bells clanged merrily, and the petereros went off with deafening uproar. Meanwhile the procession was reformed and walked back to Lengmoos. I looked for traces of the loud-sounding explosions, but could see nothing but scraps of wood and paper. Commonly a Pöller—small mortar—is used for the noisy part of the demonstration.

The spectacle appeared to be as much a novelty to the other guests as to us, and many comments, mostly uncomplimentary, were made. One, of tender heart, said, "The big lump was in my throat all the time: I could have wept over their superstition." To me the affair seemed a solemn play—a religious holiday, got up to impose on the flock and affirm the power of the priests; a practice for which Tyrol is famous. The immediate effect on a number of the men was that they resorted to the tap, sat drinking till the night grew dark, and then went home, well—noisy.

Among our party was a functionary of the Polizeiamt at Botzen, who, in conversation on the subject, said it seemed that the Brenner was a barrier to sympathy, for that Innsbruck could never be so liberal as Botzen. Botzen forbids the priests to hold processions in the streets, and pulls down triumphal arches erected in honour of the archbishop's visit. Innsbruck would never follow that example; but still new ideas were simmering in different parts of the country.

The need for new ideas can be fairly estimated only by one from another country who sojourns for a while in Tyrol.

Then he will see for himself how much domestic unhappiness is occasioned by the practice of confession ; how the priest—the intercessor—becomes a despot, and how the pulpit may be made a vehicle for falsehood. The imprisonment of the holy father in the Vatican, and the privations he there endured, are among the topics which of late years have appealed with effect to the sympathies of the faithful and brought contributions to the clerical treasury.

But nowhere are the wiles and weaknesses of the priests more severely criticised than in Tyrol, notwithstanding the prevalence of bigotry and superstition ; and anecdotes that were perhaps current in the Middle Ages are told with a grave chuckle as illustrations of the churchmen of to-day. Here is one as a specimen. A man died suddenly, went aloft, and knocked at the wicket. After answering the queries as to who he was, and whence he came, he was asked if he had confessed. No, he had not had time ; whereupon entrance was denied. He expostulated, but in vain. Then, “ How long would he have to wait outside ? ” “ Until a priest came up ; he might then confess, and gain admission.” The poor man is still waiting outside.

Inglis, who travelled through Tyrol some thirty years ago, says he did not remember to have ever heard “ an expression savouring of scepticism ” while he was in the country. He would not say so now ; and it may be that he mistook superstition for piety.

## CHAPTER VII.

Pretty Walks.—A Peep into the Nether World.—Railway Caterpillar.—A Departure and a Kiss.—The Way to Botzen.—Unterinn.—Wolfgrubensee.—Purgatory.—Ober-Botzen.—Stony Paths and Pleasant Sites.—Complete Indulgence.—Fascinations.—Outdoor Life.—Volcanic Fires.—Plains before Peaks.—A Slowfoot.—Priests in England.—Quick Ideas.—Kissing the Hand.—A great white Sea.—Picked out with Snow.—Magical Lightning.—A Mountain Storm.

A PATHWAY in front of the post-office, and a lane at the rear, scarcely noticeable, are well worth notice. By the pathway you approach the wooded hill which on one side slopes down to the Lengmoos pond ; on the other, the north-eastern side offers a broad sweep of leafy shade to all comers. Paths winding through the copse and under the trees at different levels attract you pleasantly onwards, into thickets, glades, and airy clearings, and here and there into solemn solitudes. In one of those solitudes we saw a man with a gun sitting as still as a stone. He had been watching there, he told us, two hours, and had shot a hare, to which he pointed as it hung on a tree, and hoped to shoot another before sunset.

With two or three ways to choose in going and returning, the pleasure of a saunter is heightened. You may quit the cover at the slopes of the Finsterbach, and thence make for the road, or follow the irregular margin of the trees to the shooting alley, and so complete a circuit which never seems wearisome.

The lane passes between gardens, and crosses fields below

the copses above described, to a knoll of firs, which all travellers are expected to visit as not least among the attractions of Klobenstein. From the farther side you can see directly down at the bottom of the valley, a bend of the Eisack and of the railway, the two bridges, the mouth of the tunnel, and the Atzwang railway station. It seems a mere nest far, far below, and the train, as it comes forth from the tunnel, may be likened to a big snorting caterpillar creeping up the hill.

You may sit on the wooden seat and enjoy the prospect, for the place is breezy, and not overpowered by sunshine. In the afternoon the opposite hill-country shows every feature in bright relief, and looks warm and happy, in glorious contrast to the dim little nest in the world below.

Another agreeable walk is to Ober-Botzen, with the advantage also of a choice of ways. From the cross roads on the south-west of the village you may choose a route through lane and forest, or across fields with a dip into a glen, either of which will occupy about an hour and a half. A third way branches from the hill track to Botzen, as will be presently described.

My companion had to depart. On taking leave of the house, he handed a florin note to the Kellnerinn. "Ach! it is too much!" she cried, and attempted to kiss his hand. "No!" he replied; "me, not my hand." Whereupon she kissed him with becoming gravity, as is usual when osculation takes place in middle life.

The road to Botzen, though a main thoroughfare, is ill kept, and is paved, after the manner of the mountains, in steep places liable to be washed away. As regards scenery, it is agreeable, having mountain-slopes above it on one side and below it on the other, with here and there a gulley, into

which it enters to a convenient crossing-place, and there, as it returns to the outlet, affords peeps into the principal valley. When within sight of the handsome red-spired church of Unterinn we parted, and I turned into a paved road that, mounting steeply on the right, compels a leisurely pace ; but so much asplenium grows from the stony banks, that you forget the toil in admiration thereof.

On the top, we find ourselves once more on the general level of the Ritten, near a few fir-trees which screen a lake—the Wolfgrubensee. Why so named I could not discover. A wolf's den is usually in a hollow ; but this lake is on a brow, with cheerful outlook, and is diversified by an islet and two peninsulas sprinkled with spruce and larch. Near it are a crucifix and a cage, which, like that at the Finsterbach, is put to use by a rudely painted purgatory and a supplication :—

“ Wir bitten euch durch Jesu Wunden,  
hilft uns doch aus dieser Pein ;  
Wenn wir haben Gnad gefunden,  
wollen wir Euch g' wiss dankbar sein.  
Helfet, helfet uns erretten,  
aus der schweren Angst und Pein ;  
Löset auf die Band und Ketten  
in die wir verschlossen sein.” \*

A little beyond the lake we strike a road by which we may return to Klobenstein, or turn to the left and visit Ober-Botzen ; either about three quarters of an hour distant. We turn to the left among rye-fields, and after awhile come to broad pastures, the broadest level we have yet seen on the Ritten. Thence we can see the white houses of Ober-Botzen

\* “ We pray Thee, by Jesu's wounds, help us at least from this pain. When we have found grace will we surely be thankful to thee. Help, help to save us out of the heavy anguish and pain. Loose the bands and chains in which we are fast bound.”

scattered among trees. The last quarter-mile of the road is frightfully stony, and on arrival at the village you are at a loss to decide which of the ugly narrow tracks is the main thoroughfare.

There is no overcrowding and no street. The first and last house are perhaps a mile apart, and within that mile are dwelling-houses, a church, four chapels, an inn (Doppelbaur), and a Schank (tap). On the door of the first chapel I read the treacherous notice, *Vollkommene Ablass*, "Complete indulgence," which, of course, has a meaning.

"Chi buon pagar,  
Gli ben absolvar."

Better still, I discovered footpaths pleasanter to walk on than the stony tracks. In some places they cross private grounds, and you see parties sitting out of doors in cool enjoyment; but no one warns you off. The southern prospect becomes more forest-like, and linden-trees of magnificent dimensions abound, affording leafy shelter, and facilitating the outdoor life which here prevails. The footpaths are well kept, and stretch far into the forest as at Klobenstein; and during your wandering you may look at the Marchesi monument, and at the view from the Gloriette in the Menzische Park. And when you see the broad lawns, the cheerful houses, the tall blossom-laden trees, and the happy groups lounging beneath them, you will perhaps feel that Ober-Botzen is a fascinating place; but every house has its habitual occupants, and a stranger may consider himself lucky if he find quarters in the inn.

And besides the stately trees, the cool alleys, and breadths of grass, there is the distant prospect, in which the Schlern, finely foreshortened, is the grand object as you look up the valley. Behind it is a part of the Rosengarten, which cannot

be seen from Klobenstein, so strangely savage, that you gaze thereon in amazement, especially if it be touched by the setting sun. While I looked it took on a ruddy hue that quivered and glowed, as if the subterranean fires, again at work, were heating the whole mass to redness.

The view is more various than that seen from Klobenstein. The Etschthal, a long narrow trough, appears stretching far to south; a pale, smoky cloud indicates the situation of Botzen; and in the south-west you see the region beyond Meran, backed by lofty peaks and chequered ridges of snow.

Not one of the heights except the Schlern and Rosengarten did the people of the inn know by name. The hostess did not want to know them, and declared that for her part she would prefer a flat country.

A footpath by the crucifix in the broad pastures offers a different way back. It is higher than the stony road, and leads you to fields and clearings where you may choose the shortest line, or linger to talk with the reapers while they gather round the polenta kettle for their afternoon repast.

A Botzener seeing me pass came from a house and asked to be shown the way to Klobenstein. My pace was scarcely three miles an hour, yet he complained that it was too quick, wherein he proved himself a true slow-footed Tyroler. Even when it seemed to me that I was creeping he still cried, "Zu schnell"—too quick. But he could talk, and grew animated on the subject of Botzen and its Liberalismus, and the stout-hearted Burgomeister, Streiter, who hated shams, and strove earnestly for liberty of education. "What can one do," said Slowfoot, "in a country where the schools are under the thumb of the priests? You have no priests in England?"

"Yes, we have."

"What, Katholischer?"

"Yes, Katholischer, and other sorts."

"Wahrhaftig? It is though to wonder at, that in a so enlightened country as England there should be priests."

On our arrival at Klobenstein, he inquired for the house where some of his friends were lodging; and with his "Lebewohl," he said, "When you come to England you may tell your friends that Tyrol will be ripe for Protestantismus in thirty years." Evidently his ideas were not so slow as his pace.

While I sat at supper the small boy who had carried the bag down to Botzen brought me a note from the departing traveller, and, on my giving him a small fee, he suddenly seized and kissed my hand.

As already remarked, natural phenomena vary the conditions of existence here on the Ritten. My first visit extended over nine days. One morning the opposite prospect was so completely hidden by distant mist that its reality might have been doubted. A few hours later black islets appeared in a great white sea, the tips of craggy summits. Then the mist flattened, and the islets grew to isles. Then large white masses broke off and drifted down the valley and vanished, until at last the whole landscape lay open to the sunshine.

Two days afterwards the same landscape, that is, the highest elevations, were white with snow. Every ridge and crag was finished with a delicate, bright outline, and even the Schwarzhorn looked brilliant, though its native blackness could not be quite concealed. But all that delicate beauty melted away as the sun rose higher and put forth his strength, and the old stony outlines renewed their habitual severity.

Then the evenings! What a privilege it was to sit on the



terrace and watch the lightning. The effects were magical. Now here, now there, a landscape flashed suddenly into sight, and as suddenly disappeared. At times a single summit caught the vivid glow, and, because of the nether gloom, seemed lifted a thousand feet above its usual height ; or a clump of trees showed for an instant their dark stems and maze of branches against a distant illumination. And ever and anon the vast canopy overhead quivered as with fire struggling to break loose.

One evening a purplish black gloom, dense and ominous, gathered in the north, and crept down the valley as if to overwhelm it in endless night. Presently jagged streaks of intense blue fire darted forth, and thunder crashed and rolled in awful echoes. A real mountain-storm was coming, and far away a church bell was heard pealing a note of warning and of weakness. Then another and another sounding ever nearer, marking the progress of the storm, until the bells of Lengmoss and Klobenstein mingled their clangour with the rush and roar of thunder and rain.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Plants, Ruins, and Books.—The Bibliothek.—From Patristica to Miscellanea.—Privileges.—Mariahilf.—Iron Spring.—A pleasant Nest.—Starers.—Disagreeable Water.—The Stafflerwirth.—Steep and stony Approaches.

THREE visits to Klobenstein have confirmed my first impression of its pleasantness, and inspired me with a desire for further acquaintance. It offers attractions to all comers, for the Ritten, apart from landscape beauty, has a few rare plants much prized by botanists, a few old ruins, and rare books. The nearest ruins are Schloss Stein, once inhabited by a Duke Conrad von Teck, not far from Siffian, and Schloss Zwingenstein above Unterinn. It may be that when you discover them you will think the prospect they command their chief merit.

For the books you must cross the churchyard at Lengmoos to the stony street beyond, and there inquire for the Bibliothek. If the obliging Father who has charge thereof be not at home, his housekeeper will hasten to fetch him, and then at once you are led up-stairs and admitted. It will perhaps surprise you to see in this little out-of-the-world village thirteen thousand volumes well arranged in a spacious room, and accessible by means of a manuscript catalogue. Being clerical property they are for the most part ecclesiastical and religious, comprising Patristica, Biblica, Dogmatica, Jus canonicum, Ascetica, Lexica, Medicina, Catechetica, Political

Economy, and Miscellanea. Among them are a few rare books, early specimens of typography and engraving; and as a solid book of reference there is Brian Walton's *Biblia Sacra Polyglotta*, printed at London in 1657. The Miscellaneous are made up of German, Italian, French, and English, including standard works and light reading. Among the English I remarked the edition of Shakespeare printed in 1826, "for Billy Jones."

This interesting library was collected by Pfarrer Parschalk, during a residence of thirty years. He died in 1857, and may be said to have erected his own monument. He should be gratefully remembered by visitors to Klobenstein, especially in rainy weather, for reading is permitted in the library, and books may be taken out on proof of trustworthiness. The natives of the Ritten are not readers, so that among them the library is wasted; hence the worthy Father is the more pleased when a stranger comes who can appreciate books. Just before my last visit, in 1875, a Russian professor had found enough in the library to engage him in weeks of study, and rejoiced over the opportunity. There is no fund for the maintenance of the library; small contributions in aid are therefore thankfully received.

Visitors seem never to tire of the stroll to the Finsterbach. There is nothing shabby to be seen on the way, for Lengmoos and Klobenstein sweep their thoroughfares; and if not in the near, there is always attraction in the distance.

That mountain prospect never palls; and though we soon grow familiar with its general features, there is no lack of variety, for its colour changes from day to day—sometimes from hour to hour. I once saw the Schlern, the green swells of the Seisser Alp, and the grim precipices beyond, transformed by a brilliant orange colour which suddenly over-

spread the whole landscape, and glowed nearly half an hour. The glow was almost dazzling, and in striking contrast to the shaggy plinthe of dark forest that sends down its gloom on ridgy slopes to the unseen depths of the Eisackthal.

Besides the path already mentioned, which mounts to the forest from the covered bridge, there is a road up the hill on the opposite side, by which you may ascend to Mariahilf, and thence get a good view of Castl-ruth and the Seisser Alp. By mounting higher to a spot named Grindleck, you get a wider view, described as worth the trouble, but not easy to find without a guide, as I have proved. In the list of excursions hung up at the Gasthaus it is said to be two hours distant.

I fared better on the stony forest-path which, rising opposite the saw-mills, is soon lost among the trees, until, in about twenty minutes, we come to a clearing where it sends off a by-path across a higher slope of firs. Thence we descend into a grassy hollow through which a slender rill, kept alive by a thread of water running from under a flat stone, flows in a yellow bed. I had heard of the Eisenquelle (Iron spring), and here it was. The water is cold and bright, with an agreeable metallic flavour, and discharges about a gallon a minute, and has the further attraction of pleasant accessories. The place is a little nest amid slopes of firs and clumps of bilberries, enlivened by the tinkle of water; and the grouping of the trees is such that, by crossing the rill, you may have a shady or sunny couch at pleasure.

Often did I return to the spot in after days, and sit there many hours reading or listening to the voices of Nature. In all that time there came but two intruders, a boy and a woman, each to fill a keg at the Eisenquelle. While the

filling went on they stood staring at me, apparently amazed, but spoke not a word ; and when, with keg on head, they were walking away, they turned round, ere hidden by the trees, for a final stare.

Good water is scarce on the Ritten. The few good springs are too far from the villages, and the prevailing supply has an unpleasant flavour, and is so harmful to some visitors as to compel them to quit Klobenstein. The alternative, as others contend, is to drink only wine, which can be had of good quality and moderate price.

Nevertheless, it is certain that more visitors essay the Ritten every year, steep though be the ascent thereto. Felix Meyer, the "Stafflerwirth," is a landlord who knows how to take care of his guests, with reasonable charges, and in 1876 will have fifty beds available, greatly to the satisfaction of the families who come from Southern Italy and stay three months.

As already remarked, the approaches are steep. My three ascents have been made from Atzwang, but once only on my own legs. It is hard work for a horse, and in places where the path is paved and precipitous, you require a very firm seat. The two ways from Botzen are also laboriously steep and stony. There is a way from Kollmann, somewhat less steep. For ladies who can neither walk nor ride, I have seen a carriage mounted on a hay-truck which has two heavy beams dragging on the ground, and can thus be trusted in awkward places.

## CHAPTER IX.

The Way to Botzen.—A first and last Town.—Broad Vineyards and yellow Faces.—German Streets.—Curious Architecture.—Coopers and Sawyers.—Laubengasse.—Italian Row, German Row.—Picturesque Touches.—A Lesson for London.—Johannis Platz.—The Pfarrkirch.—The Fruit Market.—The Talfer Bridge.—View of Dolomites.—Calvarienberg.—Floods.—Red Water.—Sham Wine.—Recreative Resources.—Hotels.—A Word on Manners.—Hats off!—Sigmundskrone.—War on the Hill.—A twofold Confluence.—Gries.—Flies and Floods.—The Eggenthal.—Porphyry Cliffs.—The Waterfall.—Mind, Morals, and Climate.

ONCE more down to Unterinn: a pleasant walk in early morn before the sun shines on the road. When past the handsome church we get good peeps into the valley, and see more and more of vines. Then we come to a shoulder where the road makes a sharp, steep bend, and the mouth of the valley, the railway, the road, and river, all converging upon Botzen, appear in sight. The town looks very near, but is still an hour distant, even though we take to the jerky and fatiguing cut-off that zigzags downwards across abrupt vine slopes. The mile of dusty level road at the foot seems agreeable by contrast. The whole distance from Klobenstein would be somewhat more than two hours for an active walker.

Botzen, though by no means beautiful, is a singularly interesting town, for it combines Italy and Germany; the first or last of each according to the direction by which it is approached. Here the north ends and the south begins, and you have the characteristics of both. Deep among the

hills, and less than nine hundred feet above the sea, the town has a climate almost tropical during the summer, the effects of which may be seen in the luxuriance of gardens, in vineyards stretching far as eye can reach on all the slopes, in broad fields of maize, and in the yellow faces of the inhabitants. No wonder that they who have the means fly for Sommerfrisch to the Ueber Etsch, the Ritten, or the Brenner.

The architecture is, however, more German than Italian. You might fancy that the first German settlers in these parts feared the sunshine, and built narrow streets of tall, heavy-looking houses, with heavier arcades, to keep out the fierce glare. There is at the north-west corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields a short arcade, which the untravelled reader may take as a specimen, and imagine the effect of such a series of arches extending along each side of a street. Those old Germans named their streets, and the names remain, notwithstanding the Italian influx; and Gummergeasse, Muster-gasse, Waaggasse, Pfarrgasse, Fleischgasse, and Korn Platz still preserve the record.

Most of these houses have an inner court covered at the top by a Dachhaube, roof-hood, a wooden shed open at the sides for admission of light and air. The effect of a number of roof-hoods, of the gabled fronts, of the canopied chimneys, of the peaked dormers with round or square lights, of corner turrets capped by a flat dome or a graceful green cone, of oriel windows, of curiously ornamental gratings, of palisaded doors, interspersed by pictures, statues, and images, is very striking. Here and there a massive sloping buttress incommodes the thoroughfare, or an arcade that seems to bear the whole weight of a house, projects half across a street. The Kandergasse, bestridden by a pointed arch, is a noteworthy

example of what may be tolerated in the shape of waggon stalls and other obstructions, and outside stairs, relieved here and there by spots of beauty : blooming window gardens, and a few acacias. In the Bindergasse, the cooper—an important personage where wine is plentiful—brings his big butts and barrels into the street, and makes the neighbourhood resound with his echoing hammer strokes ; and everywhere men and women are sawing and splitting the loads of firewood tossed out on the pavement.

Water, too, plays its part in the general effect, for a swift brook flows along nearly every street, and fountains spouting water from open mouths in fat faces that look jolly enough to spout wine, are numerous ; and, as a consequence, there is much washing of clothes and cooking utensils out of doors, and other domestic proceedings, which impart a touch of village life to the busy town. And when you see all this crowded into a street about the width of Walbrook, it seems the more impressive.

The principal street, running east and west, is the Laubengasse—so named from the Lauben, or arcades, which stretch along each side from end to end. They are so low and massive that the shops at their rear are gloomy ; in some a light is always burning. But the traders display their wares on stalls under the whitewashed arches, and produce an effect which will remind you of the Rows at Chester, or suggest the idea of a bazaar. There is something animated in the glitter and colour, in the movement to and fro, the hum of voices, and in the sight of the women who sit busily knitting or eating their dinner while watching for customers. The range on the right as you go towards the Fruit Market is called the Italian Laube, and that on the left, the German Laube.



The roadway between these arcades, including the brook, is seven paces wide. Walk along the centre and look up at the house-fronts, and you will find that, with its many defects, the street is picturesque. The prevailing colour is yellow, with decorated panels in some places of darker tint, and touches of weather-stain. Here and there a roof overhangs, or an iron bracket shows its curious outlines against the sky ; and projecting windows, carved stone balconies and window heads, sculptured friezes, curved gratings, the dull, uneven window glass, and the green Venetian shutters with small panels sloping outwards, make up a vista in which colour and form exert their changeful charm as the light varies from hour to hour. I saw it once when a sudden squall rushing down from the north with its turbulent gloom swept the sunshine out from end to end, though not without struggles which produced marvellous effects of light and shade.

Certain doorways, though they look private, are public thoroughfares—alleys running through to the next street. In some you go up-stairs, cross the inner court, and descend at the farther end. There is one through which you can see the red porphyry cliffs and rough wood beyond the Eisack.

An iron plate on every house-front indicates the number and the name of the street. If London, and other towns in England, would condescend to write up the names of streets here and there between the two extremities the innovation would be instructive to residents, and an obviation of embarrassment to strangers. London is, perhaps, incorrigible, for too many of its streets have as yet no name visible even at the ends.

Fortunately, there are a few breathing-places for the dwellers in the narrow streets. The Johannis Platz—named after an Archduke, not after the Saint—is the most spacious and

agreeable of aspect. Thence you can see mountains on all sides, and much foliage, the official town buildings, and the principal church, one of the handsomest churches in Tyrol ; built of a ruddy stone, resembling that we saw in the quarries at Trent, and with a high green roof of glazed tiles set lozengy—to borrow a term of heraldry—and with a tower bearing a fine open-work roof, it gratifies the eye by its mass and colour. The style is German Gothic combined with Lombardic outside, but inside there is a large admixture of Grecian, with conceits of ornament which mar the general effect. Still the church has much to recompense a visit : carvings, paintings, statues ; Peter and Paul, one on each side of the chancel ; and, to the rear of the altar, the chapel and tomb of the Archduke Rainer, who was Viceroy of the Lombardo-Venetian Provinces, and died in 1852.

The Obst Platz, or Fruit Market, at the west end of the Laubengasse, is an open place only by comparison. It is one of the few places in Tyrol where, at times, you may see really eatable fruit, and is commonly lively while apples, pears, peaches, and grapes are in season, with sunburnt women to sell and pale-faced women to buy, and groups of country folk and gossips seated round the base of the fountain. But even here the retailers take no pains to keep off the swarms of wasps, nor to please the eye with niceness. The general Tyrolese notion of a dessert is sour grapes, and pears and peaches as hard as turnips.

Here, too, is the starting-place of the Stellwagens (if an English plural may pass) for Meran and Kaltern ; and touters, eager to fill the vehicles six times a day, call noisily on the bystanders to "einschreiben," to inscribe themselves, or "to book," as we say in England now that there is no booking. And of eating and drinking there is no lack, as may be seen

in houses round about, where the vaulted rooms look as if they had been built as cellars.

The street opposite the Laubengasse is the way to Meran. It was widened in 1874, after some generations of vehicles rumbling through it had threatened danger to all on foot who did not rush hastily into a doorway. Some ten minutes along that street, and you come to the Talferbrücke, a wooden bridge across the Talfer, a wild stream poured out of the Sarnthal. Very insignificant does the stream look in its broad, ugly, stony bed; but when that broad bed is filled by a flood in early spring the rush and roar must be fearful.

There is more than one place in Botzen whence the Schlern and some of the dolomites can be seen, but the Talfer bridge is the best. A strange feeling came over me as I gazed on the Rosengarten, inspired, perhaps, by surprise that crags so wild and in so grim a solitude should be within sight of a populous town.

Beyond the bridge a small public park offers agreeable shade under green leaves. A little farther, and a Brauerei invites you into a quadrangle sheltered by acacias and walnut, where cool beer may be drunk; and, if internal cooling be not to your liking, the alternative may be found in a couple of neighbouring baths.

A good view of the town and its environment is to be had from the Calvarienberg—Mount Calvary—for which you cross the Eisack bridge below the railway station. On the farther side you mount at once along the side of a bushy hill where the usual “stations” mark the way. The figures in those cells are life-size, and by some visitors are regarded as edifying. A few minutes, and we come to the chapel, situate on a shoulder which commands a wide and interesting prospect: the town in its whole extent, lying within a girdle of gar-

dens, the far-stretching slopes of vines, the Eisack flowing swift between green banks, the valley of the Talfer and of the Etsch, the highland of Ueber Etsch, historical ruins, and the grand enclosing circle of hills. It reveals much and suggests more. Side by side, beneath our feet, we see the railway, the road, and the river; the highway trodden by ancient generations, and the iron path of to-day. Southwards they stretch towards Italy, and disappear at the bend.

Lying in the triangle between Talfer and Eisack, Botzen would be frequently inundated but for the embankments that protect the weak places along each river. Yet, who can pretend to set bounds to a mountain torrent? Against some floods all barriers have proved unavailing. A record of one of the most memorable may be seen on the front of a house in a narrow street which is the shortest thoroughfare from the railway station to the Johannis Platz:—

“Anno 1757 den 30 August ist der Eisack eingebrochen und ist das Wasser so hoch gestigen wie der schwarze Strick hierunten zeigt.”

Which purports that on the date given the Eisack broke in, and the water rose so high as the black mark under the writing. That black mark is more than six feet above the foot of the wall, and two or three more must be added for the rise of ground between it and the river, which is nearly a furlong distant. What a flood! The smiling landscape we looked on from Mount Calvary must have resembled a great sea.

Botzen is unfortunate in another particular. Its water supply is bad. Real spring-water is not to be had. The brooks and fountains are fed from a distant stream, hence the water is flat and of unpleasant flavour, and after heavy rain is everywhere red—is, in fact, diluted porphyry. Yet you

may see the women washing in this red water, and fetching it from the fountains in tubs and pails.

Naturally, where water is bad people must drink wine, and the Botzeners are not slow to avail themselves of the alternative. The wine of the neighbourhood is of good quality; but, tempted by Bacchus or Plutus, they manufacture a worthless mixture in large quantities, and sell it far and wide. I had heard of this falsification, and took pains to inquire concerning it, and learned, on credible authority, that there are in Botzen five "Wine Factories" where red stuff is manufactured in thousands of gallons, and sold as wine. No wonder that the wayfarer so often shudders on taking his draught at the little public-houses on the mountains.

Among its recreative resources, Botzen has two or three private gardens interesting to lovers of horticulture, which may be seen on application. Coffee-houses and hotels are alike numerous. The newest looks into the leafy pleasure-ground which fills up so prettily the space between the town and the railway station. The Kaiserkrone is a good house, but is too much disturbed by the bells of the neighbouring church, for which reason many travellers prefer the Mondschein, near the Post Office, which does not hear the bells, and has a garden where you may sit under ailanthus-trees and eat your supper.

Critics of English manners commonly agree that English folk are stiff, shy, reserved, proud, awkward in society, or when travelling, and that, on the contrary, foreigners are flexible, familiar, effusive, and graceful. All my experience and observation have convinced me that there is no difference—that foreigners are not more ready to talk than Englishmen are, not more willing to oblige or offer sympathy. I could produce a book full of examples, but let one suffice.

On a few evenings of every summer through five successive years I have eaten my supper, and lingered in the garden above mentioned, and in all that time no one has spoken to me. The frequenters are for the most part Botzeners, men in fair position, who muster in good number to finish their day and smoke their cigar under the ailanthus-leaves. I hope I do not look repulsive as I sit watching the play of feature in the lamplight; but the fact remains that not a soul has ever said, "You look lonely. Shall we have a talk?" nor invited me to join the general conversation. Of course I do not complain of this. I mention it only as an example on the "other side" of the question.

In the Post Office you are expected to take off your hat, for is it not Imperialisch? One day that I called to make an inquiry the clerk said, "Bitte, Meinherr, would you be so kind as to tell me the names on the English letters?" and he placed the whole heap before me. His endeavours to decipher them were amusing; and when I printed the names in pencil on the back his astonishment at the difference between fancy and fact was great. "What a pity," he remarked, "that you write so badly in England! You give us too much trouble." Once at Brixen, in answer to an assurance that there was no letter for me, I insisted that every pigeon-hole should be searched, and the expected letter was found in L, the clerk having read the name as Lohite. English folk are too fond of slapdash in their writing, and the silly practice of suffixing Esq. to a name heightens a foreigner's difficulty.

A few days may be spent in exploring the neighbourhood of Botzen. If you don't care for the history of Sigmundskrone and other noteworthy old castles they are still worth the trouble of a climb, if only for the views they overlook.

Sigmundskrone is about three miles distant on a dusty road, which, as usual on the edge of these southern towns, is bordered for more than a mile by stone walls. When clear of these you see the old fortress rising proudly on its precipitous hill. We cross the Etsch, here a swift and muddy stream, by a wooden bridge, and find the ascent immediately behind the Wirthshaus, on the farther side. The most conspicuous part of the ruins is now used as a powder-magazine, and cannot be entered except by permission of the commandant; but all the rest of the hill is free. At my first visit I was making way through the copse, which grows thickly on the slope, when I came suddenly on two soldiers lying down with their rifles ready to hand. A little farther, and there stood ten more, half hidden in a clump; then a party seated, each man holding his rifle; then more ambushes, and more sentries. What did it all mean? A few shots were fired, as if in answer to my query, and all at once the firing spread from clump to clump, till the whole hill seemed alive with noise and soldiers. It surprised me to see them start forth from the bush through which I had scrambled and thought it unoccupied. They were learning how to skirmish and hold the hill against an enemy. Presently I came to a hollow, in which, with a map peeping from his breast pocket, stood the commanding officer and a small party. After a few words of conversation, he ordered a bugler to show me the readiest way to the place of outlook, the firing meanwhile growing hot and furious.

The prospect is satisfying. We see how the two rivers and the two valleys merge the one into the other; and meadows, fields, and vineyards, and sedgy swamps; Botzen in the distance in one direction, and midway the village of Gries with its handsome hotel, and in the other direction a

long blue reach of the Etsch valley, and on all sides the never-failing mountains for a background. The brow affords ample space for walking, so that you may look south or north at pleasure.

The bugler never left my side until he had conducted me back to the commander, to whom he delivered me with a professional salute. We had another brief conversation, and the alert gentleman put the finishing touch to his kindness by expressing regret that his duty had prevented him from accompanying me himself.

As I turned away there was a great rush of many detachments, with much firing; and it was a pretty sight to see how actively they ran up the steep, and in and out among the patches of copse.

The low grounds are so much infested by gnats and mosquitoes that long tarrying in the Wirthshaus is out of the question. The ceiling of the guest-room is at times black with them, so said the Wirth; and, to show that spring brought troubles as well as summer, he added that not a year passed without a flood. A mark on the wall about five feet above the floor shows the height to which the water rose in 1868.

Follow this excursion by a trip to the Eggenthal, and you will have a striking contrast. The distance is about the same, but you go north instead of south, and exchange breadth for narrowness. You turn off from the Brenner road towards Schloss Karneid, and soon after passing the Florkeller, a place much resorted to by thirsty wagoners, you begin the steep ascent of the Eggenthal. It is a deep, tortuous porphyry chasm, sprinkled with foliage above, and splashed by a roaring torrent below. It was formerly impassable, except for hoofs and feet, but of late years has been opened



for carriages, which make their way upwards only by strenuous labour.

The road winds hither and thither, giving you changing aspects of rock and water, until you come to a bridge and a waterfall. You saunter about, enjoy the coolness, and watch the swift rush and intermingling of white foam and purple waves, and then retreat. But if so minded you may drive upwards to Welschenofen, and thence take a departure for the region of the dolomites. We shall come down that way by-and-by.

Other excursions are to Kaltern, some three hours distant, across the cheerful highland of the Ueber Etsch, and to the Sarnthal, a pleasant valley, with a porphyry gorge for entrance.

Many a traveller arrives at Botzen with the intention to go everywhere and see everything, but contents himself with the view from the Calvarienberg. Rigorous earnestness alone can withstand the sweltering heat, which melts power alike from mind and muscle, until you are ready to believe that to sit in Schgraffer's pleasant garden in the Johannis Platz, and drink Gratzter beer, or Pilsener beer, cooled with ice from the glaciers of the Brenner, while looking up at the breezy heights and leafy woods of Ober-Botzen, is far better than touring.

"I never thought it could be so hot," said a tourist of my acquaintance, who thus excused himself for shirking all excursions on foot.

## CHAPTER X.

The Etsch Valley.—The Rothstein.—Ueber Etsch and Mendel.—Branzoll.—Rothwand.—Auer.—Kastel Förder.—Cimbri and Romans.—Neumarkt.—Dulness.—Devotion and Comedy.—Litanies.—Old Manners, New Men.—Messagerie Postale.—Grape Watchers.—Cheap Wine.—Up the Zislon.—Tramin, a Reminiscence.—Schloss Enn.—Molto Pericoloso.—Kalditsch.—Timber Trade.—Fontane Fredde.—Gambrinus.—Old Yellow Man.—San Lugano, the Summit.—Val Pradana.—Castello.—Cavalese.

As we saw from Sigmundskrone, the Etsch suddenly changes its direction from south-east to south-west, and reinforced by the Eisack, bearing freshness from the summit of Brenner, flows down the long valley direct into Italy. Away it flows between fat meadows, fields of maize, patches of vines, reedy swamps, broad drains, belts of willows, sedgy pools, and many signs of lavish growth, fair to see, but fraught with fever. So the valley continues mile after mile; little variety below, but with change of feature and outline in the mountains that rise high on each side. On the left, they show bold and steep; and the railway, stretching along near their base, enables us to look into the few narrow valleys, clefts in appearance, that break their continuity.

For us a short journey in the same direction, and then we shall quit the railway. As the train rolls out of Botzen, we have, on our left, crowning a bluff of the Rothstein, the old ruin of Haselburg. In the distance, on the right, is the Mittelgebirg, and behind it is Ueber Etsch—an irregular plateau, thought by some visitors to be fairer than the

Ritten. It is backed by the ragged ridge of the Mendel, of which we shall see more a few hours later. At Branzoll, the first station, we remark, while looking up to the Petersberg, that if the hills have warm flanks, where vines may grow on the lower slopes, they are, nevertheless, severe and stony. Then we hasten onwards past the Rothwand, a massy hill of significant name. On leaving Botzen we had the Rothstein—Redstone; here we have the Redwall, and through each name we may discern porphyry. Meanwhile we have come to Auer (Ora in Italian), where willows and vines impart a bowery aspect, and the Imperial foresters have a timber-yard, and where the Wildbach, that flows all the way from the foot of the Schwarzhorn, often brings down a devastating torrent of stones. On that hill, to the south of the village, known to the natives as Raben-Kofel, are the remains of a castle supposed to be the oldest in Tyrol—Kastel Föder, in which the ancient name, *Castellum fœderis*, survives, and commemorates a victory of the Cimbri over the Romans. Tradition says it happened some nineteen hundred years ago, and ended in a capitulation on the part of the conquered: and hence the name.

At Auer the porphyry ends, and limestone appears, showing ranges of white summits far as eye can reach. The Zislon, the first on our left, precipitous and ochre-tinted, has an aspect which will become very familiar to us when we arrive among the dolomites. We hurry on beneath it, and presently the train stops at Neumarkt, or, as the Italians call it, Egna. In the time of the Romans it was Endide.

An omnibus waits to convey passengers to the town, about a mile distant. We cross the river, and pass between vines to the main street of plain stone houses, with a heavy arcade on each side, and on one side a brook. The open doorways

show us that the passages are encumbered by stacks of fire-wood and implements, and that the stables are so close to the rear as to seem part of the house. And under the arcades women knit and gossip, and men carry on their handicraft ; but dulness prevails. All this you may see while on your way to the Krone, an inn with fair accommodation in what is perhaps the best part of the town, for a house opposite is distinguished as the MAGISTRAT, and a large fountain refreshes the intervening space.

One scorching Sunday afternoon, while waiting for a train, I strolled to the church. It was crammed to overflowing, and a large crowd were kneeling in the churchyard ; men on the south side, women on the north. A litany, apparently very solemn, was going on, and all heads were bent down ; but the approach of a foreigner was too much for the north-siders. They raised their heads, stared at him, giggled, whispered, nudged one another, and behaved as if devotion and comedy were the same thing ; for they failed not in their parrot-like iteration of *Bitt für uns*, "Pray for us," every few seconds amid their merriment, as the litany went on.

Is it possible to feel devout when a litany is recited from the Annabuch, one of the most used prayer-books ? There the Allerseligsten Jungfrau Maria is thus invoked,—

"Thou ghostly vessel !  
    *Bitt für uns.*  
Thou ghostly rose !  
Thou tower of David !  
Thou ivory tower !  
Thou golden house !  
Thou ark of the Covenant !  
Thou morning star !"

with quick repetition of the responses.

The same book contains a litany in which holy Anna is described as,

“Thou grandmother of Jesus Christ !  
Thou looking-glass of all married people !  
Thou chastest among all wives !”

while the Lobgesang, pursuing the strain, breaks forth with—

“Auf! preist in heil’ger Wonne Glut  
Das starke Weib voll Männermuth !  
Verherrlicht strahlt durch alle Zeit  
Der Ruhm von ihrer Heiligkeit.”

Joseph the holy is addressed as,

“Thou carpenter exalted above kings.”

And it may be said that the book is a curiosity of literature, for it contains pages on a subject which in another country would be called Advice to Mothers on the proper Management of Children in the Nursery.

In common with all other places in South Tyrol on the main thoroughfares, Neumarkt shows a decline of the German element. With that decline, says Staffler, it has lost the frankness and honesty by which it was once characterized. Formerly the old proverb, “Ein Mann, ein Wort,” A man, a word, could have been verified by many living examples ; but with the old times the old ways have disappeared, and the German retreats before the southern stranger. The language of the district is now more Italian than German.

Neumarkt is one of the starting places for travellers bound for the wonderful mountain country heaped up between the valleys of Fassa and Ampezzo. At five and at eleven in the morning, during the summer, you may journey to Cavalese, by a vehicle inscribed I. R. Messaggeria Postale.

From the Krone a narrow stony street ascends the hill behind the town, and, drawn by three horses, you slowly

emerge on the vine slopes. If the grapes are ripening, you will see nests erected on poles in which the watchers snuggle themselves while on the outlook for thieves or mischief. The vineyards are broad, and lie well open to the afternoon sun ; but the wine of Neumarkt is rough and coarse, and famous only for cheapness, being sold at about three halfpence a pint.

Not without reason was the third horse hooked on in front, for the road mounts always upwards, and the pace rarely exceeds a walk. The pull is indeed severe, and is felt in the fare, which is thirty kreutzers more for the up than for the down journey. Gradually the vines give place to maize, potatoes, and barley. The views open over the valley. We come to a spur of the mountain, where the road from Auer, brought up by long zigzags, joins the highway, and we see the village far below looking pleasant, protected by steep vine slopes in its rear ; but the wild brook runs through the place, always attended by evidences of its power to destroy ; and the valley of the Etsch, with the brown river curving between the willows, lies open to our view, outstretching many a mile.

We creep nearer to the precipices of the Cislone, so called in Italian, and as our road turns sharply hither and thither, get a change of prospect, now up, now down the valley. A village and church stand conspicuous on the farther side, and we recognise Tramin, our halting-place on that sultry day when, twenty years ago, we walked from Salurn ; and there, higher up towards the north, is the Lake of Kaltern, which we took note of in passing, and remember perhaps the more distinctly because, just after the note was made, we had to creep under a haystack for shelter from a thunderstorm.

Schloss Enn, another historical relic, crowns a knoll on our right, but not with a ruin, for it has green shutter-blinds,

in curious contrast with the old weather-stained walls, and is inhabited by a Venetian family. It seems as if placed to protect the little village Montan, clustered around its base.

Along the face of the precipice the zigzags are steeper, and by reason of constant repair are rugged. There are drains on each side to facilitate escape of the water, and a low wall protects the outer edge; but the down-rush of water during rains from the perpendicular heights is so direct, that portions of the road are washed away, or are blocked by a downfall of sludge.

I once passed this way after a night of rain, and before the sludge was cleared away, whereby two of our wheels, pressed against the low wall, creaked and grated harshly. "Santo Dio," exclaimed an Italian priest who sat by my side, "e molto pericoloso!"

But all the while the view grows wider; the Mendel and other summits appear in sight, and hamlets and houses high up on the slopes infuse touches of humanity into the broad aspect of Nature. I have seen that view in all the sharp freshness of early morn; in the afternoon, when the valley lay looking impalpable under a yellow haze, and all the air quivered in the sweltering heat; and half hidden by the rolling blackness of a storm.

At length we double the extremity of the precipices which have so long seemed to bar our way. The boy unhooks the panting leader, and turns back to Neumarkt, leaving us with two horses to finish our stage, which continues up-hill, but less steep, for yet two hours. When round the point the road skirts a deep ravine black with firs, and fir-forest, with intermixture of leafy trees and little farms, prevails in the surrounding landscape. We begin to see what lies behind the hills that border the valley of the Etsch.

At Kalditsch—Doladissa, in Italian—the horses are allowed to eat a handful of hay, and passengers to escape from their cramped positions. The house here, a wayside inn, stands on a brow, commanding a grand prospect, and offers rustic entertainment. An active walker might come up here to sleep amid cool breezes, instead of tarrying in sultry Neumarkt, and perchance find himself tempted to stay and explore the neighbourhood. There is a wonderful ravine deep down on the left, stretching away two or three miles, which must be well worth exploration.

The chief industry of the neighbourhood shows itself in saw-mills and chopping places on the edge of the road, and in the numerous wagon-loads of pine boards and planks, all taking the downward way. They are cleverly piled, to prevent shifting: a narrow base swelling outwards and upwards until, seen endwise, the load presents the outline of a pear. A chain twisted round holds it secure through all the steepness and zigzags of the journey.

The next stopping-place is Fontane fredde (Cold Springs), where a public-house, a brewery, a toll-bar, and tile factory make up a little trading spot. The water is excellent, as the name implies, and yet passengers alight and drink beer, as if the wine drunk at Kalditsch went for nothing. They have some excuse, for the journey is very slow and wearisome, and the messaggeria is hot, dusty, and uncomfortable.

On the front wall of the public-house, within the arcade, Gambrinus, god of beer, with foaming goblet in hand, is painted in bright colours, and in strange company, for on each side of him stands a wonderful-looking bird, evidently by the same artist.

Thirst being quenched, the conversation, which had fallen slack, becomes animated. "May I talk to you?" said a



buxom middle-aged woman, speaking to me from the interior. Of course, I assented, and we had a good gossip, during which I asked, "Who is that yellow old man there in the corner?"

"That old yellow man," she answered, "is my husband." And turning to him she cried, "The Herr wants to know who the alte Gelbe is."

She then told me that they lived in Botzen, where it was not at all uncommon for folk to turn yellow in the summer, and were going to Cavalonte to drink the Eisenwasser (iron water). "He won't look yellow after two weeks of that."

Meanwhile we have passed the extremity of the ravine, into which we looked at Kalditsch, and have come to the summit level—a shallow basin of stones, grass, and patches of rye, between slopes of scrub. And here at last is San Lugano and the top of the tedious ascent, about the height of Snowdon, occupied by a Wirthshaus and a few trees. It is visited at times during the heats by visitors from the lowlands, who, as they look westwards, may cool themselves with the sight of a far-away group of snow-peaks.

We have travelled round three-fourths of toil-compelling Zislon, and shall be presently in the rear of Neumarkt, and might travel thither in two hours were there a good straight road. Our circuit has brought us back into the region of porphyry.

By many curves through a short thickly-wooded valley—Val Pradana—we descend at a brisk trot, which has the charm of novelty, and presently get sight of the broad valley of the Avisio, Val di Fiemme or Fleimserthal. Then the little village of Castello appears on a rounded knoll crowned by the church which looks somewhat castle-like. Another bend, and we see more of the valley, and the Fassa Alps in

the distance white with recent snow, and a stately church screened by linden-trees on a bold offshoot of the lower hillslopes ; and then, having spent nearly six hours on the journey from Neumarkt, we clatter noisily into the market-place of Cavalese.

For the present we go no farther in this direction. My first introduction to the dolomites was from the opposite side, and I must ask you, good-natured reader, to take with me a flight to the south-east, and there commence a new journey.

## CHAPTER XI.

Amphibious City.—Contrasts.—Salt Marshes.—Land *versus* Sea.—Mestre.—Conegliano.—A Talker.—Old and New Masters.—The Hausknecht.—Pleasures of Night Travel.—Unseen Scenery.—Capo di Ponte.—The Piave.—Longarone.—Val di Zoldo.—Castello.—Timber Catches.—Parol.—Ospitale.—Perarollo.—The Boita.—Tai di Cadore.—The Miracle.—Pieve di Cadore.—Effigy of Titian.—The Castle.—A Landscape of Contrasts.—Pelma and Antelao.—Vicissitude.—An Acquaintance.

THE amphibious Queen of the Adriatic was left behind with her glittering canals, her combinations of Wapping and palaces, her squalid and dismal lanes, her pride and her poverty, her domes and campanili, her gaudy awnings and gloomy boats, her markets where tunny and cuttle-fish vie in repulsiveness of aspect, and beggars feed on rotten fruit, where art shows how little it can do for morality, and where mosquitoes set philosophy at defiance—the city of perennial inundation was left behind, and in the evening of a hot day in August, 1869, the railway train was bearing me towards the hill country.

Very remarkable is the view of the city as seen from the long causeway; but ere you have finished a mental picture thereof, the train dashes into the broad level of the salt-marshes, and you are given over to tameness. To the ordinary traveller there is no charm in the prospect of long sluggish drains choked by the plants that flourish in saline slime; but the botanist there finds treasures, and the geologist is animated by the thought that these tame levels

encroach continually on the sea, and enlarge by slow degrees the territory of Italy. The Piave, a few miles distant on our right, and the Brenta on our left, bring down so much waste from the mountains that at some future day the lagoon will be filled up, and Venice joined to the main land.

A change ensues : broad pastures appear, and land predominates over water, and these merge into fields of maize stretching far away, and these again into broad expanses of vines. Here everything denotes fertility, and in places may be seen signs of careful culture, as if even in these eastern regions some rumour of high-farming (*coltura intensiva*) had been heard.

The usual halt at Mestre affords opportunity to diverge eastward to Trieste, or westward to Milan. Happy are they whose route is, as ours, northwards, where mountain breezes will waft away the irritating effects of a sojourn in the sultry lowlands. The train speeds on amid richer signs of fertility, and the landscape, touched by rays of sunset, wears a golden hue, and suffused therewith our train rolls into the station at Conegliano.

A town that looks respectable, that manufactures silk and cloth, that gave its name to one of Bonaparte's Marshals, and enjoys a site described as "*riante*," may be regarded as fortunate, if not happy. If the inhabitants generally are as affable as the host and hostess of the Post, they may serve as models to certain towns in Germany, which have not yet found the word *amenity* in their dictionary.

The *messaggeria* would start for the north at midnight. I engaged a place and ordered supper. Host and hostess were attentive and talkative, and tried their best to understand my limping Italian, until the landlord went forth and returned with a man who could speak German. He seemed

willing to talk, and had no objection to drink half of all the wine that came in. Perhaps the prospect of exercising his native tongue animated him, for our conversation lasted long, and wandered into many topics, but chiefly political. In one particular he was very emphatic, namely, that in the rural districts the people preferred Austrian to Italian rule, and would be glad to acknowledge their old masters once more. It was in the large towns only that the discontent existed. Austria might be heavy and dull, but she was not hard-hearted among the common folk; her taxes were not half so heavy as those of Italy, and in bad seasons she would abate or remit the impost entirely. Italy never let any one off.

This was not the first time that I had heard Austria praised within the newly-liberated territory; but in this instance the predilection was soon explained, for my visitor proceeded to tell me that he was a born Tyroler from the neighbourhood of Innsbruck. He had been many years an exile, and found himself more and more possessed with a desire to return to his birthplace. "Ach! wenn Ich nur konnte!" If I only could, he sighed more than once.

We had talked nearly two hours when I asked what was his trade, having come to the conclusion that he was a fruit-dealer.

"I am the Hausknecht," he answered.

Hausknecht! a combination of boots, ostler, and porter. It was a happy surprise. And after we had shaken hands, and said "Good night," I searched among my reminiscences of wayfaring in England for a man of the same condition, talking as intelligently about agriculture, politics, and patriotism, and could not find one.

To be roused from a two hours' sleep for a walk through dark streets to a coach-office at midnight, is not agreeable

even to a traveller prepared to accept vicissitude. A sort of bewilderment ensues, with shivery snatches of sleep, broken by vain attempts to see something through the darkness, and tantalized by a dim consciousness that home would be a better place. And all the while the scenery, as a thrifty tourist remarks, is wasted. So it happened that we saw nothing of Ceneda nor of Serravalle; but we halted at a wayside house for an early cup of coffee somewhere in the commune of Vittorio, which includes both those places, and there I saw with pleasure in the faint uncertain dawn a few signs of the neighbourhood of mountains.

So slowly crept the light, that the Lago Morto, and the Lake of Santa Croce, and the traces of the geological disturbance which is supposed to have diverted the course of the Piave, were passed unrecognised. Perhaps we were drowsy. A Venetian, who slumbered by my side, consoled himself with the reflection, that what was lost in scenery was gained in sleep.

At Capo di Ponte the road to Belluno branches off on the left, and we drive down to that ancient city and take breakfast at the Due Torri, and then drive back to Ponte to resume our journey northwards. We shall revisit Belluno in a future year, and then have something to say about it.

Here the valley of the Piave opens, severe in character, but more interesting than I had imagined. High on the steep slope of the right bank stretches the road, while the noisy crooked river hurries along far below, impatient, as one may fancy, of the frequent stony shallows which provoke it to louder clamour. Rafts and straggling processions of pine-logs drift with the current, and remind us that the timber trade of the Bellunese is worth many million francs every year.

At Longarone we pass on the left the mouth of the Val di Zoldo, out of which the little river Mae rushes into the Piave. That valley traverses a grand hill country, a great block of hills, intricately grouped, which occupies the region on our left, away to that remarkable gap, the Canale di Agordo, where, if fortune speed us, we shall by-and-by view its bold and rugged western profile. Devious and difficult are the ways therein, yet an active traveller with leisure at command would find it a region well worth exploring, and where his ambition to see places that no Englishman has seen before would be completely gratified.

Meanwhile we pass Castello, and enter a deep and narrow defile, a crevice between huge walls of rock, and emerge upon a grander reach of the valley. But here, too, utility asserts its privilege, and the river is crowded with catches for timber, more profitable than picturesque. Always the road rises, and from Parol you look down as it were into a deep gulf, where again the impatient stream is encumbered by dams, shoots, and saw-mills, and the noise of busy wheels mingles with the noise of waters, and the huge stacks of logs tell how briskly the axe is kept going in the neighbouring forests.

Still more is this the case when, having passed Ospitale, we come to Perarollo, a respectable looking village in a narrow part of the valley, between hills so high and steep, that terraces have been cut to make room for the life and business of the people. The scene thereby produced is a strange huddle of rocks, houses smooth and white, brown and rough, cliffs, gardens, and patches of forest, surrounding what looks like a metropolitan cluster of saw-mills, shoots, and stacks of timber. Do the inhabitants feel grateful for the ceaseless drip, and splash, and roar of the power that aids their industry?

Here the Boita—a torrent that we shall see more of—flows into the Piave, and here begin the zigzags by which we mount up the steep sides of Monte Zucco, to classic ground higher up among the breezes. So steep is the slope, that we soon look down on Perarollo and its environment, and our opinion of its importance diminishes as our elevation increases. It is pleasant to exchange wheels for feet, and to walk up the inclines under alternate rock and forest, to the uneven summit, whence the road makes a bold curve to approach Pieve di Cadore, the white houses of which are seen in a broad pastoral vale, backed by great slopes of buckwheat and maize, and by hills that look glad in the bright sunshine.

Three roads converge upon the little place Tai di Cadore and the inn Zum Cadore, where fair entertainment, clean lodging, and a waiting-maid, whose activity was only equalled by her good-humour, confirmed my intention to tarry till the next day. We had spent thirteen hours in our journey of fifty-three miles from Conegliano.

Dinner was on the table. The hostess, her family, and two "signori," made up a talkative party, who received me with friendly demonstrations. The signori were a druggist and a tobacconist from Venice travelling on business. One of the two could speak a little bad French in the obscure way that seems inevitable with Italians.

Tai comprises a few big stone houses, a smithy, a shop that sells everything, three osterias, a few cottages scattered among the fields and gardens. The good houses are roofed with tiles, the cottages with rough slabs, but they make a good show on the green slopes, and the general aspect is Italian. Bold heights in the rear make up a picturesque background.

One of the three converging roads leads to Pieve, about



half a mile distant. A church—Santissimo Crocefisso—with a cupola, stands by the way-side, and exhibits, in the tympanum of its Grecian portico, a picture of the finding of a miraculous crucifix in the adjacent field. Husbandmen and oxen are ploughing; the ploughshare has struck something that resists; the men dig and find the cross with the body of Christ still nailed thereon. One of the oxen, impressed by the incident, has sunk on its knees, and looks attentively at the men while they lift the holy corpse. The crucifix, which is still preserved, is supposed to date from the early part of the fifth century. The discovery took place in 1540. A sundial fixed on the wall of the church has the legend, "*Umbra transitus est tempus nostrum.*"

Pieve is one of those places which may be described as a large village or a little town. It has a big square with court-house and campanile at one end, an inn at the other, shops and cafés between, and whitewashed houses in front and rear, built regardless of symmetry on the steep irregular slope. The campanile is adorned with the now well-known gigantic effigy of Titian, in a fur-trimmed black gown, standing by a blue-covered table, on which lie his palette and brushes. In the background are seen a castle and mountains of the local rocky character. If the great painter ever revisits the home of his boyhood, he perhaps wishes he were not so great, for the picture is not flattering. The village artist's right of private judgment as to the fitness of things was very freely exercised.

On the same wall, below this monument of art, patriotism appeals to the sympathies of the visitor by a memorial inscribed with the names of men of the neighbourhood who fell in the conflicts of that, to kings and emperors, very instructive year, 1848.

On the white wall of one of the small uncomfortable-looking houses standing on the slope below the campanile, an inscription in large black characters makes known that there Titian, who afterwards became famous, was born. The emotions with which you regard it will perhaps be in proportion to your artistic sensibilities or your power of imagination ; but if you have come up from the lowlands, you will agree that il Tiziano was fortunate in a birthplace which procured him pleasant holidays among the mountains.

Beyond the house a narrow lane rises to the steep green slope by which you mount to the Castle of Pieve. Castle is a taking word in a guide-book ; but here it means a fragmentary ruin of old stone walls round the summit of the hill. Through gaps here and there you get peeps at the surrounding country, but best from the corner where a fragment of a broken stair affords a freer outlook. There it is easy to see that you are on the bold extremity of a ridge or shoulder pushed far across the valley, forming a prominent site for the village, and an elevation for the castle, whence you can look down on each side with gratifying effect.

It is a remarkable view. The valley stretches away broken into a series of deep basins in which you can count twelve villages and seven church towers, all looking bright among the pastures, the open, grey-green belts and clumps of larch, and the dense, dark breadths of fir forest. The Piave brawls along a stony bed in the lowest hollows ; a pale stripe of road winds hither and thither up the course of the stream ; paths straggle up the steepes, suggestive of remote habitation and rural toil, and the castle slope and some of the hills are covered with small fields and garden-plots : a pretty sight, and full of contrasts. And in contrasts you may pass from comparative to superlative by turning to look at the grim

aspect of the region we came through on the way from Longarone. The topmost elevations only appear in the view with nothing to relieve their severity, as if to heighten the impression made by the softness and luxuriant beauty that lie beyond.

The sight far up the valley of the mountain-peaks that look down on much-praised Auronzo will, perhaps, tempt you to travel thitherwards. But there are rival attractions in the opposite quarter—the two kings of the neighbourhood—Pelmo and Antelao, that rear their stern summits to a height of more than ten thousand feet, and fix your attention. Antelao, with its dark, rocky ridges streaked with snow, reminded me of the cold, desolate ranges that horrify the coast of Norway beyond the arctic circle. It is an intensified example of the prevailing characteristics of the Eastern Alps.

Showers began to fall, producing wonderful effects of misty light and shade. Streams of rays illumined one side of the landscape while the other lay in gloom, and the two kings hid their heads in clouds. Presently a magnificent rainbow spanned the valley; but it was not a harbinger of fine weather, for the showers increased to a steady downpour, and there being no shelter among the bare fragments of old walls we were compelled to run to one of the two cafés that look into the square. There the two Venetians betook themselves to billiards, while I sat wondering whether a billiard-table would flourish at an equivalent town in England—say Muker, up in Swaledale.

But the rain persisted and fell vehemently till midnight, and everything looked dismal and chilly as we walked back to Tai; but I preferred dismal weather to St. Mark's mosquitoes.

Compensations come to travellers in various forms. Mine on this occasion was a bed large enough for three sleepers,

and clean withal. Foreigners are "not so very particular;" but room to stretch in all directions is essential to an Englishman.

With sunrise the next morning the weather improved, but not sufficiently for a distant excursion. I went up once more to the castle, and looked forth. Dense clouds cut off every summit, and lay spread out as a flat ceiling over all the landscape. Yet, refreshed by rain, the pastures looked bright, and the voice of the river sounded loud and gladsome; and at times, while I watched, the clouds broke and rolled aside and revealed for a few moments Antelao and Pelmo in all their savage grandeur. The first day of return to the mountains, after a year of ordinary life, is a day of exhilaration whatever the weather; for mighty is the charm of the hills.

On my way back to Tai, I met the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, who, in a tour on wheels among the dolomites, had come to Cadore. Of course we had a talk, with free exchange of topographical information, among which I gathered that the scenery around Auronzo fell far short of the beauty ascribed thereto by tourists and guide-books. The reverend doctor thought it good, but by no means equal to his expectations. Whence comes it that the writers of guide-books strive to outdo Nature, and make everything dreadful, admirable, or wonderful? The most flagrant case of overpraise, in my experience, is the ascent of the Splügen by the so-called Via Mala.

## CHAPTER XII.

**A fresh Start.—Valley of the Boita.—Valle.—Wild Scenery.—Pelmo and Antelao.—Venas.—A Caretta.—Hospitable Goldsmith.—Surprises.—Vodo.—Kanzia.—Italianism.—The Frontier.—Calamities.—Shifting Slopes.—A growing Field.—Tofana and Cristallo.—Wet Consolation.—Cortina.**

THE rickety messaggeria that clatters forth from Pieve for the northern journey contrasts unfavourably with the respectable vehicle by which we travelled from Conegliano. While this returns to the south, the other passes Tai, turns into that one of the three converging roads with which we have not yet made acquaintance, and will convey us a stage towards the country of the dolomites. You and I, reader, are the only passengers, and have thereby free range for outlook, and we see at once that the valley on which we are now entering is neither so confined nor so severe of aspect as that we travelled through yesterday. Not that severity is lacking, but that breadth and cultivation have a softening effect. Instead of the Piave, which we shall see no more, we have the Boita roaring a thousand feet down on our left, hidden in places by landslips, and the big stones that have rolled from the steep slope along which our road is carried. The hills are rough and rugged, and have a broken appearance varying in effect as our point of sight varies.

Beyond that group on the left lies the Agordo country, which we may hope to see with our eyes a few days hence. Meanwhile we pass through Valle; the Pelmo comes into

the view and makes his bigness felt, and presently the road, curving into what seems a deep bay on our right, discloses the Antelao, a mighty mass out of which you might carve half-a-dozen Pelmos. He frowns always from dark peaks fringed and streaked with snow, that stand savagely sullen about his principal summit. As one after another appears from the bends of the road, your impression is that of a range rather than a single mountain. Then as we change our direction on the opposite side of the bay we see a strange succession of landscapes, slope folded within slope, height peering over height in wild succession, shaggy below, all bald above; and so in about an hour we come to Venas.

This is a village with a good inn, and signs of business, among which the goldsmith's shop is characteristic. What chance would a goldsmith have of getting a living in a small village in England? The style of the houses is Italian, but among the plaster and pantiles touches of German influence may be seen, and mine host declares himself willing to reckon ten centesimi as four kreutzers.

Here, perhaps out of consideration for the rickety messengeria, the journey is broken, and the alternative of a carretta at three o'clock is offered. Waiting is not wearisome where grand landscapes salute the eye; and the landscapes of the Ampezzothal are worth imprinting on the memory. Hence when the four-wheeled wagon drove out from the shed we were still patient, and almost willing for a course of jolting. A sack stuffed with hay was placed as seat, and a rough horse-cloth as apron, for the clouds looked threatening. An old greybeard goldsmith from Pieve scrambled in and sat by my side, and showed himself hospitable, for at every one of the numerous stopping places he alighted and invited me

to drink with "Bianco o nero?" White or red? or black, as the Italians say.

It is one of the charms of a mountain road that it is always rising or falling, or turning hither and thither to the advantage of the traveller, who thereby lights upon surprises, and finds many scenes in a single landscape. Among our surprises were numerous heavy loads of timber rolling down to Perarolo. To me they seemed signs of prosperity; but the old man shook his head, and said what people always say on such occasions—the former times were better. He knew a man who from eight horses had come down to two, and another at Landro from thirty to five; but why the timber trade had fallen off he could not explain.

But there is prosperity nevertheless. The houses here and there on the slopes and by the wayside are large and well built, and the fields are well tilled by hand labour, the labourers being small owners who carry all the crops home on their own shoulders. Nearer the frontier horses are seen in the fields, and numbers of the rustics are rich. At least, so says the old goldsmith, who finds customers among them for costly hair ornaments and ear-rings.

At Vodo and Kanzia the Italian aspect still prevails. *Cassetta per Lettere* marks the place of the letter-box, and the inscription on the kilometre stones is *Strada Nazionale di Alemagna*. But with the gradual rise of the road there is a gradual change of style noticeable at Borca, at Resinigo, at San Vito, at Acqua Buona, and at Zuel, where you cross the frontier and exchange the red and blue of Italy for the black and yellow of Austria, and must unlock your bag if required. In my case it was not required.

But between Vodo and the frontier the signs of prosperity have been varied by signs of calamity. With all their beauty

and grandeur mountains are dangerous neighbours. Mud, stones, and rocks are brought down by the torrents, or slide from the steepest slopes in rainy weather. We crossed a confused mass that fell in 1868, and lay still bare and hideous, the crushed bridge replaced by a temporary wooden gangway, and the bed of the torrent choked with rocks of amazing bigness. A little farther and there a great scree of stones barred the way, and a party of men were hacking out a gap. In one of the villages the down-rush had swept away houses and buried thirteen persons. And beyond, we came to a huge mound, streaked with paths, that looked very much like a moraine. Under that mound lies a village, which with four hundred inhabitants was buried by a berg-fall about eighty years ago.

Our driver tells us that the Ampezzo valley is noted for its instability, and that the folk believe the whole district will some day be utterly ruined. Instances occur of houses shifting their place, of fields sliding over fields—mischiefs everywhere, except in one particular—the postmaster at Cortina has a field which grows every year larger.

The valley broadens; the Tofana and Cristallo appear in the view, and remind us that we are approaching the wonderland of the dolomites. Tofana has a wet reputation, and maintains it, for during the past hour we have been rained on, with gloomy promise of increase. The mountains looked more mysterious than ever through the watery screen and with rays of mist wandering round their brow, and I pointed them out to the old goldsmith as consolatory effects; but to him the phenomena were dismal only, and he refused to be consoled.

At half-past six we came to Cortina, where the noise of heavy rain prolonged into the night made me quite content with the shelter of the Schwarzes Adler.



## CHAPTER XIII.

Aspects of Cortina.—A Stroll.—Crag and Forest.—Pentelstein.—A Gorge.—An Outlook.—Wooing onwards.—Schluderbach.—Croda Rossa.—Good Quarters.—A threescore-and-ten Traveller.—A Rejoinder.—Hellstone Valley.—Drei Zinnen.—Landro.—Graf and Gräfinn.—A Puzzle of Pronunciation.—Voices of the Night.—Up Monte Piana.—Grasshoppers and Grouse.—Snow Peaks or Rock Peaks?—A Brave Company.—Shout and Jödel.—Lake Misurina.—Croda Malcora.—Forest.—Knife Edges.—Tre Croci.—A Salute and a Greeting.—Chance Companions.

THE following morning opened so unpromising for an excursion to the hills, that I sauntered about looking at Cortina and the people, at the frescoes on the walls of the Black Eagle, at the stately church tower which seems as if built in rivalry of the campanile at Venice, at the great stacks of logs and boards that make the northern end of the village look like a timber-mart, and all the ins and outs of the place. Italian influence still prevails, notwithstanding that we are on the Austrian side of the frontier. One section of the main street is Piazza del Mercato, another is Piazza del Fiera, and the names above the doors are mostly Italian. Farmacia tells you where to seek the apothecary, and the school is indicated by Scuole Popolari di Quattro Classi. The post-office is impartial, and makes itself known in two languages—Impostazione Lettere, and Briefsammlung. The large, well-built houses, coated white or yellow, with touches of red, are suggestive of prosperous occupants—who, indeed, could hardly fail to prosper, having a lively trade in hay as

well as in wood. Some of the houses have outside galleries, with balustrade of ornamental boards ; and behind the main street you may see cottages, sheds, and fences, such as are built only among the mountains.

From the village I sauntered northwards, enjoying pleasing views of crag, and alp, and forest. On a mountain path, delightful as it is, you must always be looking to your foot-steps, to the neglect of the scenery ; but on a good broad road you may scan to your utmost desire without fear of stumbling. So I sauntered on and on, always ascending, until a sharp angle in the road warned me to look out for Peutelstein. A rough path on the right, a few yards from the corner, suggests a cut-off, and is worth climbing on picturesque considerations. The path, with many a twist, mounts steeply through the fir-wood to a narrow foot bridge thrown across a precipitous chasm, grim and tortuous, down which a torrent plunges with furious roar. You will hardly fail to pause on the bridge and contemplate the striking scene in both directions. The bridge has been described as "crazy," and the gorge as a "scene of terror;" and it would not be difficult to amplify on those particulars if carpentry or nature could be improved by making them dramatic. Besides, it is not fair to prosaic travellers to call on them for violent efforts of the imagination.

You may cross the bridge without fear, and climb to the top of the shoulder, and find there the level platform on which stood the ruins of the castle of Peutelstein. The old walls were cleared away to make room for a fort which was to have been built to command the pass and guard the approach to the Pusterthal ; but, as the folk say at Cortina, the Reichsrath said "No," having perhaps a dim consciousness that it is not dignified to let your neighbours see you

live in mortal fear of them. And so the platform remains open for the advantage of wayfarers, who thence behold an expanse of mountain, forest, and valley more than sufficient to satisfy their desire for adventure and exploration.

The footpath strikes the road beyond the zigzags where the downward slope begins, and you walk easily, feasting your eye with peeps into the wild mazes of the firs, and with glimpses of strange copper-coloured crags. A large, clean-looking wayside inn makes us aware of the locality of Ospitale. A friend of mine once sojourned there, and reports very favourably of its civilities and capabilities, among which access to grand scenery must be reckoned. Now on one side, now on the other, a view opens as if to woo you onwards from crag to crag, from one breadth of larch and fir to another, from patch to patch of lichen all grey, gold, and bronze. "I will turn back," I said to myself, "when I have seen the next;" but the sight of that filled me with desire to see the wildness beyond, and so at last, to my surprise, I found myself at Schluderbach, three hours from Cortina.

Here, in the mouth of a narrow defile, stands the inn, looking insignificant at the foot of the towering rock in its rear, but which yields good entertainment and cheerful service. It is a wild spot, shut in by dark forest, and would be oppressive but for the break in the hill-range on the right. The opening, however, is suddenly opposed by the towering rock above mentioned—Monte Piana, a huge perpendicular buttress two or three thousand feet high. I could not help fancying it the "tall cliff" of "awful form" that we all used to know by heart in schoolboy days.

The cold grey sky had slowly brightened into blue, whereby the distances and the heights appeared in all their

glory ; among them the Croda Rossa, proud rival of the Matterhorn, and one of the most defiant among the dolomites. As you look up to its weather-beaten brow, lifted more than ten thousand feet, and note the dark-red stains streaming therefrom, you will agree that Gilbert and Churchill's name for the gigantic rock—Mount of Sacrifice—is in this instance well chosen. It sets you imagining great battles or grand solemnities of the Titans ; and is there not something in its German name, Hohe Gaisl, suggestive of wrath ? How it frowns on the savage scenery at its feet, except when the evening radiance softens its stern features, and shines aloft while all below is sinking into gloom.

The hostess, Mrs. Ploner, knows how to entertain her guests with talk as well as with diet, for she chatted merrily while serving dinner. Her husband had gone up Monte Piana with a party of guests. What a pity I had not arrived in time to accompany them ! What did I think of Schluderbach ? and so forth.

What I thought was that I should like to stay at least till the next day, if the Black Eagle at Cortina would feel no misgivings at my failing to return. Mrs. Ploner thereupon undertook to send a message by the Stellwagen, which would arrive presently from Niederdorf ; and so the question was settled. She volunteered also to supply what was needful for my dressing-table.

The Fremdenbuch (Stranger's Book) contains a curious entry :—"July 20, 1868, James Henry, M.D., Dublin, in the 70th year of his age, and Katharene Oliver, his daughter, on foot from Leghorn to Leipzig (Livorno to Lipsia). Inn in every respect comfortable ; landlady obliging and proper. Coffee and milk good for the foot-traveller ; wine and flesh meat bad. Expertis credite."

Under date June 17 of the following year appears—  
“Sam<sup>l</sup> Haughton, Dublin. I agree with my countryman, Dr. H., that is for those with whom milk does not *disagree*: but it must not be forgotten that if walking be pleasant, so is or are the meat and trimmings of Mrs. Ploner.”

I was still turning over the leaves when a stout young German, one of the engineering staff of the Pusterthal railway, came in. Having a day's holiday, he had taken a ramble up into the hills, and now dropped down on Schluderbach for refreshment before walking back to Niederdorf by the high road. I accompanied him through the pass to Landro. Such a pass! grim as its name—Höllensteinthal (Hellstone Valley). Towering crags, black forest, white ghastly screes and layers of gravel, a lake—the Dürren See—with mysterious water, as if Nature wished to terrify adventurous Northerners on their way to the sunshiny South. Through a gap on the right of the road we saw at a distance the Drei Zinnen—three tall, pale stony towers, seemingly as accessible as the clock-tower at Westminster would be if exalted to thirty times its present height. It is one of the groups which are the envy and admiration of the Austrian Alpine Club, and has been climbed by their famous climber, Grohmann.

Landro is a compact place—inn, barn, stable, and a mill. A party of holiday folk who had driven up from Niederdorf for a peep at the stony gateway of the dolomites, were regaling themselves in the inn. Among them was a grey-haired, dignified looking gentleman who, after a few minutes' conversation, gave me his card, bearing the name Graf S. B. of Innsbruck. He had come with the Gräfinn to Niederdorf for Sommerfrisch, for the Pusterthal was not so hot as the city, and afforded scope for bathing, and pic-

turesque and breezy excursions. It was a treat, he said, to fall in with an Englishman, and talk about English ways and English books ; and he mentioned works by Thackeray, Bulwer, Dickens, and others which he had read, and thoroughly appreciated : " My wife can tell you that I often break into a hearty laugh over them."

" Then why," I rejoined, " do you not speak English ?"

" Ach !" he answered, " Ich fürchte " ( I am afraid ). To which I answered that, under the protection of grey hairs and long experience, a man should fear nothing, " not even the Teufel."

" Ach !" he said once more, " I fear less the Teufel than to speak bad English," and not a single word would he venture to utter ; but he suggested that the Gräfinn might try. Whereupon I proposed this phrase—I thrust a thorn through my thumb, and the Graf laughed heartily as he heard the vain attempts at pronunciation. But the lady had her revenge, for she propounded to me a phrase in Czechish which I could in nowise shape into articulate sounds—*Strc prst skrz krk*.

We chatted till late in the evening. Then they offered the engineer a seat in their carriage, and drove away down the pass to Niederdorf, and I retreated to Schluderbach, through moonshine and gloom, as crag, or trees, or a bend in the road hid or revealed the soft silvery light. There was a whisper among the trees, and a murmur of running water, and the lowing of a cow in a distant pasture, and here and there a bat flitted past, and very solemn looked the hill-tops in the pale light above the dark forest. The scene and the hour were alike impressive.

The party had come back from their ascent of Monte Piana with much to say in its favour—two German ladies who sat,

scarcely visible, in a dim corner, and a Tyroler, who told us he was a functionary of the Post Office at Brixen with too much work and too little holiday. He seemed happy as a schoolboy on finding himself at liberty among the mountains, with opportunity to talk about his native land. The landlord talked too, and answered to a remark of mine about Peutelstein, that the best thing Austria could do was to spend money in building railways, not in building forts.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Ploner's blunt razor, I was early afoot the next morning, and long before the dew was dry was on my way with one of the landlord's men to the summit of Monte Piana. From the rear of the house, we crossed an open belt of scraggy-looking firs; then slopes of stony drift; then a clearing by far too full of ugly stumps; then rags of forest; then a sprinkle of rocky lumps; then a huddle of dead branches; then flowers; then dense tall grasses; then patches of swamp thickly bestrewn with white cotton tufts, where cattle-bells tingle pleasantly and brooks and rills make lively response. Many a turn, and rise and fall had we along the steep side of the mighty buttress ere we turned its flank, and mounted from the rear. After a while the firs were left behind, and we came to broad slopes of green and grey that stretched to the summit—the happy hunting-grounds of myriads of grasshoppers; and the haunt of Steinhühner. The grey patches are breadths of bare rock—a natural pavement broken by cracks and crevices innumerable, and fringed in places by blooming heather. We came at length to the summit level, and made our way across to the edge of the tremendous precipice, and thence looked forth on the glorious landscape. League on league of wonderfully picturesque hill and dale, of crag and forest, of bleak slope and green pasture lay outspread beneath, dominated by mountains of strange

names and stranger appearance. Switzerland fascinates by her ranges and peaks of perennial snow, so bright and pure that they fill one's heart with rapture, and lift it up to the Infinite. Here the fascination is of another kind ; born of weird aspect, frowning isolation, and peculiar colour : your thought does not soar in gazing thereon ; it is only astonished. At times even you feel repelled, but still the fascination asserts itself.

Is the pleasure with which we look on a mountain increased by knowledge of the name ? If it is, then we shall the more enjoy the view from our lofty outlook by knowing that we see all the great hills we saw and identified yesterday, and many others—Sorapis, Drei Schuster, one which Anton calls Piz Popena, and the Marmarolo : a brave company, of commanding presence, silently looking you in the face from their height of ten thousand feet. Croda Rossa, seen to better advantage than from below, holds his own among them all, and looks magnificent : a very king amid the little hills, of which we see so many. Far in the north-west appear the white summits of the Zillerthaler Ferner, whereby we can contrast snowy effects with the prevailing features of the foreground.

Schluderbach lies nestled immediately beneath us ; and there is the grim defile ; and there Landro ; and there a glimpse of the Pusterthal ; and there is the path by which we mounted, looking so easy, and yet the ascent took us three hours of steady walking. Mr. Ploner was perhaps watching, for his shout rose to our ears as we stood on the edge of the precipice ; and Anton sent down an answering Jödel. Then we sat on tufts of heather, and ate our luncheon, and stayed an hour on the sunshiny brow.

By the same path we went down the first half of the



descent. Before we left the table-land we saw through a depression in its margin the graceful white cone of the Gross Glockner shining in the sun on the distant horizon : a bright spot for memory to dwell on. How glad I was that I had come to Schluderbach.

Half way down we turned to the left in the direction of Lake Misurina, and while crossing swampy meadows saw once more the Drei Schuster (Three Cobblers), as the bold group is irreverently called. And beyond the same hollow the triple towers of the Drei Zinnen rose high into the air, looking absolutely inaccessible above, and protected below by a steep pale sand slope, a plinthe made up of the falling waste of ages. Then we skirted the edge of the lake, and, presently mounting again, came to green alps, and kine and a dairy ; and the view in the opposite direction, including the Croda Malcora, began to open. We saw the imposing front that this mountain presents to the Ampezzo valley while travelling up from Cadore ; now from the rear we look into its heart, a great amphitheatre enclosed by huge walls and buttresses of rock, by turret and tower, by fantastic crags and grotesque pinnacles ; and the effect of all this is set off by a white glacier slope rugged as chaos, and the waterfall pouring from the lowest segment of the great curve. As you come nearer, across the rough pasture, the scene grows wider, and seems more and more solitary.

Then more swamp, across which we trudge to a series of small hay-fields, where the haymakers with white sleeves and blue skirts looked picturesque. Then, as if to entertain us with variety, a breadth of forest stretched across our route, and at the corner of a road that wound dimly onwards through the trees Anton halted, and proposed to go back, for from this point the way to Cortina was easy to find.

I went on alone, pausing here and there where the trees thinned off to scan the wonderful Malcora. A little farther and the view on the left opened into a deep, wooded valley, so deep and *accidenté*, as the French say, that it impresses you almost as much as a mountain. A walk through that valley—Val Buona—to Auronzo could hardly fail to be delightful, if only because of its prospects of millions of trees still growing at Nature's will untouched by the axe.

The path rises and emerges upon broad stony pastures, where we see the Cristallo on our right, a tremendous mass of copper-coloured cliffs, so strangely weathered that their crest may be likened to a range of savage-looking knife edges all glistening in the sun. For those who like rough walking and hard climbing there are attractions round the roots of the great crag and in the narrow valleys that radiate therefrom, and a short cut may be found to Ospitale or Schludersbach.

Looking forward, we see at the top of the long slope three crosses in a group, and one of larger size standing apart, marking the pass of the Tre Croci, at an elevation of nearly six thousand feet. Thence we can survey the region through which we have mounted, and on the other side look into Ampezzo with hearty recognition of its cheerfulness. The steep green hill on the opposite side claims our attention, for it will test our legs and lungs a day or two hence.

We descend by a wheel track, which lower down becomes a beaten road, passing fields and gardens; and, taking advantage of easy exercise, we observe how the great stony hills change their outline with every furlong of the descent.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when I stepped from the narrow lane to the main road. Immediately a cry, "Signore! Signore!" made me look round. I saw the two

Venetians suddenly stopping their carriage. Hope of gain had lured them to Cortina, and they had not been disappointed, and now they were going home—to Venice and the musquitoes. They were polite enough to flavour their farewell with praise of Englishmen ; and then, with “Addio,” we shook hands and parted.

The housemaid’s greeting, as I entered the Black Eagle, seemed the more hospitable, as I felt tired and hungry. Mrs. Ploner’s message had been received, so all was well. But, if not, would the house have imagined I had absconded ? She laughed at my explanation that I had been out for a stroll only. “A stroll to Landro and back over the Tre Croci ! A stroll, indeed ! Ha ! ha !”

At supper-time there came in a quiet-looking lady and gentleman, and I had the good fortune to finish the evening in conversation on topography and experiences of travel with Dr. and Mrs. Sadler. It was one of those chance meetings to which a traveller looks back with pleasure. We fall in at times with men and women whose words linger in our memory, the tones of whose voices held us as a spell ; for hours or for days the casual companionship has continued, and then—we see them no more. Who has not said to himself, “Do my chance friends remember me ?”

## CHAPTER XIV.

A Real Stroll.—Small Things and 'Great.—Mosses and Mountains.—Effects of Haze.—Black Eagle and Golden Star.—Women's Work.—Men's Play.—Botschele.—Vesper Music.

THE next day I really did stroll : down the slope in front of the inn, across the Boita, and up to a crag on the steep hill that faced us as we came down from the Tre Croci yesterday. Intent on mosses and wild flowers I wandered hither and thither, climbing now and then by nooks of the rock where a little patch of colour invited to a nearer view. After a day among great things, small things have an unwonted charm, and in turn inspire us with wonder and admiration. And is it not delightful, with eyes brought near to see the tiny plants and blooms living and growing, to contemplate them for a while, then, leaving them there in their beauty, wander away to fresh groups, each seeming more attractive than the last? To pluck the pretty things would be to desecrate a shrine.

But greatness makes its presence felt whether or not. Every time I looked up Tofana frowned upon me ; and on the farther side of the valley the two mighty rocks, Sorapis and Cristallo, guard the rear of Cortina, one on each flank, with aspect much more suggestive of threat than of favour. Cortina, however, is not intimidated, and does not huddle itself, but spreads out its big houses, and looks larger than places of more inhabitants.

The Tre Croci are in sight, so is Antelao ; and he and Sorapis exhibit touches of snow. While seated watching them in the shadow of the firs, I saw marvellous effects of light and shade as clouds floated slowly across the valley. In the play of colour the sternness of the great crags disappeared, and at times they looked so soft through a whiff of haze that you might have fancied they were about to melt away. We shall see more of these phenomena, and become familiar with them in after days. Meanwhile our ears are regaled as well as our eyes, for the roar of the Boita, softened by distance, floats upwards to our crag, and farther.

There are three inns in Cortina. The fortune of the Black Eagle has been made by praises initiated by travellers who, in proportion as they were hot, tired, and dusty, thought the house excellent. Other travellers complain that the bread is always gritty, that in the service there are too many "solutions of continuity," as a mathematician would say, and that topographical information is not easy to come at. The Stella d'Oro (Golden Star), situate near the Post Office, has a reputation for quietness and attentiveness, which, as I have since proved, is well deserved.

In mountain countries women assert their right to labour in a way that would be instructive, if not astonishing, to the ingenious persons who advocate women's rights in English newspapers. Here in Ampezzo women work not only in the fields but on the highways, wielding picks and trundling wheelbarrows as bravely as the men. But any one who travels where Austria rules becomes aware that women do hard outdoor work in the plains as well as on the mountains. Even in Vienna you may see women working as bricklayers' labourers, and climbing ladders with a load of mortar on their head. In Venice, too, the same sight may be seen ;

for Italy is not less exacting in that particular than her imperial neighbour. But if you question those women you will discover that to forbid them to work as drudges would be regarded as a grievance.

The evening amusement of the men is a game played with wooden balls, in what to a stranger seems a scrambling style, on any part of the street, however rough. It is called *Gioco della pala* in Italian, *Botschele* in German, and competes with *morra*, as a pastime, all through the land of the dolomites. It is a solemn sort of game with touches of the ludicrous, for some of the players, when about to deliver their ball, rush with long vehement strides as if to do some desperate deed ; and the contrast between the fiery onset and the tame toss of the ball, perhaps half-a-dozen yards, is amusing—that is, to the stranger.

While I sauntered to and fro watching the ways of the players the sun went down, and on the rocky crests of the great stern mountains there fell a soft crimson glory that wrought a transformation indescribable. Then, mentally comparing the effect with that of sunset on snow-peaks, I became aware of the glamour which these solemn cliffs and crags cast over the beholder.

At supper-time I had the happiness to meet once more the genial companions of the preceding evening. There were besides three German ladies, who beguiled the twilight with singing, accompanied by zither and guitar. The chances of travel were once more in our favour.

## CHAPTER XV.

A Mischievous Träger.—Fir Forest.—The Summit.—The Prospect.—Discoveries and Speculations.—Salami.—Monte Giau.—Steep Descent.—Pelmo and Civetta.—Selva.—Santa Lucia.—The Chancel.—Good Looks for Artists.—A Kiss.—Promontories.—Caprile.—The Cordevole.—Inglese!—A Geological Fault.—Sottoguda.—Saying Prayers.—Romantic Gorge.—Indiscreet Travellers.—A Rogue.—Weather Stains.—Visitors' Book.—Memorable Names.

BRIGHTLY shone the third morning, and I started early to walk over Monte Giau to the valley of the Cordevole. As we went down the slope to the bridge, the man engaged to carry my bag broke off a young tree planted by the wayside to make a shoulder-stick : a stroke of mischief which impressed me unfavourably. Then he began to dispute about conditions. The Black Eagle who recommended him had arranged that he should receive two florins for the trip to Caprile. Now he contended for three florins, the established fee for a climb to the summit of Tofana or Antelao, and other dangerous places. I faced about and went back to seek another man, whereupon he dropped the argument, and declared himself content.

We mounted the opposite slope ; passed the crag about which I lounged yesterday ; crossed broad slopes of rough pasture ; turned to the left at the bend of the road leading to Andraz, and were soon under the shade of dark, solemn fir-woods. No track was to be seen, for Schalk, as I may call

him, knew the cut-offs, and the virgin aspect was such that we might have fancied no foot had ever before trodden the brown drifts of decaying spines, or the bright green breadths of wood sorrel and mosses, so bright that in places where a little light crept through they seemed to shine. Here and there rose stems so thick, tall, and straight that it was a pleasure to halt and look at them; elsewhere ranges of mossy branches contrasted strangely with the dark thicket around, and everywhere the old grey roots gleamed spectral-like.

By-and-by the sentiment of loneliness was broken by a saw-mill; then another; then another and larger, in course of building. All were at rest, for the day was Sunday; but the swift brook that ran by made a cheerful noise. It is pleasant after a long climb to find yourself on a grassy table-land, with easy access to the top of the pass. Most of the passes among the dolomites are of this nature, springy under foot, refreshing to the eye, and soft to lie on during luncheon. Schalk stretched himself out. I stood our bottle of wine on a stone to cool in the breeze, and to get a clear view mounted to the summit of a green knoll that rose on the left of the track. Fifteen minutes sufficed, and then—

Is it worth while to repeat the names of the mountains that we have had in sight during the past three days? We are at a height of about seven thousand five hundred feet, and consequently survey them on more equal terms than from below, and can see more of their topmost features. They look more imposing, and more strange, and they are encircled by a wider horizon. Tofana frowns as usual, and you will perhaps wonder that any one should take the trouble to pay him a visit, yet Mr. Bonney and Dr. Grohmann have scrambled to his uppermost peaks. They are both fonder of climbing than I am.



The temptation to speculate and make discoveries while viewing a mountain landscape for the first time is great, and it gratifies us to imagine that objects hitherto unnoticed have been seen and recognised by our eyes. While looking south-eastwards I saw in a deep vale a huge precipitous crag thrusting itself forth as a promontory, and attracting attention by its grey colour and enormous size. Amid so much that invites you to look up, it is an interesting experience to discover an object that draws your eye downwards. Did the sea once wash that imposing cliff in the days when the dolomite crags were built up beneath primeval waters?

As we saw from Monte Piana and Tre Croci, the general view is made up of ochre-coloured rock, green pasture, stony slopes, and breadths of dark fir forest. It is a view to linger over; but a keen wind that blew through my overcoat swept across the summit of the knoll, and compelled me to descend and wake Schalk from his slumbers.

The wine was thoroughly cooled. "Salami!" said Schalk, as he drew from the provision bag a large sausage, which I assigned forthwith to him, and regaled myself with cheese. I cannot eat bread during a walk, unless there be a spring at hand in which to soak it.

Mr. Ball says that this pass of Monte Giau is often mistakenly called after Monte Gusella, the hill which swells up on the right. As we have seen, it is dry walking all the way from Cortina to the summit, and is nowhere severely steep. But on the western side it is very abrupt. No sooner are you past the chalet that stands near the edge than you have, so to speak, to plunge down the precipitous grassy slope. Were it not that foot-holes are cut in the turf, and that scattered bushes offer a hold, going down would be scarcely possible. The descent into the Möllthal from the Füscher Thörl above

Heiligenblut is something like it. And the effect of all this is heightened by peeps into the valley below, which are almost startling. Then we came to another chalet, and found the track somewhat easier, and near it a spring so cool and sparkling that to pass without soaking and eating my portion of bread was not to be thought of.

After the difficult foot-holes and the efforts to maintain one's balance, the rough stony path on which we now entered seemed agreeable. And the prospect opened magnificently, revealing the Pelmo on the east, and to the south the broad summit of Monte Civetta glowing in the sun against the dark blue sky. You might fancy it a wall built by giants in the romantic ages to shut in the valley, so perpendicular is its furrowed and weather-beaten face. We paced on, Schalk making no comment ; I feeling that the desire of my eyes was satisfied.

Selva, a village high up on the opposite side of the valley, attracts attention by its picturesque grouping and situation ; the white houses with brown gables and galleries, the church spire, the gardens and field plots, and bright stripes of mown grass in places that look inaccessible, make up a pleasing picture—at a distance. How is it that the picturesque is so dependent on distance ?

Then on the hither side Santa Lucia, standing on a bold headland with its church near the edge, claims notice—a place that cannot be hid.

Here the scorching heat was a sufficient excuse for seeking shelter and drinking a Seidel of wine while we sat in the chancel, as, to the amusement of the hostess, I named the recess behind her cooking hearth. This recess is a characteristic of public-houses in the Eastern Alps. It projects from the house with a semicircular or triangular end, as a

chancel does from a church, and has a cosy appearance, especially on a chilly night when the wood fire blazes and crackles. A wooden seat is fixed all round against the wall, and there you may sit and eat, drink or gossip, and at the same time observe the household economy, while the smoke curls upwards and creeps out at the conical vent in the sooty ceiling.

Very rough but very delightful is the path ; always high up, though with a downward slope, sheltered in places by walnut-trees, and diversified by gardens. The people, too, are good-looking, except that some of the women show large projecting upper teeth. Some of the artists at Vienna, aware that the valley of the Cordevole is good sketching ground, come here for their holidays, and find landscapes and figures in abundance. The little girls are pretty and sprightly ; we passed many groups at play, and here and there I stopped and asked, "Mi daresti un bacio ?" Some answered with a blunt "No !" others turned up their little rosebuds and timidly accepted a salute. And then what earnest talk ensued among themselves. What did that strange man mean by asking for a kiss ?

Buttresses and promontories are characteristic of this dolomite region, as we shall abundantly see in our future travel. Our walk brings us to another, a bold one, from which on a sudden we see Caprile lying beneath, apparently not far, but the time was long ere we zig-zagged down to the level of the church spire, and thence to the road. Civetta comes out grander than ever, for his height increases by nearness ; and the lesser heights which border the valley assume an importance beyond our anticipations.

The Cordevole is a noisy and mischievous stream. Recent waste of the village territory was apparent, and

to prevent future attacks, a long dam was constructing by labourers who now were amusing themselves with the inevitable bowls.

The sight of the Italian uniform worn by a few soldiers, who were lounging and gossiping with the villagers, made me aware that we had entered Italy. "Inglese! Inglese!" they said to one another as I passed into the narrow street, and came to Pezze's inn—*Albergo della Marmolade*.

A rumour had prevailed that the inn (of which such pleasant things have been written) was closed. My satisfaction, therefore, was the greater at finding it not only open, but looking fresh and bright with newly-stencilled walls, decorated ceilings, and large clean beds. And more, there was an earnest desire on the part of all the family to make the guest feel at home.

I rested half an hour, and then set out to find the gorge of Sottoguda, about four miles distant. Schalk, who had brought a large file from Cortina, and had to deliver it at a neighbouring village, told me he should stay the night at Caprile, and went away on his errand.

The path ascends the valley of the Cordevole for a short distance, then turns into a side valley, down which rushes a torrent named Pettarone by the natives. Rocca, a village perched on a cliff, is a conspicuous object in the view, and the cliff marks, in geological phrase, "a fault," where the floor of the valley has dropped suddenly four hundred feet.

With every furlong the valley grows narrower, and the hills into which it penetrates appear higher. That great craggy mass on the right is the Guda, whence the poor little village, to which we presently come, not without exciting some commotion among the bowlers, is named Sottoguda—Under-the-Guda. Even the women kneeling

in the church turned to look at the stranger. Poor women! they did not know the difference between praying and saying of prayers.

Beyond the village the valley narrows to a defile where trees and bushes crowd among the rocks, and the rocks, pale of hue and weather-stained, come nearer together, and bend now this way, now that, and here and there long grasses and graceful ferns droop from the crevices. In places the path seems to end in a cavern; but you come to a sudden turn and find a rough corduroy bridge; then another, and another; perhaps a dozen in all. Here you are in gloom, and the torrent roars loudly. Yonder a stripe of sunlight shines overhead through a screen of flickering leaves that fling down sparks into the nether dimness, and as the path shifts from side to side, now clear, now under leaning crags, or behind huge fallen rocks, you fancy it will lead you up to awful recesses in the mountains beyond. And, indeed, wherever a glimpse of the upper end occurs, you catch sight of strange-looking summits that favour the illusion.

When clear of the gorge the path rises steeply at the foot of tall stony precipices, and climbs through beautiful scenery, to the Fedaya Pass, which commands a grand view of the Marmolata. I felt tempted to go to the top, but two passes in one day would have been a toilsome pleasure; so I returned by the way I came, and saw the reverse of the gorge, and its patches of gloom, and heard once more the imprisoned roar of the torrent.

As an example of rock scenery the gorge is impressive; but it has suffered the misfortune of overpraise. Nature is always so complete in her beauty or her savagery as to need no embellishment; no "panier" hung on behind to add to her attractions. Faithful description leads a tourist to find

places more pleasing or more imposing than he had anticipated, and saves him from many a disappointment. It is a great advantage to have seen one's own country before travelling in foreign lands. How many foolish opinions have I heard in Switzerland from holiday folk, who would have been less unwise had they previously seen Dove Dale, or the Pass of Llanberis, or Cheddar Cliffs, or even Honister Crag!

During my absence Schalk, pretending that he required to return to Cortina without delay, persuaded Signor Pezze to pay him four florins on my behalf, and speedily departed, chuckling, no doubt, at having a double fee in his pocket. Not without reason had I conceived an unfavourable impression of the rogue. I wrote to the Black Eagle an emphatic letter about the knave and his knavery, on the chance that he might be compelled to give up his plunder.

The limits of the guest chamber sufficed me for the rest of the day. An Italian officer on a visit to the Pezzes came in now and then for a talk; or I looked out to the narrow street, and discovered that the weather stains on shutters and walls were well worth examination. Mere blotches of colour are they, but so cunningly mingled and varied, that, if grouped in a picture, it would be better worth looking at than many paintings which are said to be famous. Meanwhile the bowlers kept on with their play, the soldiers and villagers still lounging and looking on, cigar or pipe in mouth, and the labourers having drawn themselves together in a ring, sang songs that rivalled the river in loudness, but with much animation and a good notion of harmony. Better singing could be heard among the workpeople in Lancashire; but where are the English navvies who could sing as well as these labourers of Caprile?

The Visitors' Book contains many an entry which re-echoes

the praises bestowed on the inn by the discoverers thereof : in this instance, praises well deserved. Among the fault-finders one queries whether it is indispensable that meat should be always high—a query that will, perhaps, not be answered until the village can support a proper butcher.

Between the leaves of the book are placed evidences of the discoverers, which all who will may read ; they are letters written in the “bella lingua,” and signed by names which have since become noteworthy. In one, “Anna Churchill” recounts the proceedings of the party after their first visit in 1862, and mentions that a book was to be published ; in the other, “S. Gilbert” expresses regret at inability to travel up from the south to see the cherished friends at Caprile. Those two names now awaken a mournful interest.

On the same table with this book was placed the New Testament in Italian, published by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

## CHAPTER XVI

Valley of the Cordevole.—Monte Pizzo.—Lake Alleghe.—The Contrast.—The Bergfall.—Cencenighe.—The two Soups.—Bi-o-ish.—Agordo.—A Rural Square.—Superb Site.—Palle di San Lucano.—The Bridge.—The Copper Works.—Woe to the Fishes.—A Hill of Ore.—A Gorge.—Canale di Agordo.—Cheap Chickens.—The Cavaliere's Garden.—Gallo di Montagna.—A Happy Artist.—Jolly Hostess.—Another Start.—Monte Agner.—Gosaldo.—Pflicht.—Price of a Bull.—Quicksilver.—Sagron.—Disturbi.—Cereda.—Primiero.

FROM Caprile down to Agordo is a six hours' journey on foot; a journey full of interest, for the scenery of the valley is remarkably grand and picturesque, and the Cordevole enlivens the whole distance by its impatient plunges and clamour among the big stones that encumber its bed. There is no monotony. The hills are high enough to be impressive, and at each bend of the road some change of outline or colour occurs, which imparts to the onward reach of the valley a charm that seems to be the true complement of all the charms we have left behind.

The road, rough and stony for a few miles, tries severely the endurance of him who travels down on wheels. The carretta is uncompliant, and tosses its occupants at every stone. As we leave the village we have Monte Pizzo beyond the river on our right, and we skirt his stony flanks till at a bend Lake Alleghe comes in sight, backed by the mighty mass of the Civetta. The contrast is striking, and calls forth a cry of admiration: the perpendicular cliff, so high, so wide that it seems almost too great, and the bright level



sheet of water that smiles as it looks up at the stony colossus. The lake, as is manifest, is an expansion of the river, the effect of a great landslip, "Bergfall," as the Germans say. On the left, as the road curves thitherwards, we see the little village of Alleghe clustered on the slope where Civetta thrusts his foot into the lake; the small church spire looking smaller by contrast, yet pointing confidently to the sky into which the great mountain so defiantly lifts his head. The road passes behind the village, and emerges beyond on the edge of the lake, and is in places dangerously narrow. Then, mounting a confused heap of rock, stone, and gravel, it crosses the outlet of the lake by a corduroy bridge, and there we see that the heap is Nature's memorial of the fearful Bergfall of a hundred years ago. It is a formidable dam, and a monument of the calamity which destroyed four villages and many lives. A pale, raw-looking spot, high up on Pizzo, is still discernible, and marks the elevation whence the terrible avalanche began its fall.

At Cencenighe, a village with two public-houses, the driver halted to gossip with an acquaintance. At one of these houses a friend of mine once ordered dinner, but was suddenly deprived of appetite by finding Norfolk Howards floating in the soup. He will remember the incident until a certain other traveller forgets that when eating a soup at Frankfort he found a rag of the dishcloth in his plate, and on his complaining was answered by the waiter, "Would you expect to find Brussels lace in a five-kreutzer soup?"

While the gossip went on I strolled into the valley of the Biois, a torrent which here falls into the Cordevole. The natives pronounce it Bi-o-ish. We shall see more of that valley in future days, and will only now remark that it offers a way by which to cross to the Fassathal or to Primiero, and

that the Cima di Pape and Monte Pelsa are conspicuous among the mountains of the neighbourhood.

Below Cencenighe the road is good, and trotting ceases to be a torment. At Faë we re-crossed to the left bank, and presently passed Listolade, a few houses at the mouth of a very savage glen known locally as Val Corpassa. Farther down on the right we see the village of Taibon, and the two prodigious rock towers which mark the entrance to Val di San Lucano. The passing glimpses of these inlets to the hills on the right and left made me wish for time to explore them all.

Then a dome, and a church with two towers, came in sight, looking low and small in presence of the tall mountain crags in their rear, and a few minutes later we drove into Agordo, the capital of the valley.

The great square, an ample parallelogram of grass with a fountain in the centre, takes you by surprise. At one side the palatial looking residence of Cavaliere Manzoni, adorned with statues and singularly picturesque chimneys, looks imposing. On the opposite side stand houses with variegated shutters, and district offices ; at the upper end the Hotel alla Miniere relieves the effect by a broad front and arcaded ground-floor ; while at the lower end you see some of the characteristics of southern vegetation. Yet not too many, for Agordo is more than two thousand feet above the sea. What St. Mark's Square is to Venice this spacious green is to Agordo. A church, a café, a reading-room, stand always open ; devotion and bowls go on at the same time, smokers lounge and gossip under the arcade, while the greensward is chequered by linen spread out to bleach and dry.

If these are attractions, what shall be said of the situation and environment ? They are superb. Whichever way you

look you see mountains. In the south-east the Frammont, Monte Piacedel, and other rocky heights, whose farther side looks into the Val di Zoldo. Next appear the summits of the hills that form the Canale di Agordo, veiled by the white smoke of the copper works that might be taken for the smoke of a volcano. Another turn and you see a range, green to the summit with fields, pastures, gardens, and wood, stretching away to the north-east. Then Monte Agner, with which we shall make a passing acquaintance a day or two hence on our way to Primiero. Then the twin brethren—the Palle di San Lucano—looking so calm and dignified, that your admiration becomes reverent while your eye finds repose in their massive form; and you imagine them to be the entrance to some vast temple, built in the days when there were giants in the earth. Then the saw-like summit of the Marmolata, and the hills that keep guard along the Cordevole, and so your eye is carried round the whole glorious circle.

Besides all this, Agordo has an Alpine Club, which has done good exploratory work, diffused topographical information, and established a library. I was favoured by an offer of admission, and found a good collection of books and periodicals. Among them, Gilbert and Churchill's noteworthy volume—the open sesame of the dolomites—holds a conspicuous place.

Having expanded to make room for the little town with its simple requirements, and manufacture of chairs and chocolate, the valley again becomes narrow, and forms the Canale di Agordo, as the pass is called, through which the impatient stream struggles some eight or ten miles to its outlet in the fruitful region beyond.

As you walk thither a very striking view presents itself

from the bridge below the town ; mountainous, of course, but in a new aspect, relieved by broad slopes of wood and chequer-work of tillage. Above, on the left, the old wooden bridge bestrides the chasm ; zigzags mark the intervening slope, while the river rushes and roars beneath, and disappears round a stony curve.

The road winds through the copper works amid clouds of pungent, poisonous smoke, and the noise of crushing, stamping, washing, and otherwise preparing the ore for the smelting furnace. Not only is the air annoyed, but all the runs of dirty, dark brown water pour into the bright, rapid Cordevole. Woe to the fishes chased down to the Pieve by the deadly stain ! You may see miners with gold rings glistening on their swarthy ears, fishing above the works, but not one below. Nevertheless, the rich province of Belluno grows richer.

The ore is dug from an adjacent hill of black clayey schist, in which iron pyrites is irregularly deposited. In 1865 a calculation was made, that at the usual rate of excavation—about twenty thousand tons annually—the deposit would last one hundred and fifty years. The ore when dug requires much washing, sorting, and passing from vat to vat, which accounts for the copious discharge of the poisonous runs.

Formerly from two hundred to three hundred tons of the ore were heaped up and roasted slowly during six or nine months. The copper trickled downwards and concentrated itself in a compact kernel. But the process, though interesting to metallurgists, was wasteful ; and now, as a preliminary, the ore is shaped into cones about six inches in diameter, and these, to the number of about seventy thousand, are built into a great pile and roasted. It is during the roasting that the dense clouds of white smoke are produced. Hundreds

of tons of copperas are wasted for the reason that transport to a market would consume all the profit.

Following the course of the stream, we come to what appears to be a blind pass ; but the road, turning suddenly at the end, rises to a bridge, and enters a gorge, along which it forms a shelf on the face of the cliff. Here the heat and glare are overpowering, and the aspect is severe. Slopes thickly strewn with stones ; a few patches of thin dry grass ; a few goats and sheep along the steep hillside ; here and there a tile-roofed cottage with a small plot of maize, cabbage, and salad ; the poisoned torrent rushing below, make up a scene which repeats itself in every bend, and conveys a general impression of painful life and barrenness.

I walked on from one white reach to another, looking in vain for the savage beauty attributed to the defile in guide-books ; but not in vain for a house with a bush over the door. The hostess, whose comeliness equalled that of the women about Caprile, was willing to chat while I sipped her mezzo litro of wine, and tell all she knew about the neighbourhood, her neighbours, and the traffic on the road, in which the passing to and fro of the messaggeria between Agordo and Belluno was the most interesting incident. I learned, too, the price of the chickens that wandered familiarly into the room in search of crumbs. They were worth, she said, quaranta centesimi (fourpence) a piece, and I might have their mother for three francs.

The sun was lower and the shadows were longer as I walked back to Agordo, but the beauty of the Canale had not become apparent. Perhaps dawn or dusk may produce effects over which full daylight has no power.

On my return to the town, I found the square all alive. A game of the inevitable bowls was going on, the Cavaliere,

who does not disdain to consort with his neighbours, being among the players, while his daughters walked up and down. I initiated a conversation with one of the smokers, who told me he was the Cavaliere's brother, and invited me to see the garden of the palazzo. With much want of order, a touch of grandeur was produced by rows of statues, and a long shady alley which must be very agreeable on a hot day. My hands were filled with peaches and plums, too hard unfortunately for eating.

"There's a gallo di montagna for you," said the hostess, as she placed before me at supper-time a bird that tasted as good as partridge, and proved that Pollo silvatico is an agreeable change from the monotony of veal. The talk at the table was polyglot and amusing. Among the guests was an artist from Vienna who had been wandering about the neighbourhood, sketching men, women, and children, but chiefly the last two. He had just returned from Caprile with a portfolio full of sketches, and was in high spirits at his success. And more, having found a mountain valley not given over to the prevalent ugliness, he promised himself future visits.

What a blithe talk I had during breakfast with the jolly hostess, and how proud she was to tell me that two of her three daughters were about to be married! She was resolved on persuading me to stay a few days longer, and tried her best; but gave up on being shown that the calendar could not be altered by a fat woman's argument; and then she introduced Simeone Rualta as a trustworthy Träger.

There are three ways by which you can travel from Agordo to Primiero: along the valley behind the copper works; over the Cereda pass; and through Val San Lucano. I chose the Cereda. We walked half a mile on the way to Caprile, there crossed the Cordevole, and began to mount the green slopes

of Monte Agner by a route which resembles a pleasant English lane. It winds much, and comes out at different elevations on a shoulder whence the views of the valley are such as to offer you a delightful farewell.

Then gently upwards to Voltago and Frassene, and between hazel hedges and stone fences beautified by asplenium, across broad slopes of wood, field, and pasture, backed by a sultry haze of blue. Gosaldo comes next, a village with a new church and old tower, where the hostess excused the dear-ness of her wine by protesting that the cost "per trasportare" was so heavy. We had the good fortune to meet the priest, a man who looked so happy, and was so good looking, that the fact is worth placing on record.

The landscape is everywhere pleasantly diversified by wood, which affords agreeable shade on the last climb; and here the Agordo plums, somewhat mellowed by the journey, proved refreshing. The summit, as usual, is a grassy table-land. We crossed a brook and re-entered Tyrol, and came presently to a custom-house, where a long train of heavily laden pack-horses waited to be searched, and the sentry on duty apologised for requiring me to open my bag by saying, "Pflicht ist Pflicht," Duty is duty. May he always be faithful!

Simeone, having a thirst for knowledge, had many questions to put concerning England, and the way of living of country folk in our happy island, and it was not easy to make him understand that a country could exist without small peasant proprietors. Then he extended his inquiry over all kinds of live-stock, but was most interested in the price of a bull. When told that a thousand guineas had sometimes been paid for a bull, he lifted up his hand, and seemed as much astonished as if he had seen a miracle.

We saw the smoke of the quicksilver mine in the deep valley on our left. It is not rich, but is made to yield a profit by ingenious contrivances, some of which benefit the health of the workmen. For example, the mercurial vapours are sucked through long wooden tubes to the condensers, and thus the air of the works is preserved from contamination. The yield of mercury is from eighteen to twenty tons yearly.

Not far from the mine is the village of Sagron. Three young Englishmen whom I met in a neighbouring valley told me they had passed a night at Sagron, and on paying their bill found an item set down as "Disturbi."

The height of the Cereda pass is moderate, about four thousand five hundred feet; everywhere pleasant under foot, but otherwise tame. As if to vex you by contrast, it ends on a remorseless stony path that descends steeply into Val di Canale. The impression of tameness vanishes; Castel Pietra appears on its romantic rock, high above a foaming torrent; glimpses of stony summits suggest the presence of mountains, and the broad valley of Primiero lies open to the south.

We descended through Tonadigo, crossed the Cismone, and in a little more than seven hours from Agordo, came to the Black Eagle—Bonetti Moro's house—at La Fiera, or Primiero, as English tourists call it.



## CHAPTER XVII.

A Welcome.—Model Innkeeper.—News.—The Street.—The Fürst Amt.—The Church.—The Monstrance.—The Canonica.—A waddling Priest.—Fruitful Prospect.—Landlord's Suggestions.—The Cismone.—Colesel Rosso.—A Fresh Start.—Siror.—Under the Larches.—Another Surprise.—Cima Cimedò.—Sass Maor.—Cimon, King of the Dolomites.—Rock and Colour.—San Martino di Castrozza.—A Dingy Hostelry.—Typical Pigeon.—A Building Project.—The Upward Way.—Contorted Costonzella.—Road-makers.—The Summit.—A Noisy Forest.—A Broken Bridge.—Paneveggio.—A Pretty Fellow.

A BRISK-LOOKING damsel, who told me she was a Bonetti, and that her brother, who spoke German, would presently be at home, welcomed me to the Locanda. Very clean was the room to which she led me on the second floor, and equally so the spacious landing, where, on a table by the window, lay the *Libro dei Signori Forestieri*—Strangers' Book. Indeed the whole house was clean, and in some of the recently scrubbed rooms women were busy rubbing the floors to make them dry the quicker.

I had the landing all to myself, and was at dinner when Bonetti Moro, jun., a man of good looks and agreeable manners, came up and introduced himself. He seemed to me the very model of what an innkeeper ought to be—alert, full of intelligent talk, attentive, and never oppressive. He came to me at intervals through the evening, and we had much of what was, to me, interesting discourse, among which was the news that Mr. Ball was expected with another Signore and two or three ladies. Another important particular was added,

very surprising to the subject thereof when I mentioned it to him a few days later. "How," he said, "could that possibly have been known in Primiero?" Bonetti's eyes sparkled as he told me this, and his regard and admiration for Mr. Ball, who, from his frequent travels, is well known in the Venetian Alps, were warmly expressed.

Though little more than one street, Primiero is town-like in appearance, with evidences of former importance; and can boast of sufficient noise when files of mules or pack-horses clatter over the stones. The houses are large and lofty, showing here and there curiously grated windows, and the benign words, *Christus nobiscum stat*, written on the front. The Fürst Amt, or magistrature, is one of those tall picturesque fortified buildings with quaint touches of architecture represented so often in old engravings. The church is remarkable in being Gothic where all else is Italian, solemn and dim inside, and cool amid the sunshine. The German influence must have been strong in the thirteenth century, when the silver mines of Primiero yielded rich profits. Was the heavy silver monstrance, which may be likened to one of the pinnacles of the Duomo at Milan, fashioned in precious metal, a thank-offering from the minery to the church, where it is still preserved among the rarities?

Another of the important buildings is the Canonica, a short distance below the church, where I stood for a minute looking in at the open door, but was reminded of my indiscretion by a fat priest, much too fat, as it seemed to me, for a holy man, who stood talking with his black-gowned companions in the middle of the spacious room, and waddled awkwardly up to administer a reproof by shutting the door.

From a small steep mount that stands crowned by a chapel at the southern outskirt, a pleasing view is seen of

the town and valley, all the lower slopes fruitful of aspect with chestnut, walnut, and vine, between which rushes the river, and the rough road descends to the frontier, an hour distant, and to the far-away blue which hangs over Italy. To all this the higher slopes, with miles of fir forest, patches of green alp, and here and there a stony summit, make a picturesque contrast.

I was enjoying the prospect in the cool of early morn, when mine host came up with a cheerful salute, and pointed out certain high elevations to which excursions might be made with advantage. No traveller ever repented staying a few days and exploring the neighbourhood, for more grand views were to be found than could be imagined by those unwilling to do a little climbing. I would have been ready to take his word, and conform to his advice, but a craving for cooler air and more rustic life than were to be had in Primiero restrained me for the time, whatever might be my inclinations in some ensuing summer. So, as breakfast-time was approaching, we walked back to the locanda, he showing me on the way the town-house and garden of Count Welsperg, and his own house in a road which bids fair to add ere long another street to the town. A man who looked so happy, I thought, deserved a nice house and garden. We went on to the bridge where the stream from Val di Canale flows into the Cismone, brawling swiftly along, as if impatient to quit the mountains for the levels of Venetia and the Adriatic. Beyond the castle, which can be seen from the bridge, is that remarkable upland recess—Val di Canale—which we may hope to explore when next we come to Primiero.

About nine o'clock I set forth with Colesel Rosso, a short, thickset old fellow, somewhat grim of countenance and very

silent, but trustworthy, and able to carry sixty pounds' weight of baggage during a whole day, wherein he justifies what is reported of him by Mr. Ball. He treated my bag as a plaything, and at a brisk pace we walked up the course of the Cismone, passing ere long through Siror, the last village in the valley. After one or two crossings the track returns to the right bank, and by-and-by rises through a larch forest where the shade was refreshing.

It might be thought that in the walk from Cortina to Primiero we had exhausted all surprises; but the range that now opens on our right is of such tremendous bulk, is so savage in form, so defiant, that surprise once more overcomes us. "Roughly rushing on the sky" is a poetical figure, much more applicable to those wild summits than to the pretty crests beheld from Grongar Hill. With splintered brow and many finials rises Cima Cimedò—a grand mass; but each beyond is grander and loftier: Sass Maor—the Big Rock; the Palle di San Martino; and last and tallest, the mighty Cimon della Pala. Along the base of that tremendous range we shall walk during two or three hours, and with a feeling of wonder. Such a combination of buttresses, ledges, hollows, and prominences, cliffs, gullies, and drifts, culminating at a height of more than ten thousand feet, we have not yet seen. And there is colour as well as form to heighten the effect: yellow, grey, brown, red, and purple, and stripes of shining white where the sand lodges in drifts and crevices. The charm of colour makes itself felt even on those grim features. Here and there a softening effect is produced on the lower slopes by open patches of firs that look almost dwarfish against the great masses from which they spring.

What with frequent springs, and cool mossy nooks decorated with ferns, the ever-upward walk under the larches was

delightful. But at length we emerged upon the open pasture, and in two hours and a half from Primiero came to San Martino di Castrozza, where stands a lonely building, dingy and dismal, with somewhat of the look of a fort—thick walls, small windows, and the gateway crossing a brook by a low arch. Weeds grow unmolested all along the front, the kitchens look like dungeons, and makeshift everywhere prevails; and although a little church with a tower stands but a few yards distant, its influence is evidently not in favour of cleanliness. The old house was once a hospice; it is now tenanted by a farmer, who entertains travellers after a rough-and-ready fashion. A few very rustic-looking natives were lounging about, and we heard the voices of others who sat drinking on the floor above, and whose horses so blocked the cortile by which we approached the stair that we had trouble to make our way among them. Once up, we were accosted by a bustling, cheerful-voiced woman, who praised her wine so heartily that I had misgivings, but on tasting found the quality excellent. Then she brought a bowl of thin, greasy broth, which I declined in favour of Colesel, who dipped his bread and ate and drank with relish.

One common room for all manner of wayfarers, and one bedroom, comprise the public part of the establishment; all the rest is occupied by the farmer and his family, who seem not to be aware that the place is dirty, nor that there is any incongruity in hanging a rudely carved wooden effigy of a pigeon, symbolical of the Holy Ghost, from the middle of the ceiling.

Were there less roughness, and more space, travellers might be tempted to prolong their visit; and in the hope that among these there would be an ever-increasing number of Signori Inglesi, Bonetti thinks of building an inn somewhere

in the neighbourhood. The elevation, nearly five thousand feet, is high enough to insure coolness; the pastures afford ample space for breezy exercise; the forests are near enough for shade or seclusion when desired; and for those who enjoy rough climbing there is unlimited range on the great stony slopes which are ever before the eye.

The scene as viewed from the front door is very striking: in the south verdure and softness; and the graceful cordillera of Levata, beautified by distance, suggests a pleasing contrast with the Nature around us and the view of the upper valley. On the left we have a dark precipice partly screened by fir and larch, on the right the overwhelming mass of the Cimon, and between them our green upward track, stretching away to a distant bluff that forms the sky-line, with bold perpendicular summits, and the craggy brow of Costonzella.

The green track is in places so stony that you must take heed to your way; but there is opportunity for pleasant excursions among the larches. The bluff provokes panting; but it is breezy, looks far down the valley, and by its elevation modifies the aspect of the great stony hills. Some of the crags of Costonzella exhibit contortions as curious as those seen in the tall cliffs along the Bay of Uri.

In the other direction we looked into a long, deep hollow, which has some resemblance to the bed of a lake. Near it stood a small wooden hut—a sort of Clerk of Works' Office—and on the farther slope of the basin we saw some thirty labourers at work upon the new road which is to connect Primiero with Predazzo in the Fleimserthal, and enable travellers to cross the pass (six thousand six hundred feet) on wheels. The summit is rough grass and rock.

The labourers were, so to speak, an advanced guard, pushing for the valley of the Cismone. Here and there other

squads were smoothing the banks or filling the gaps left between different portions of the work, and presently we came upon a long reach of the road which, dropping down to Val Travignolo, led us on at a lively pace, while new ranges of peaks, and broader expanses of forest, opened more and more before us. Into one of these forests we had to plunge, for the good road came to an end, and the only way down was by the old steep and tiresome mule-track twisting among the trees. The whole wood seemed alive with labourers, whose cries, "Basta! basta! ecco! avanti!" mingled with the noise of picks and axes, of hammers and tamping-irons, and the crash of falling trees, overpowered at times by the roar of a blast and sudden clatter of stones. These men earn from eighty to ninety kreutzers each by the day, and live on polenta and cheese.

Lower down another small piece of road was roughly finished as an embankment on each side of a torrent; but the new bridge had fallen and choked the channel with beams and big stones, so that we had to scramble across as best we could. Then we had more of the tiresome mule-track, so steep and fretted with roots that every step became a painful jerk; but there were compensations in the sight here and there of magnificent specimens of pines, and of clumps of bilberries by which one could recline and pluck with the lips. On this part of the slope the road was not yet even surveyed.

"Paneveggio!" a little later, said Colesel the silent, pointing downwards to a white patch seen between the trees. He pronounced it Paneveyio, as indeed do many of the natives in these parts; but it was a pleasant word to hear under the circumstances. What a relief it was to exchange the toilsome track for a clearing where we found a proper road, and grassy

slopes with haymakers at work, and a small settlement, comprising a big buttressed house, once also a hospice ; a saw-mill, a dairy, a little chapel, sheds and stables, and a small white cross on a rocky mound in the rear : a spot lying open to greet the sunshine amid league on league of dark fir forest.

After a fortnight of the *lingua montagna* it was something like arriving at home to find that host and hostess were German-speaking Tyrolers. Guide-book, and a well-known book of travels, mention the house disparagingly, but its aspect contented me. I chose a bedroom with a view down the valley, and informed Colesel that I should stay at Paneveggio, whereat he also was content, for it spared him the six hours' fatigue of the walk down to Predazzo and back, with no diminution of fee. Moreover, it was yet early in the afternoon, and he could get back to his home before nightfall. To give him a lively start I filled him full of beer from a big two-quart bottle, a Maas, and away he went up into the forest at the same active pace he had used in coming.

The landlord, hearing me express admiration of his solid proportions, broad shoulders, and earnest Tyrolese face, set off by a black beard, asked me with a chuckle if I had seen a "schöner Kerl"—a prettier fellow—anywhere in the mountains ; to which I gave a gratifying answer. Then he introduced his little boy, who kissed his hand and told me his name was Toni di Paneveyio. So I took him up, and crowed a crow, swung him a few times round my head, and from that moment was regarded as one of the family.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

Happiness.—The House.—The Stoop.—Gasthaus zum Schönen Kerl.—Plenishing.—The Dairy.—The Chapel.—Decorations.—A Mower in Peril.—The Avalanche.—Buried in Snow.—Diggers.—Deliverance, and Why.—A Priest for Fine Weather.—Arrears of Confession.—The Garden.—The Prospect.—Is that all?

To wake on a bright morning feeling that you have nothing to do but see new sights and be happy, is a privilege worth a thousand miles of travel. Gladness of heart possessed me as I offered my first salute to the early sun in Paneveggio. Here at last was the rural life for which I had been longing; and to find it combined with so large a promise of sylvan life enhanced my emotion.

As a preliminary to wider excursions, I inspected the house, the chapel, the dairy, the barn, and the saw-mill. The house was built, as is supposed, towards the end of the seventeenth century, on a site where a refuge, however rude, for travellers crossing the pass, had probably stood some centuries before. It is one of the square, whitewashed, shingle-roofed houses of the country, but has had its appearance and strength improved by the insertion of a heavy porphyry buttress at each corner. The back, level with and looking out on the steep meadow-slope, was the front of the original builders, who cared as little for prospect as did the designers of the coffee-room at Capel Curig. In pulling down the arcaded porch under which men and mules took

shelter on arrival, an old stone was found inscribed with the date 1520—a relic, as was thought, of some earlier building. The present front, approached by a double flight of steps—a stoop, as a Dutchman would call it—faces the road, the valley, the forest, the mountains, and the morning sun. What more could the possessor of a holiday desire?

The stoop is a convenient lounging-place while waiting for breakfast, and for observation of arrivals and departures. A stone passage runs through the house from front to back, having on one side the guest-room, the office, or *Kanzellei* (Chancery), as it came to be called, where accounts and keys are kept; on the other, the tap-room and the kitchen. One of the rooms on the first floor is reserved for the use of the Head Forester, a periodical visitor of much importance, and is always kept locked in his absence. The second floor, immediately under the roof, is the sleeping-place of the servants, and the store-house for butter and cheese. There is no sign, and nothing written on the front except the topographical notice, *Al Circondario confinante*; but, for a reason which will hereafter appear, the house is known in the neighbourhood as *Gasthaus zum Schönen Kerl*.

The recommendation of the house is its elevation—5,160 feet above the sea—its environment; its excellent water, and the endeavours of the inmates for the welfare of visitors. But imaginative readers will do well to remember that rusticity prevails. Walls and doors are for the most part of unpainted fir, with here and there a touch of whitewash and stencil-work by way of decoration, and chairs and tables correspond therewith. But the beds, filled with maize leaves, are sufficiently soft and clean, and each room contains a large earthenware stove, whereby additional warmth may be had

in case of need ; and there are religious pictures, holy-water stoups, and crucifixes for visitors who require them. Of course, the butter and milk excel, and in other particulars the diet is ample and the cookery good. No one would think of being discontented therewith, except Mr. Gustav Rasch. Moreover, what would be the advantage of travel, if we are always to find the same people, the same comforts and conveniences as at home ?

The dairy, a small wooden building, is open to all the winds. Through one of its walls a wooden axle is fitted, bearing on the inner end a barrel containing the cream, on the other a few boards forming a rude undershot water-wheel ; and thus the merry brook churns the butter. The other appliances are a recessed stone hearth, one very large copper caldron, smaller kettles, a ladle, tubs, cheese moulds, smooth boards, and baskets. On the upper floor are racks for the pans of milk, and the butter is kept there until a sufficiently large lump is accumulated to be shaped and stamped ready for transport into Italy, where the Paneveggio butter always fetches the best price. While standing on the stoop you may often see hostess or Kellnerinn hasten to the dairy for a piece of the fresh, hard butter, or a jug of milk, for the use of the guests.

A little to the west, on the green meadow, stands the chapel, as white and as plain as the house itself. In the apex of the gable is written the date 1733. Along each side and in front is planted a row of small mountain ash-trees, imparting by their foliage and red berries a touch of beauty which some thirty years hence will be largely increased. The inside corresponds to the outside in the article of whitewash, but has the usual amount of decoration. The altarpiece is an imitation of Murillo by Unterberger, a

Tyrolese artist of some repute. It represents the Virgin in a pale-blue dress, attended by cherubim, standing on the serpent, which has twisted itself around a crescent. The altar-cloth, pink and white, has a scalloped border fringed with words, "*Virgo immaculata miraculosa.*" Candlesticks, artificial flowers, and two bright cushions adorn the table; fourteen common engravings of the stations hang on the walls; a handsome carved bracket supporting a candle projects from each side of the chancel arch, and behind hang *ex voto* paintings. One of them represents a mower in great peril; though the cramp-irons are on his feet, he is slipping down an exceedingly steep green slope to the edge of a cliff which rises from a gloomy pool. His hat is half-way down, his scythe is on the verge; but the Virgin and three angels are in the clouds, and a priest is on his knees; and so "*Giannizzo Gabrielli,*" who, "*li ii. 7bre 1779 fu in grande pericolo di precipitarsi,*" was saved by intercession.

High up on the right as you enter hangs the most curious painting of the whole collection. A wild and wintry landscape, a great mountain slope, everywhere covered with snow, is exhibited. A party of travellers making their way upwards, with bullock sledges, have been buried by an avalanche, and five of them are labouring with spades to liberate their companions and the cattle. Two of the men buried to the neck are being pulled out apparently more dead than alive; a third, whose upper half is free, stretches out his arms as if craving succour. Two diggers are busy in a patch of lumpy snow where nothing is to be seen. One of the bullocks dug out is made to help in releasing the other, of which the head only is visible. A little to the left a bullock sledge laden with timber is seen coming slowly up the slope; and beyond, the snowy track mounts still

higher, and the desolation is relieved by a barn and four trees. There is a curious family likeness in the faces ; but the diggers look very serious, as if aware of calamity, for there are men still under the snow. They wear long drab overcoats, drab leggings, and low-crowned broad-brimmed hats, and might be taken as representatives of old-fashioned Quakers. Meanwhile, the Virgin sits aloft on a red cloud with three angels in attendance.

An inscription in one corner of the picture gives particulars :—"Voto all immacolata concezione di Maria V<sup>no</sup> de 16 Vomini pericolati sotto la lavina nel Monte Vallazza per andare in Valles li 7 Xbre 1758, e per intercess<sup>no</sup> della medesima liberati."\*

It was from proceeds of a toll on timber transported across the pass to Primiero or Agordo that the chapel was first built ; but we may imagine that a toll-collector dwelt in this lonesome spot long before the little temple was thought of. There is no endowment : a priest is paid by the government to come up from Predazzo every Sunday from June to September inclusive to say mass and preach ; and he must hold services on All Saints' Day, Christmas and New Year, and at Easter and Whitsuntide. Of confessional work there is not much ; for the haymakers, dairy folk, and cattle drivers go home on the approach of winter to their native valleys, and there clear off all arrears of confession with their own priest, who, knowing their constitution, can prescribe accordingly.

Between the chapel and the road, fenced by rough pine boards, is a small garden, productive of cabbage, scarlet

\* "Vowed to the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, by sixteen men endangered under the snowfall on Monte Vallazza, on the way to Valles, the seventh December, 1758, and by intercession of the same delivered."

runners, and salad. Bread, meat, and all other articles of consumption, except milk, eggs, butter, and cheese, are brought up from Predazzo. The Wirth is not required by the terms of his lease to supply to travellers anything more than polenta, schnaps (spirits), and wine ; but fowl is at times to be had, and flesh never fails.

Our first day in Paneveggio has not been idle. We have made acquaintance with the human conditions ; let us look forth on what Nature offers, in this secluded Val Travignolo.

Very striking is the scene that meets the eye every time you look forth from the stoop, or the balcony on the first floor.

To begin with the tallest : leftwards rises the peak of the Cimon della Pala, with a consort of lesser height but greater breadth ; both naked rock, reddish yellow, which looks lustrous at times in the sunshine. They peep over the topmost edge of the great forest through which we descended yesterday : a mighty slope of trees stretching down to the level of our resting-place, and up the valley on the left, beyond the green shoulder of Giuribello, and down the valley on the right far as eye can see. The height and breadth of that solemn expanse of wood invest the mountains that stand behind with a quality which they did not seem to possess when we could measure them with one glance from base to summit. We now imagine them higher than ever.

Immediately opposite we see Colbricon, a greenish grey conical peak, rough with stones as a hedgehog with spines, yet graceful in outline, and, from some points of view, singularly effective. Next in order, and somewhat to the rear, is Ceremana, then Cece, Cima Cadione, Cima del Val Maor, Coltorondo, and others in a descending range, which too soon disappears behind the dark shaggy bluff of Dos Sasso.

"It that all?" exclaimed a friend of mine, who arrived one afternoon from Primiero. "Why, there's only one house."

"Yes, that *is* all for such as you who just tarry to eat, and then hurry away. But it grows to more and more with every day of sojourn."

## CHAPTER XIX.

A Question of Etymology.—Up the Valley.—The Nursery.—Forest and Foresters.—A mighty Mast.—Under the Trees.—Rock and Colour.—Giuribel and Giuribrut.—The Dam.—The Drift.—Exciting Work.—A Reading Place.—Thyme and Strawberries.—Pian di Boche.—Plantation.—Rivo Valassa.—Venigia.—Lonesome House.—A Question of Solitude.—Up to Giuribel.—The Archdual Dairy.—Shortened Words.

PANEVEGGIO ! What is the etymology of the name ? Many times have I asked this question of all sorts and conditions of men, but only to discover that they were entirely ignorant on the point, and had never thought of it. One, however, suggested with a smile that in former days, when communication with Predazzo was rare, the bread in the house used to become so stale as to be spoken of as *pane vecchio*.

Leaving this unsettled question, let us take a walk and acquaint ourselves with the neighbourhood. We will first go up the valley.

The rough mountain road ascends between the dairy and saw-mill, passes the shanty (Cazon they call it here) in which the labourers sleep, and in two minutes reaches the edge of the forest. There, on the right, is a fenced enclosure—a nursery of young fir-trees, laid out in beds, and every bed crowded with the little plants, raised from seed bought at Innsbruck. All these Travignolo forests are, as the people say, Errärisch, that is, the property of the Crown ; and, as they bring in a large revenue, they are well cared for. Every district has a Head Forester, who orders the felling,



planting, and other operations of woodcraft, and sees that they are properly carried on by his under-officers and watchers. The work is perennial, for no sooner is one section thinned and planted than another is ready, so great is the extent of the Travignolo forests.

When the plants are set out they are protected by three sticks driven pyramid-wise into the ground, until, by the time the sticks decay, the young trees are large enough to be avoided by the grazing cattle. A green opening in the forest, with rows of these triangles marking the surface, and the pale, tiny branches peeping forth, offers a singular and interesting sight. In eighty or a hundred years many of those diminutive plants will be tall and stout enough for ships'-masts or the main beams of stately houses. One of the largest ever produced in these forests, measuring, when trimmed, eighty schuh (feet) long and four feet thick, was cut down a few years ago, and sent to Venice. Our host tells me that he was paid a hundred florins for transporting it to the railway station at Auer.

We continue our walk, and are soon shut in by the forest, for the road winds, and we see nothing but trees, rocks, roots, mosses, and flowers whichever way we look. The variety appears infinite, from bright-looking youngsters in all the sprightliness which a growth of six or twelve feet confers, through all gradations, up to stems of amplest girth and a height of one hundred or two hundred feet. Here is one with every branch smothered in long yellowish moss, looking spectral-like; there rises a trunk masked with grey lichen; and white roots, white dead branches, and white decrepit stems may be seen everywhere. How the ground is bestrewn with cones and spines, and how admirably the brown patches contrast with the green patches of grass and

tangle! Stone, too, plays an important part, offering us huge boulders so overgrown by moss, alpine plants and weeds, as to resemble a miniature forest delightful to contemplate. How often have I longed to transport one of those ponderous masses with all its lovely array to my dwelling-place; and have had to content myself with a small lump clothed in many-coloured lichen gorgeous to behold.

In such a scene our pace will not be rapid, for vistas open from time to time amid the darksome wood with such effects of sylvan beauty or picturesqueness, that to pass them by without a pause seems wasteful. Now a thread of water trickles across our path; now an active rill chatters past, eager to throw itself into the torrent, whose roar we hear below us on the right. And here and there, as the wood opens at the bends of the road, we can look down into the noisy stream, and see how it rages among the stones and boulders that beset its course, while white foam, blue water, and red rock produce surprising effects and contrasts of colour, of fluency and firmness. From one end to the other, a distance of about eleven miles, the Travignolo valley is shut in by hills of porphyry; and with cliffs, crags, and a ragged mingling of bush and boulders, these hills abut on the torrent. Colour abounds. Red, brown, and grey rises a tall cliff on the opposite side, crowned by a dark green forest slope that lifts our eyes up and up till we see the spiry trees against the blue sky, where they conceal the broad green alp of Giuribello. Equally steep, and beyond reach of vision, the forest on our left climbs the rough flanks of Boche and Giuribrutto. Following the narrow dim alley for about a mile, we come to a broad opening, and find a strong dam of piles and earth built across the valley. The water flows through a square opening, lined with logs in the base of the mound. On the top a

small stone house, the roofed stair by which you descend to the sluice, a strong wheel and appliances for opening a water gate, make up a group that seems strange in such a place until you become aware of its purpose, which is, the transport of timber. The trees felled during the season are cut up into logs of about fourteen feet long to await the winter snows, by which their descent to the torrent is facilitated, and they are rolled by hundreds into the stony bed. In May, the great hollow above the dam having been filled by the brook, the sluice is opened, and in the tremendous rush of water, the logs are hurried down to Predazzo with confusion and uproar. Twice a day, during two or three weeks, is this exciting operation carried on, and when we remember that the Travignolo forests yield fifteen thousand logs every year, we may imagine the long succession of timber-laden floods here to be witnessed. In the narrow chasms, in bends, and especially in the long gorge by which the torrent enters upon the lower valley, the furious huddle must be indescribable. The excitement of the scene is increased by the shouts of the men who, with long poles, run hither and thither along the banks to push stranded logs back into the stream. At times a jam occurs, and the high-heaped stems can be released only by severe and dangerous labour.

The drifting, as it is called, depends much on the weather. Sharp frosts hinder by checking the supply of water; but sometimes it is begun in April and continued into May. Many visitors come up the valley to see the astonishing spectacle. It must be well worth the trouble, and were I at liberty to travel in the spring, I certainly would not fail to be among the spectators.

The marks left on the banks show that the accumulated water behind the dam forms a large lake; and it is not diffi-

cult to conceive the resistless force with which such a fluid mass would rush through its outlet, in a valley that falls so rapidly. At other times a few inches only flow with a lively current over the brown floor of the sluice. The covered stair leading thereto affords agreeable shelter on a scorching day, and I have often passed an hour with a book on the lowermost steps, enjoying at once the coolness in the temperature and in the voice of the water.

The ravine ends at the dam. Above it the road and the torrent run side by side, nearly on a level, and we can see a long reach of sparkle, and foaming plunges, and great black stones, and pools so clear and lively as to make us envy the fishes. The vista is terminated by a hilly point half green, half red, from which we may infer that we are near the head of the valley. As the stream curves the rough grassy margin varies in width, and in one place forms an oval surrounded by trees, which has a pretty effect. And hereabouts, tempting us alternately to advance and to tarry, clusters of thyme diffuse their sweetness, and wild strawberries grow plentifully among the old roots.

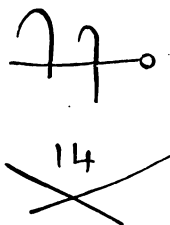
Another bend, and between two grey rocks the road enters the Pian di Boche—Boche Plain—the largest grassy level we have yet seen. That great stony mountain beyond the trees on our right is the Venigia, and the long green-backed hill stretching therefrom, and showing a red cliffy face to the north, is the Pala di Venigia, but by natives is commonly spoken of as Cozon. On the left, at the entrance of the plain, is a path that mounts along the slope under which our walk has lain to the Boche alp, a path to be kept in mind when you want rugged exercise on a mountain flank which, as we now see, is exceedingly rocky and precipitous.

We have not had long to wait for an example of the

planting-out spoken of a few pages back, for the whole plain is sprinkled with triangles and young trees, most of which have overgrown their sticks, and are sending out pale green shoots and branches.

Another half mile, in the course of which the cliffy wall of Giuribrut recedes and merges into a broad green slope, and we come to a place where two valleys meet, and a brook, Rivo Valassa, running swiftly down the slope in our front, falls into the Travnolo torrent. The confluence is disfigured by broad banks of stone and gravel, that look cold and out of harmony with the prevailing verdure. A corduroy bridge offers access to the valley on the right, which evidently leads to the base of the Venigia, for we see the grand stony mass rising in the rear with other peaks that here come into the view. But leaving that for a future day, we ascend the valley immediately before us, where an old limekiln and scattered trees, that look as if they had straggled down from the forest, and great breadths of ragwort impart touches of the picturesque. To see a house in so lonesome a spot is a surprise, but scarcely a surprise on arrival to find it untenanted. Was it built as a refuge for travellers crossing the pass to San Pellegrino? and why is it now so empty and silent, imparting a painful sense of lonesomeness?

In front of the house lies a broad boulder, on which a date and curious characters are inscribed, as here represented. It is probably a boundary mark, but I never met with any one who could explain it. 1839



Beyond the house the forest recommences, and the track to the pass mounts wandringly among the trees. It will be a fitting termination to our

walk, and an enlargement of our prospect and our topography, if we go up a little and look forth on a landscape which we may widen at pleasure. A few paces suffice to show us leagues of the valley dark with trees, the Travignolo range sinking down into the haze above Predazzo, the broad chequered basin in the foreground, the great enclosing hills, and the brook running from a ravine at the foot of the red cliff—the outlet of Val-assa, as the natives call the valley up which they travel to the summit of the pass.

Is solitude good for a man? The notion came to me that I should like to occupy the house for at least one year, through a cycle of the seasons, to watch the oncoming of the dark nights and short days, and the frost and the snow—to watch Nature's behaviour in the deathlike time of cold, and in the brightening days when life begins to stir once more in the forests, and the pulses to beat in the silent hills—to listen to the wail and roar of the winds, and the angry rush of swollen torrents, and so round to the long days and the glad sunshine, when, as now, the grasshoppers would chirp in the meadows, and the waterfall among the trees on the one hand, and the brook in the ravine on the other, would make pleasant music alike under the sun or under the stars. To find some humanized Caliban to gather firewood and fetch up proviant from the Fleimserthal would not be impossible; for all the rest I could trust to myself, even to fulfilment of the precept in favour of hospitality. A year of such experience with the fowls of the air and four-footed things of the forest for neighbours, and with chance wayfarers to talk to, might not be unprofitable.

Not far from the confluence above described we cross to the left bank of the torrent by a bending bridge made of a couple of fir-poles, choosing fresh ground for our return

walk. Mounting by a grassy glade, we came to the broad green alp of Giuribel, an alp that justifies its name by abundance of grass and advantage of elevation. You may recline on soft slopes and let your eye rove far away over hill and forest, and breathe cool air in complete enjoyment. Or you may drink milk at the Archduke's casera—dairy—on this commanding site, and look on while the dairymen make cheese and butter.

The downward path zigzags on the steep forest slope that we see every time we look up to Cimon from the stoop at our head quarters. It is a pleasant path which we shall revisit many times if we stay at Paneveggio.

It is perhaps owing to wealth of vowels that Italians and Italian-speaking people cut off the last syllable of many of their words. Thus Predazzo is softened and shortened into Predass; Campidello into Campidel; Giuribrutto into Giuribrut; Giuribello into Giuribel, and so forth. The shortened words are most to my liking.

## CHAPTER XX.

Down the Valley.—The Devil's Glen.—The Old Cross.—Peril of Travel.—A Pleasant Oval.—From Gloom to Gloom.—An Outlook.—The Tree-tops.—A Blösig.—Golden Gleams.—Grey Mist.—The Surveyor's Tomb.—A Mountain Meadow.—Rounding Dos Sasso.—A rough Lane.—Another Valassa.—Bellamonte.—Elevated Haymaking.—The Hamlet.—The Weisshorn.—Old Road and No Road.—Porphyry Cliffs.—The New Road.—Softness and Savagery.—Flowers and Fruit.—Nimble Air.—A Storm.—A Refuge.—Where is Weit hin?—A Why?

DOWNWARDS the old narrow road still exists : from the back door of the house it passes the chapel, and stretches along the lower slope of the great meadow, where it is turned to good account in haymaking time. It offers an agreeable walk, with the advantage that when sufficiently saturated with sunshine you can step at once from the lower end of the meadow into the cool shade of the forest. This section of the forest is flowery and picturesque, and the road being but little frequented, Nature is reasserting her rights. Bridges have rotted and fallen in, and every brook makes a gap across which you must stride on the big stones. The noisiest of these brooks comes out of the Teufelsthal (Devil's glen)—a name of fearful import, but the noise, as quaint old Leland saith, is "a praty noise," and as musical as if it flowed from the singing fountain. A little farther, and in a dim nook on the left, among the grey stems and mossy hummocks, we see a curious old wooden cross erected in memory of Mar-



garita Piazzi, who died here of cold and fatigue on the first day of 1826. A plain cross near the end of the next alley marks the spot where one of the foresters was found dead, and makes us aware of the perils of winter travel in a region where we find all enjoyment. Another half-mile would have brought the unhappy victims to shelter and comfort.

Here a pleasant oval entirely surrounded by forest awaits us ; a gentle knoll in the centre, crowned by two or three firs, offers a delightful sylvan lounging-place where you may recline and listen to the voice of a brook that flows past, concealed by a screen of birches, mingling harmoniously with the rustle of leaves and the solemn sound of the firs. And there is fascination for the eye as well as the ear, for all around you see effects of light and shade varying with the growth and grouping of the trees : here a cavernous gloom in which the tall oxeye twinkles as a star ; there a narrow vista flecked with sunshine ; yonder a maze of grey stems and red branches that looks impenetrable. There is space, and yet solitude, and something to stir the imagination, for the track comes out of gloom on the one side, and enters into gloom on the other.

Let us explore on that other side. Through beds of thistles and colt's-foot, and amid scrub, runs the track, crosses the brook by a temporary plank, and turning to the left mounts steeply up the shoulder of the hill, overhung by trees. Presently we come to a brow whence a view opens to the eastwards through a gap which has the appearance of having been made by a landslip leaving a precipitous scree of porphyry blocks much overgrown with tangle and willow-herb clustering round old stumps.

The trees on each side form a frame to the picture and

heighten the perspective effect. We are here in the shade, looking into a great basin of forest. The sun is low, and throws a warm light on the opposite slope of trees, and brightens here and there the boundless expanse, as it seems, of sombre colour.

. Resting our eyes for awhile on those tree-tops outspread far beneath us, we note how they lift their best fruit towards the sky, and how the dark green is relieved by the intermixture of the countless thousands of brown cones. In one place a patch of light grey, soft and feathery, is thrown in where young wood is beginning to grow in a recent Blösig or clearing. But the sombre colour prevails, spreading to the right and left farther than we can see from our present outlook. On such a base anything might rest, and well does it bear up the Cimon and his attendant crags. From this height we can see their breast and shoulders as well as their peak, and form an idea of their grand proportions. How they gleam and glow as the sun drops lower! Presently Castellazzo, the fortress-like mass on the top of Giuribel, catches the light; and beneath it, on the broad green alp, there is a shine on the Archduke's casera, and beyond, on the crests of the Venigia range. In the bottom of the basin, a small corner of the house at Paneveggio can be seen, and a stripe of the meadow, looking beautifully bright and green amid the darkening firs.

While I sat gazing on the landscape, a cloud gathered in the bottom of the valley crept slowly upwards across the tree-tops like a living thing—up, up, hiding the great stony mountain until the crest alone remained visible, shining calmly bright until the sun went down.

It is too late to continue our upward walk this evening :

we return to the oval, and, turning into a dim track by the cross, follow down the course of the brook, which grows larger fed by many brooklets. In one place, where the bridge has fallen in, there is an ugly gap across the way; but, having passed this, and waded through patches of thistles and tough weeds, we come to the main road, where the combined streams, spanned by a strong wooden bridge, plunge down to the Travignolo torrent. Here at the corner a small white marble cross fixed to the rock arrests attention. It commemorates, by the side of the public thoroughfare, the forester whose plain wooden memorial we have seen in a lonesome place among the trees, and a record of the catastrophe is preserved on a tablet in the face of the rock: —“A Francesco Fernkorn, I.R. geometra forestale che nella verde età d'anni xxx. in notte nevosà e cupa nella selva di Paneveggio smarita la via assiderato periva il v Febbraio MDCCCXL.”

We resume our exploration on the morrow, and having passed our pleasant halting-place on the brow, we find the old road mounts to a broad open pasture which, commanding the view above described, takes in more detail and a wider range. Here, though the sun be hot, the breeze is cool, and for more than a mile we walk on grass, curving across a moist meadow until we strike the track once more, and come presently to a change of scene—a lane with hedgerows. We have rounded the top of Dos Sasso to rear of the trees, and can now look down into Val Travignolo from the western side, and here and there get a glimpse of the new road far below. Into that road, with a long slope, our lane descends; and there towards the west the country appears to open. We will walk a mile or two in that direction before returning to Paneveggio.

It is easy walking on the new road ; and by and by we arrive at a chasm where the big rough hill terminates, and a picturesque effect is produced by the road curving inwards on each side to the bridge that crosses the rocky stream at a height which affords a good view in each direction. This chasm is the mouth of a ravine bearing the same name as that at the head of the valley—Valassa, and is refreshed by a cool breeze that seems perpetual : hence it is an agreeable halting-place on a hot day. Crossing the bridge introduces us to a change of scene. Rocks and trees are left behind, and we have before us a great pasture land, watered by lively brooks, backed by a smooth green mountain. Well is it named Bellamonte, for such an expanse of grass in a land where fodder is never too plentiful must make the haymakers sing for joy. We can see them high, high up, busily mowing and raking, and looking small as dolls, while their wagons, laden to the utmost, and drawn by bullocks, are slowly rolling down to Predazzo. More than half-way up the mountain, and about a quarter of a mile apart, are three spots that in the distance might be taken for large white stones. But they are tents in which detachments of the people sleep, so that they may be on the spot to begin work at sunrise. “ Often the nights are very cold up there,” said a scythe-bearer whom I questioned concerning the three white spots.

The southern side of the Travignolo valley, all rock and forest, closes our view about a mile to the left, and we see the gleam of a waterfall in a gully, and hear its distant roar. Half-an-hour of this pleasant walking brings us to a group of houses scattered on each side of the road, and looking like a village at a distance ; but after the first glance we find that hay-barns and stalls are more numerous than dwelling-places.

These, with two public-houses and a little church, make up the hamlet of Bellamonte. The inhabitants, all hard-working rustics, speak Italian.

Here, for the present, the good road ends, and any one travelling to or from the Fleimserthal must use the old bad road. The fine, smooth plain ends also, and the road descends rapidly down a long hill. From the brow we can see the Weisshorn, the big white hill behind Predazzo, and contenting ourselves with this distant prospect of a region that will become familiar to us in future days, we return to our starting-place on the new road.

In recrossing the chasm we look down and see a curve of the old road, for in former days all the traffic went down thither, toiled up the opposite side, and then climbed over the high, rough hill by which we began this morning's exploration. Truly, they who dwell in the mountains must have infinite patience.

They climbed the hill because of the precipices which forbid all approach at a lower level. The porphyry cliffs, so characteristic of Val Travignolo, here appear in their grandest proportions: raising their heads high aloft; plunging their feet deep down into the torrent below. There was nothing to stand on, and yet there by imperial command a road has been made; and when complete, this road will be practicable for artillery all the way from Predazzo to Primiero. The difficulties were almost incredible, especially in taking the preliminary levels, owing to the windings of the valley, and the impossibility of seeing far enough. But by the slow process of blasting round the projections and building up in the recesses, the present excellent road was ultimately constructed.

We are on a shelf with the great rock wall on our left,

and on our right a steep slope, mostly precipitous and covered with forest. In places we see the torrent (some two or three hundred feet beneath) flowing in its own wild way; then everything disappears except trees and rock. Anon another reach opens terminated by the group of the Cimon: a scene so striking, combining so much of soft and savage beauty, that we pause awhile in contemplation thereof. In the next bend a scree of huge black stones makes a dismal effect. We strain our eyes upwards, but its source lies too far back to be seen, and its foot on the slope below the road is hidden by trees and scrub; but we can see that the largest blocks are nearest the bottom. A little farther and there is another reach of the torrent, and a long sweep of forest, and the mountains reappear; then another scree, another great cliff wall, another crowding of trees, and all these features are repeated with variations of effect as the road winds round the promontories. And there are small things on which we may look if we find the great things oppressive: patches of golden rod, tall and splendid, patches of willow-herb and flowers of many kinds. Wherever a new surface has been exposed—and where has it not in such a long line of excavation?—there something floral attracts the eye, or wild raspberries in prodigious quantities tempt the palate, while round about the old stumps and mossy stones grow strawberries for all comers.

To walk through such scenery as this on a good and level road is an enjoyment which any one taking a quiet holiday will know how to appreciate. Even an invalid might be charmed, and perhaps say with good king Duncan—

“the air  
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses,”

for dust and smoke, and winged pests, and uproar are left five thousand feet below, where men most do congregate.

Then we come to the bridge and the white cross, whence, as we already know, we can saunter in about a quarter of an hour to the Gasthaus, the road rising gently all the way.

During the last half-hour heavy clouds have hid the sun, and thunder growling in the north-west has roused sullen echoes among the rocky heights of Fassa ; fitful gusts have alarmed the forest, and now big drops of rain begin to fall. I quickened my pace, and reached the shelter of the barn at the lower end of the meadow, just as the downpour became vehement. How the rain hissed and rattled, and the shreds of water—they could hardly be called drops—dashing together, filled all the air with mist, and the thunder roared and rumbled, and rose and fell till the earth trembled, and the lightning flung itself about, flash after flash, in fierce blue zigzags that looked ghastly behind the watery veil !

I was watching the stormy scene when a young man and three boys rushed in, dripping. How they stared on becoming aware of my presence, fixing their eyes on me as if they saw snakes peeping from under the brim of my hat. I looked at them in return. At length one of the boys, who could speak a few words of German, prompted by the young man, asked me whence I came.

“ From weit hin—far away,” I answered.

The boy told his prompter in Italian.

“ Weit hin ? ” said the young man. “ I never heard of that country. Ask him where it is.”

“ Where is Weit hin ? ”

“ In England. Have you ever heard of that country ? ”

The young man thought he had heard of Inghilterra ; but

the boy had never heard of it. And they stared at me for twenty minutes, until, on a slight abatement of the rain, they departed.

They were going up to the labourers' camp in the forest, which we passed on our way from Primiero. I watched them as they trudged along the half-drowned road to a supper of polenta, and sleeping-quarters in a sloppy shed ; and the thought came into my mind as they disappeared among the trees—why they, and not I ?



## CHAPTER XXI.

The Kapuziner.—Card Play.—Franziskaner and Kapuziner.—Labourers.—Shabby Garments.—Broken-down Brigands.—“Giorno, Padron.”—Unloveliness.—Going to Chapel.—Warm Worship.—The Pedlar.—Mass and Merchandise.—Damp Worship.—Morra.—Noise.—Enzian.—Quarrels.—A Priest concerning Travel.—A poetical Book.—From Vienna to Primiero.—A Theatre.—A fussy Soldier.—Same as in War Time.—The Donkey’s Hay.

ONE Saturday evening the Wirth, who had driven forth with his Wagen two hours before, returned, bringing a bearded Kapuziner seated by his side. The morrow’s mass was thus provided for. It was a fine, intelligent head that looked forth from the grotesque brown clerical costume of the Middle Ages. The close-fitting skull cap, as I imagined it when seen at a distance, changed as he came near to black hair so short and thick that it resembled felt.

After supper three of the engineers and the Kellnerinn sat down under the crucifix to play at cards. The stake was a halbe Maas, about a quart of wine. The cards were dealt as in whist, but all were turned up at once, and sometimes one card took another, at others swept the whole board. The counting was chalked on a slate, and the score of games by marks across the frame. The play lasted an hour, and all the while the Kapuziner sat looking on from the farther end of the table.

Mistakes are often made by strangers in trying to distinguish between Franziskaners and Kapuziners. They both wear the rough brown attire; but the Franziskaner has

no beard, and his hood is smaller than that of the Kapuziner.

Whenever rough work is plentiful in any part of Austria, throngs of labourers from Bohemia, Moravia, and Italy, find their way to the place, ready to toil through weeks and months at small wages. Here the Italians prevail; natives of the hilly districts just beyond the frontier, which is but a few leagues distant. Some straggle down from the camp in the evenings, and hang about the house for an hour or two, and on Sundays they come in numbers, whereby we have opportunity to observe them and their ways.

Shabbier garments than theirs it would not be easy to find. The home-spun shirts, coarse as jack towels, are the best part of their attire; all the rest is dingy blue or brown cotton, or fustian, or shaggy woollen, which might rival the "Ulster." Houndsditch would not give five shillings for the whole lot; but then, as the labourers say, anything is good enough for summer weather and rough work in the mountains. They all wear their jacket hanging on the left shoulder, they slouch in their gait, and look generally like broken-down brigands. But they are civil and harmless. Meet them wherever you may, in lonesome places high on the hills, in the depths of the forest, or on the high road, they always salute with "Giorno, padron." The Bohemians are said to be unthrifty, but the Italian labourer likes to return to his home on the south side of the mountains with money in his pocket. He is given to tipple, and make a noise on Sundays; but he carries away a little hoard under his shirt nevertheless.

If the men are unlovely, what shall we say of the women who come to work as haymakers? Of short, thick figure, wearing a white or brown bodice, a blue woollen skirt thickly

plaited, and the hemispherical hat affected by deerstalkers, they remind us of German dolls and the wooden effigies in the Noah's ark of our boyish days. Thick-ribbed stockings which leave the feet bare, and a kerchief pinned across the shoulders, with, in some instances, small ear-rings, complete their dress and decoration. They are hardy and hard-working, and are content, or seem to be so, with forty kreutzers a day.

On Sundays three peals of the chapel bell between half-past eight and nine announce the morning service, and presently groups of men and women straggling towards the meeting place appear on road, path, and pasture; and to see them here and there emerge suddenly from the gloom of the forest, imparting life to the solitude, is interesting. The men wear the same clothes, and look just as dirty as on work-days; but the women have, at least, a clean bodice, a scrap of riband, or a red or green kerchief, and the touches of colour look well against the darksome firs.

The people lounged about and gossiped until the Kapuziner appeared and took his place at the altar. They all followed, and filled the little place to overflowing, until a compact semicircular crowd was formed about the door. When the kneeling began I peeped over their heads, and saw the damp forehead of the priest. How he could endure his heavy brown gown and the want of fresh air on such a scorching day passed my understanding.

Meanwhile stragglers and lazy folk were offered attractions of another sort on the opposite side of the road, where a pedlar had built up a bazaar with a few boards borrowed from the saw-mill. Was he one of the unfaithful that he thus brought mass and merchandise into competition? The wares comprised for the most part pipes, boxes, pins, combs,

brooches, all of rough workmanship, and knives so coarse and worthless that a Cheap Jack in England would feel ashamed even to give them away ; but the stall was beset by men and boys throughout the day, and at times the Kellnerinn, or one of the maids from the house, ran across for a peep ; and when the church-goers broke up then the women crowded among the onlookers, standing on tiptoe to stare over the men's shoulders. The buyers were but few. Fortunately the pedlar was patient. Even a sudden plump of rain did not worry him. He hastily threw his stock of trade into the big chests, and afterwards, when the sun shone out, and the stall ceased to drip, he again hung up his knick-knacks and waited for his reward in a multitude of customers.

The following Sunday opened cold and drizzly. It had drizzled all night, and everything was damp and muddy. The cocks and hens looked miserable ; the pigeons did not venture to quit the roof of the dairy, and only the ducks and geese seemed at ease. No women appeared when the church bell rang ; the men were sodden and sludgy, and, twenty minutes after the mass began, the atmosphere of the chapel was as offensive as that of an unclean cowstall. I pitied the priest.

On conclusion of the service they all swarmed off to the taproom, and there began to play at morra—a game which never fails to grow into uproar. If you desire peace and quietness you must go up on the hills or into the forest, anywhere beyond earshot of the house for the rest of the day. Sunday quiet has no charm for these Italians. They sit in pairs, each thrusting his right hand suddenly forward with outstretched fingers on the table, and guessing at the joint number.

Quattro !—Sette !—Due !—Cinque ! and so forth are the

cries, which become louder and louder till they rise into shouts accompanied by loud thumps of the hands on the table. Imagine forty or fifty men gambling in this way. The excitement becomes contagious, and the shouts and blows become frantic. So the game goes on with ebb and flow, and the wine which has been won or lost is drunk, and many a plate of soup is gobbled, for these labourers are much given to cheat their appetite with small portions of rice or bread floating in greasy warm water. Later in the day they betake themselves to "goes" of Enzian, a spirit distilled from gentian-root, which is cheaper than wine and more exciting. Then at times they quarrel, and scuffle, and yell hideously, and, as is usual with cowards, knives are drawn.

I have heard that in some places playing at morra has been forbidden. I hope the report is true; for at present sojourners in South Tyrol are greatly annoyed by the game, which even in its mildest mood is exceedingly disturbing.

One day a priest who tarried to dine favoured me in his hour of rumination with conversation about travel. To go about and see new places and grand landscapes was one of the highest pleasures. No observation of men could compare in sweetness with contemplation of Nature. You could never be sure of men, but of Nature always. Had he been reading Wordsworth?

"How bountiful is Nature! he shall find  
Who seeks not; and to him, who hath not asked,  
Large measure shall be dealt."

And next to travel he would place the reading of others' travels. He had recently read in manuscript a translation of a chapter from an English book giving a description of a journey from Primiero to Predazzo, which he thought singularly interesting; indeed it was "ganz poetisch," quite

poetical. How he wished that he could get a translation of the whole book! that would be something to feast on for many a day. The book thus so lovingly spoken of was Gilbert and Churchill's book, to which reference has been made in foregoing pages. Except in Innsbruck, I had never before heard it mentioned by a native. His curiosity has perhaps been gratified, for in the following year, while travelling in Carinthia, I discovered that a German translation of the book had been published at Klagenfurt.

A lady of Vienna married a forest inspector, and went with him to reside at Primiero. She came to Paneveggio on a visit, during which I remarked that the change from the gay and busy capital to the little out-of-the-world town among the mountains must be very great, if not disheartening. "No," she answered, "not so great as you might imagine; for we can visit at Primiero, and amuse ourselves that way, and we can have books and music; and there is a theatre. So, you see, it is like Vienna. I am very happy there."

A theatre at Primiero! Where did the actors come from? The answer may be looked for in a subsequent page.

One night after a late arrival, which had filled the spare room, a soldier came in—a fussy lieutenant, whose long sword clinked as he walked to and fro arguing vehemently that he must have a bed. "Alles besetzt"—all full—answered the Wirth; but the other stormed and insisted, and his sword seemed as angry as the wearer at the quiet rejoinder, "Wenn alles besetzt ist?"—When every place is taken.

"What am I to do then?" demanded the lieutenant.

"You can go on to San Martino, or sleep on hay in the barn."

"Go on to San Martino indeed! Why 'tis dark, and

perhaps it is alles besetzt there. Sleep on hay! One might as well be in war-time."

"Gewiss,"—surely—replied the Wirth.

At length, finding argument useless, the soldier demanded to see the barn. A man brought a lighted lantern, and as they went out the Wirth said in an undertone, "Show him the Moos Heu—swamp hay—Toni."

"Why the swamp hay?" I asked when they were out of hearing.

The answer came with a chuckle: "Because we always give the swamp hay to donkeys!"

## CHAPTER XXII.

A Protest.—Pflicht ist Pflicht.—Before the Dew was dry.—Summit of Lusia.—  
From Cimon to Ortler.—Val Pellegrino.—Moena.—Fleims and Fassa.—  
Miller and Donkey.—L'Avis.—Caressa Pass.—Lattemar.—Horse's Teeth.—  
Rose Garden.—Ugly Scree.—Welschenofen.—A sulky Slattern.—Half an  
Hour too Late.—An opportune Carriage.—Birchbruck.—A volunteer  
Passenger.—Scandal and Scandal.—The Eggenthal.—A Parting Cup.—  
Botzen.

STRENUOUS was the protest when one Sunday I spoke of departure. The Wirth having made up his mind that I should stay two or three months, was taken by surprise, and would take no denial. "Is it want of money compels you to go?" he said. "I'll lend you any sum you like if you will only stay. What will Toni do—what shall we all do when you are gone?"

"What said your sentry on Cereda?" I answered. "'Pflicht ist pflicht'—Duty is duty—and that is as true for an Englishman as for a Tyroler."

With that and my promise to "come again" next year he was pacified, and he found among the groups of labourers a miller from Moena, who undertook to carry my bag.

My plan was to travel by the nearest route through Welschenofen to Botzen. Accordingly, very early on the Monday, we mounted the steep pasture behind the house, making a diagonal for the north-west corner, where we entered the forest. How cool was the dim track, how fresh and bright were the mosses in hollows of the grey roots,



among which we paced slowly upwards. By-and-by, as was to be expected, we came out upon broad and breezy pastures where bullock-waggon were creeping to and fro, and hay-makers were busy—a pretty sight and pleasant walking. Then we struck a road, and came to a gentle grassy elevation in the green expanse, and were on the summit of Monte Lusìa, an elevation of more than seven thousand feet. It is marked by a Bildstöckl; but there is no image in the recess, whereby the miller was saved the trouble of making the sign of the cross, or of raising his cap. The view is grand, including the great group of the Cimon, the crags and alps of Fassa, and the snows of the Ortler.

The road, kept in pretty good condition, makes a few sharp zigzags through thin fir forest, and then descends in long slopes to Moena. That such a road should be, leading only to mountain pastures, is perhaps good evidence that the Lusian hay crops are sweet and abundant. We went down at a brisk pace, the miller complaining of the weight of my bag (15lbs.), and we soon saw beneath us Val Pelleggrino on our right. It is long and narrow, with steep sides, here and there a patch of green or of fir trees. Its upper end is severe and rocky, and is crossed by the pass which we called to mind a few weeks since when at Cencenighe.

Need I relate that we had the great mass of Ricobetta on our right, of Soracrep on our left, that we saw Someda and its church on a steep slope, and the great gap between Lattemar and the Rothwand, as we descended to Moena, where we arrived in three and half hours from the time of our start. Moena is an open village of mills for grinding and sawing, interspersed with stacks of boards and timber and half-a-dozen publichouses, and a church well situate on a headland similar to that at Cavalese but on a small scale. Here Fleimserthal ends

and Fassathal begins, or the reverse, according to the direction of approach. The stony summits that fence it round will perhaps impress you with the idea that it shares impartially in the characteristics of both. By mounting the road above the village a good view can be had up the Fassathal towards Campidello, and the passes by which you may get out of the valley. In the other direction the road runs downwards to Predazzo and Cavalese.

The miller deposited me at the Albergo Capell di Ferro, and went away to his own house to dine. Perhaps he took a nap, for it was noon when he reappeared with a companion—a small donkey, to carry my bag. As we crossed a rushing stream on leaving the village, he said, with a motion of his hand towards it, “l’Avis”—meaning the Avisio, and in his phrase I saw why the village at the outlet of the river in the valley of the Adige is named Lavis.

Neither up nor down the valley, but directly across, lay our way towards the great gap we had seen from Monte Lusia, and into the remarkable region which, lying north and west of Fassa, extends to the Etsch, the Eisack, and the Pusterthal.

We toiled up the rough slope of Costalunga, and through the Caressa Pass which in places resembles the dry bed of a water-course; and I, for one, was not sorry when we came to open forest, where, though climbing was still required, the footway was less irksome. How comforting is a little grass after loose stones! When these were left behind the miller tried earnestly to persuade me to ride on the little donkey. At first I thought he was joking; but as he still insisted, I asked whether his meaning was that I should carry the donkey. Poor fellow! he longed to mount; but after that felt ashamed.

At length we came to a solitary house and the summit of the pass, nearly six thousand feet. The Cimon is still in sight, and the Fassa summits show with striking effect ; but you will, perhaps, feel that the near has more claims to attention than the distant. The Lattemar is on the left ; on the right are the Rothwand, the Rossezähne, and the Rosengarten. Rossezähne (Horse's teeth) is an appropriate name for the ragged row of stony fangs that seem rooted in a ponderous jaw. But the Rosengarten is something to wonder at ! Such pinnacles, such buttresses, such fractures, such juts and clefts, such fierce spines, such savage freaks, are surely not to be matched anywhere in Europe. The wonder is, perhaps, heightened by the tradition that it was once the rose-garden of a king. Yet there is dread mingled with the wonder. Near at hand that array of strange shapes oppresses you ; seen from Botzen, they astonish and allure. But the allurements diminishes with distance : after a near view you turn away rejoicing that you have not to dwell under the shadow of such a rock as that.

Then we came to open prairie-land—a characteristic of the upper regions among the dolomites—and found pleasant walking. Even the donkey seemed to enjoy it, and trotted along as if unconscious of the bag. A few scattered firs relieved the prevailing level ; the grass felt springy, the wonderful rock forms rose on each side of us, and our walk seemed delightful. But all too soon came a change, for the descent from the western end of the pleasant prairie is an ugly scree, worse than the worst slope of the Dündengrat. Tedious, toilsome, and painful was the going down over the loose lumps of stone. Unfortunately, doing a thing with pleasure and for pleasure are not the same.

Soon after emerging from this purgatorial gulley we saw

Welschenhofen—a few houses amid fields on a distant slope—and arrived there in three and a half hours from Moena. Describing the village, Mr. Ball says, “of three or four rough inns, the Krone is said to be the best.” The miller knew nothing to the contrary, so to the Crown we went, the farthestmost of the three. The hostess, with a child in her arms, was standing on the doorstep. As we came near she hurried into the house, and shut herself into a bedroom with a loud slam. Finding no one else in any of the rooms, I rapped a remonstrance on her door, and asked for a measure of wine. She came out, fetched the wine, and said, as she placed it on the table, “What a pity you did not come half an hour sooner ; you might have gone right away to Botzen by a return carriage.”

“Encouraging,” I said to myself, “quite in keeping with the slatternly appearance of the house and its mistress ;” and I resolved, at all events, not to pass the night under that roof.

The miller finished his share of the wine, took his fee, and departed ; and, I doubt not, mounted the little donkey as soon as he was out of sight. I was descending the steps with intent to look at the other houses, when a carriage going westwards passed the door. I hailed the driver. Yes, he was going to Botzen ; would convey me thither for two florins, but would have to bait at Birchabruck. He had just brought up three Englishmen, and could not go back till the horse had rested. Thus the lazy woman’s desire was accomplished : I went right away.

A drive of about four miles down a roughish road in a valley of red rocks and firs brought us to the baiting-place. There stands an inn that looks as if it did not lack business, yet half new and half old, having just doubled its

dimensions. The Kellnerinn is (or was) flippant and grimy, which made me prefer to eat and drink out of doors. To pass the time in the open air seemed the more agreeable with sultry Botzen in prospect. All around were rocks and trees; the Karneid torrent sent up its noise, and the Rosengarten, shining in the light of the setting sun, could still be seen high up in the east. And but a few yards from the inn stood a chapel about twelve feet square, one of the smallest I ever saw. It has a tower of proportionate size, a shingled spire, and a bell. Is it meant as a plaything—or are true believers very rare?

There is a way from here up the short Karneid valley, and across the hills to Predazzo; but it involves toilsome climbing of a high pass.

The prescribed hour was ending when the wife of a Botzen tradesman, who had taken a few days' holiday at Birchabruck, approached and asked for the spare seat in the carriage, "if not too disagreeable to the Herr Engländer." Disagreeable! quite the contrary; whereby the Englishman had much talk about trading folk and their ways, with a lively and talkative woman.

In the excursions described on a former page we saw the lower part of the Eggenthal; we have now to see the upper part, and to travel its whole length. I had intended to walk down, but soon changed my mind on seeing how narrow and dusty it is, and how the elements of beauty are neutralised by the dry stony bed of the torrent. Porphyry abounds; the border of trees is thick and massy, and in places there are fine contrasts of colour; but few travellers would care to walk up or down it, except those who love walking as mere exercise. Here and there the red cliff juts suddenly it from right to left, causing the torrent to swerve, and

leaving scarcely room for the impetuous water and the curving road to double the point. In one place the cliff stretches nearly all across the valley, and is half-tunneled to admit the road. And here the sight is pleasing, for an ash grows from the overhanging rock, and the red berries drooping in clusters infuse a smile amid the frowns. It is perhaps remarkable that, with one exception, all these protrusions are from right to left. Lower down the scenery improves, varied by tall cliffs and much foliage, and so we come to the bridge and the waterfall—the limit of our former excursion. The road is in places exceedingly steep, but we were nowhere called on to alight.

The early darkness of these southern latitudes was around us when, as we came to a house standing back in a garden, the woman suddenly called on the driver to halt. There dwelt friends of hers, and she must get out and see them. In a few minutes she came back carrying a flagon of wine, followed by two or three of her friends. The Herr Engländer had been so gracious, and the driver so good-natured, that she could not resist the desire to offer us a refresher. Whereupon we drank to the health of the werthen Gesellschaft (worthy company), and, with a friendly Gute nacht! drove away.

Presently we saw Schloss Karneid looming large high aloft on a gloomy crag. Then the lights of Botzen twinkled in the distance, and at a quarter-past eight we drew up at the door of the Kaiserkrone.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Waidbruck.—Barbianer Alp.—Trostburg.—Oswald von Wolkenstein.—Heathen Prussians.—A Rejected Lover.—A crafty Lady.—Going to Gröden.—A pleasant Valley.—Loads of Toys.—Carrying Bees to Flowers.—The Puffatsch.—Beery Resting-place.—The Langkofel.—St. Ulrich.—The White Horse.—Mountains and Politics.—Lack of Trees.—Tawdry Ornament.—A cumbrous Gown.—Haube Wearers.—Thousands of Toys.—Wooden Saints.—Stacks of Crucifixes.—Wasser-kraft.—Boxes.

THE time has come for our promised visit to the Grödnerthal, and we now see Waidbruck by daylight. It is a quiet hamlet with a church, and a Gasthaus zur Sonne, which is not enterprising; could not supply even butter or cheese one day to a hungry Englishman. But it sleeps quietly on the left bank of the Eisack, whereby it commends itself to a quiet-minded tourist. And more; it has a most pleasant outlook. The valley here is narrow, and softened by cultivation; and on the opposite slope we see many signs of habitation—the church and village of Barbian, the green slope of the Barbianer Alp, and terraces of vines, and leafy trees. But here and there occurs a deep rocky chasm, darkened by firs, as if to maintain the rights of Nature amid the tillage.

Were it not for the Trostburg—a castle on the rocky top of a wooded hill—the narrow entrance to the Grödnerthal would be scarcely remarked in the rear of the hamlet. It is one of the two approaches to the dolomite country which

occur between the Pusterthal and Botzen ; the Eggenenthal, as we have seen, is the other.

With half an hour's climbing up a stony way you may reach the foot of the castle walls, and enjoy a fine prospect ; and perhaps get sight of the interior, if the tenants are at home. The known history of the old place begins with the thirteenth century, when it was one of the strongholds of a famous family, among whom Oswald von Wolkenstein, born in 1367, was a hero and Minnesinger. At the age of ten he went forth to fight the heathens that then inhabited Prussia, and afterwards proved himself a valiant knight and good soldier in England, Spain, the Holy Land, and Armenia. When, after years of absence, he returned to the Eisackthal, he could speak ten languages, and bewitch all hearts with harp and song. He wooed a daughter of the house of Hauenstein, and sang of love ; but the lady rejected him, and he betook himself once more to the wars. Returning the second time, he found the lady married ; and again he went away. He reappears in the train of King Sigismund at the Council of Constance. His estates were seized and his castles destroyed by Friedrich Empty-pocket, and the lady whom he had loved, having claims on the Wolkenstein property, invited him to a pilgrimage. He went unarmed ; was seized by the lady's grooms, and shut up in prison, where he lay until, on payment of six thousand florins, backed by the authority of Sigismund, he procured his release. He then went with the monarch to the war against the Turks. Meanwhile Friedrich, under princely compulsion, restored the estates and rebuilt the castles ; and in one or other of these the aged warrior and bard ended his days. But his favourite resort was Schloss Hauenstein by Castelruth, for there his spirit was soothed by the calm and solitude of the



forest. He died there in 1445, and left works and a name which are held by Tyrol in honour and veneration. We saw his tombstone, and his knightly effigy in marble in the arcade at Brixen.

Some of the rooms in the old castle have been restored, and the rustic tenants who have charge of the place will perhaps tell you that the present Count Wolkenstein visits the Trostburg now and then to enjoy the Sommerfrisch. Should you desire to extend your walk, you may go on by the same path to Castl-ruth and the Seisser Alp.

As I stepped from the train a cheery-looking man, who was hastening to the post-office van, accosted me with "Nach Gröden?" Yes, I was going to Gröden, as the Grödner valley is called by the natives; and outside the gate I found the Postwagen, an open carriage with two horses, which travels every day up and down the valley.

The cheery-looking man was the Wirth of the inn at St. Ulrich. He handed the mail-bag to the driver, said he would follow later in the day, and sped us forth with "auf wiedersehen."

Formerly the only connection between Gröden and the great highway of the Brenner was a circuitous mule track which descended at Kollman. The present direct road was opened in 1856 amid rejoicings; and since then the exports of toys and wood-carvings from the valley have increased year by year.

From the last house in Waidbruck, where a toll of two kreutzers is levied on each passenger, the road immediately ascends a narrow, steep, thickly wooded glen. In places the hills are cultivated to the summit; in others the upper slopes are covered with fir, overtopped by bare rocks; but here around us we have maple, chestnut, walnut, a few

pears and hazel, elder and willow, with alternate shade and sunshine. Here and there is a little patch of vines, or rye, barley, or buckwheat ; or a cool nook sheltering clusters of stately golden rod, combined with a succession of pretty effects of foliage and running water. At intervals the passage is so confined that you wonder room could have been found for the road as well as the river. The direction being east and west, the sun shines in the whole day with unsparing heat ; but there is such an amplitude of rustling leaves, so much rural scenery, that the heat is less oppressive than when reflected from cliffs of limestone or porphyry. Diversity of mountain forms, with the Langkofel in the distance, aid the effect, and stony touches here and there, show what Nature can do in her sullen moods.

We have time to look about us, for the way is steep and the pace slow. What it must have been on the old road is suggested by the position of Layen, a hamlet through which it passes high above us on the hill. As our road rises and falls, now high above the stream, now skirting its edge, it is interesting to see how the openings among the trees, however small, are turned to use ; in some places by a little saw-mill. Wagons laden with big cases full of toys rumble heavily downwards, suggestive of amusement for thousands of children. Old folk, who remember the mule-loads of former days, must look with thankful astonishment at the wagon-loads of these days. Presently a man passes carrying on his back a large wooden beehive with all its inhabitants, many of them buzzing about the entrance, yet apparently not resentful of the enforced migration. He gives us a hasty salute, and tramps steadily down the hill in search of new feeding grounds among gardens and buckwheat bloom. The driver says that flowers are scarce now in the upper valley.

Among the high wooded hills on the right is the Puflatsch, and we see the mouth of the defile through which runs one of the paths to Castelnuth and the Seisser Alp. Then we stop at a brewery, only to rest the horses, says the driver; but he does not refuse to drink a tankard of beer while waiting. If the beer were kept cool, it would be at least refreshing.

From the Brauhaus a lane mounts to St. Peter, a village with conspicuous church high aloft on the hilltop on the line of the old road. The steepest section of the journey ends here; the horses do a little trotting; the Langkofel, which has been hidden for a time, reappears, flanked by companions of goodly stature.

Then on a ridge appear a few houses, and in somewhat more than three hours from Waidbruck we cross the ridge and enter St. Ulrich. It is a village with many large white houses, a handsome church, and a comfortable inn—the Weisses Rössl—situate nearly four thousand feet above the sea.

A cheerful welcome and a good supper made me aware that the cheery-looking host, whom I saw at Waidbruck, had left worthy representatives at home. I had the further advantage of conversation with a tourist, a functionary of the Magistratur at Berlin, whose enthusiasm for the mountains was especially animating. Every climb has been to him an endearment, and he expatiated thereon fondly as a mother over her baby.

We sat till near midnight talking on this interesting topic, with occasional divergence into politics, and the great war. It could not be doubted, he said, that there would again be war between France and Germany in 1877 or 1878, that France would again be beaten, and that, to prevent further

disturbance on her part, she would be clipped and crippled once for all. Savoy and Nice would be restored to Italy ; the valley of Chamonix would be given to Switzerland ; and Dunkirk and Lille to Belgium ; and then Europe might expect to be quiet. As an intelligent Prussian's political forecast, this may stand in print to undergo the test of time and circumstance.

A village, from which you can see the Ratschötzberg, the Pitschberg, the Meisules, the Langkofel, and other important mountains varying from seven thousand to ten thousand feet in height, which commands far-stretching views up and down a valley, and has in itself a look of prosperity, can hardly fail to suggest a sojourn of two or three days at least. St. Ulrich has many large houses and abundant signs of trade ; and if it had more trees in its immediate neighbourhood would be a very pleasant place for a holiday. It has been remarked of the valleys of South Tyrol, that where the German element is smallest, there the trees are fewest.

The church built in 1809 is a large, handsome edifice, with hundreds of golden stars on a bright blue ceiling, and many pictures on the walls, but is so overdone with ornament as to look tawdry. The native artists have not yet learned that a good statue is not improved by a coat of gold, scarlet and purple, profusely laid on. The stained-glass windows, all the gift of one donor, were made at Innsbruck. Is it an evidence of Christian zeal that there is talk of building a new church at a cost of twenty thousand florins ?

At the seven o'clock morning service there certainly was no room to spare. Three priests officiated with much singing, one at the high altar, and one at each of the two side altars. The chief wore a gown so stiff in texture, with so heavy a cross embroidered thereon, that to facilitate his move-

ments the two small white-surpliced boys who stood in his rear stepped forward and lifted up the cumbersome skirt every time he knelt. A man went about with a candle, and many of the congregation took a light therefrom, and stuck their small candles on the edge of the seat. Some of the women who wore a *Haube*, a tall black extinguisher-shaped cap with a circlet of blue ribbon on the apex, were very conspicuous in the throng.

If children ever invent a Mecca they will place it at St. Ulrich, for here their hopes and desires meet with full gratification. Here is the source of a large part of the toys that carry delight into the play-rooms of the little ones all over the globe. As cotton to Manchester, or cutlery to Sheffield, so are wooden dolls, wooden soldiers, cows, bears, cocks and hens, and Noah's arks to Gröden. The principal store is a large corner house, of four or five stories built of stone, near the church. It is literally crammed from basement to attic with playthings of all kinds, painted, and "in the white." The sight thereof astonished me not a little, and there was much to admire in the ingenious arrangements for stowage and packing.

Dolls half an inch in length with limbs jointed and movable, are a curiosity. A dozen might easily be packed in a pill-box. These are the very smallest made, and, as may be supposed, their price exceeds that of larger sizes. Dolls four inches long can be bought at six kreutzers the dozen.

Besides the toys there are many articles for use and ornament—vases, boxes, pipes, trays, and so forth, carved in pine or walnut; and religious emblems form a considerable part of the stock in trade. Figures of the saints and of the Virgin, big and little, together with crucifixes, may be reckoned by hundreds. Some are life size, and, for economy

of space being stacked head downwards, they present a very curious appearance. The dealer expends no more sentiment on them than he does on lions and tigers, and sells them as merchandise at a profit.

The villagers avail themselves freely of their Wasser-kraft (water power), in the working of saws, hammers, lathes, and other implements. It is to this abundant supply of power that the cheapness of some of the articles is mainly due. Small spoked wagon-wheels, for example, are sold at eight kreutzers (twopence) the dozen.

The wood used for the carvings is the tree known to botanists as *Pinus cembra*. For other purposes the ordinary pine from the neighbouring hills is used. Thousands of small boxes are required as receptacles for the toys themselves; in which fact, and in the constant demand for big packing-cases, we see the reason why the valley is deficient in trees.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

**An Excursion.—St. Jakob.—The Outstretched Crucifix.—A Mourner.—Only an Acquaintance.—An Arrival.—A Lady in Trousers.—Agile as a Chamois.—News.—Walk to Castelruth.—Prospect of Klobenstein.—Self-reliant Village.—Gossip.—A Cattle Doctor.—A Geologist.—Kalk and Kalk.—Theory and Fact.**

FROM the rear of the church a path ascends the valley rising gradually along the hill side, through fields and pastures, bordered in places by wild roses and hazel with clusters of nuts. Then occurs a deep chasm of crumbling rock crossed by a wooden bridge; then a cheerful green slope shaded by larches, and the view opens more and more, and all St. Ulrich lies revealed. And looking across to the opposite side of the valley we can see, above the rough wooded lower slopes, some of the swells of the Seisser Alp, and the Langkofel down to its base. Then we come to St. Jakob, a few houses only, the inhabitants of which combine farming, wood-carving, and making of toys. The church stands high up on the left, approached by a steep path that tries the lungs, but rewards you with hazel clumps, barberries, bluebells, and rest-harrow. On the brow we find a level pasture fringed with larches, and on the edge of this pasture stands the church. The prospect is pleasing at all times; but at early morn and in the evening, when long shadows rest on the slopes, puts on touches of beauty which are lost in the glare of the noontide sun.

The north door of the church being unfastened, I went in and saw a very gaudy altar, and rough frescoes of saints male and female, and a carved arm and hand holding a crucifix outstretched from the pulpit. Outside among the graves one of the memorials is a showy iron panel brightly gilt, surmounted by a plate representing an open book with the name of the deceased written on the pages.

While I stood leaning on the churchyard wall, a woman who was driving three cows up the mountain came in, and, taking the fir-branch from the holy-water basin near the door, sprinkled a grave, and groaned aloud. Then she went into the church and said a prayer, and repeated the groaning and sprinkling when she came out. I asked if she was mourning for her husband that she groaned so sadly. "No!" "Her father, then, or mother, or her child?" "No, it was only an acquaintance."

From St. Ulrich to St. Jakob is about an hour's walk. On returning you may descend to St. Christina, and there take the main road along the bottom of the valley.

"Some Englishers have come from Ratzes while you have been out walking. Two clergymen and a lady; and the lady wears trousers like a man's." So said the hostess to me in a somewhat mysterious voice as I came in from my walk.

Ratzes is a hollow shut in by forest and stony cliffs at the foot of the Schlern. A copious mineral spring there bubbles up, and supplies a bathing establishment much resorted to by Tyrolers.

My curiosity was excited by the Frau's description, and was gratified soon afterwards by the appearance of the party, and a little pleasant talk.

They had made a walking tour among the dolomites, and



having finished with an ascent of the Schlern were going down to the railway full of delightful recollections. The lady, in picturesque attire, alpenstock in hand, and comely withal, looked charming. Exercise for her was real enjoyment. In the ascent of the mountain, as I heard afterwards from two Germans who had been up, she was always foremost, agile as a chamois.

Among the scraps of information communicated during our brief talk two are worth recording, namely, that Miss Edwards' favourite mule had been drowned by accident, and that one of the Pezzes had opened an inn at the lower end of Lake Alleghe.

Castelruth as seen from Klobenstein is a very pretty place. How would Klobenstein look from Castelruth? I set out one morning to answer the question, went a half-mile down the road towards Waidbruck, then, turning to the left, crossed the river, and mounted the forest path along the slope of Pufatsch. It looks rough and dark when viewed from St. Ulrich, but is made up of larch and fir, waterfalls, pastures, fields, with here and there a cottage. Then at the shoulder of the hill the path turns away from the valley, enters the pass which has the appearance of a pleasant green lane, and leads us to a brow. There—yonder is Klobenstein, and the Ritten, and the Rittnerhorn, and the churches, and the green slopes and masses of trees, all looking so pleasant that one longs to be there again.

The hither view presents an irregular table-land of fields and pastures patched with forest; and there, seemingly on the edge of the gulf of the Eisack, is Castelruth, with its tall white tower which we looked at so often two years ago. The distance seems trifling, but we must do two hours of rough walking before we arrive, and then we find a village of large

houses with a square, and a roughly paved street, presenting somewhat the appearance of a town. It has a large church with mosaic floor, and a detached campanile of grand proportions, more than two hundred feet in height, and a musical peal of bells which the villagers ring with lively enjoyment ; remembering, perhaps, that a company of three hundred and fifty Castelruthers played a conspicuous part in the famous victory at Berg Isel in Anno Nine. Indeed the whole village looks substantial and self-reliant, and if it has a tendency to self-conceit should be kept therefrom by the huge mass of the Schlern, which rises ever in the background. There was formerly in the neighbourhood a castle of the Wolkensteins—the Castellum ruptum—castello rotto—from which the present name of the place is derived ; but the site alone remains with traditions of elfin music. Innocent wanderers still hear it—

“‘Twixt the sleep and waking hour  
When the elfin king hath power.”

The sprightly Kellnerinn at the Goldene Rössl, where I dined, told me she was the landlord's daughter—that there was no one in the house except herself and the cook—that Ratzes belongs to her father—that her mother was there managing the establishment with the daughter of the White Horse at St. Ulrich to learn cookery. It seemed that unawares I had fallen among neighbours.

In these parts a picture of a tree on the front of a house has the same signification as a bush. At the door of a house thus marked, near the church of St. Michael, I saw, on my way back, a man whose skin was almost black through long exposure to weather. As we walked half-a-mile together he told me he was a vagrant cattle doctor, and that tramping

hither and thither all over the wild mountains, with sometimes a journey down to Klausen to replenish his stock of medicines, was a very hard life.

During the evening I had much interesting conversation with a Hungarian geologist, a member of the Geological Institute of Vienna, employed on the government survey of South Tyrol. To-morrow he will take the same walk that we have taken up the Pufatsch to the Pufferschlucht, where fossil fishes are to be found five thousand feet above the sea, and the next day he will go up the Schlern. The whole region is interesting, and he likes it better than the country beyond Lienz, where, though the scenery is good, the rocks offer nothing but schist and mica slate. "Ja," he said, "the kalk (limestone) gives me more to think about than the glimmerschiefer. Here are nuts to crack." But there is kalk and kalk, and though dolomite is a convenient term by which to describe a large section of country, there is no real dolomite except in Fassa and Gröden. The Schlern itself is only in part dolomite.

In all the views that we have had, or may yet have, of the dolomite country, the precipitous and isolated condition of the several hills and masses appears as a striking characteristic. You may walk round any one of them. To walk round Mont Blanc requires a week; the Jungfrau perhaps as much; but an active pedestrian could put a girdle round the Marmolata in two days. It is this isolation—particularly as regards the Schlern—which led Baron von Richtofen to his theory that the mountains of this region had been deposited or built up in a deep sea: a phenomenon paralleled by the coral islands of the South Pacific. It must be admitted that this theory gives a plausible explanation of the facts, and it has found advocates; but there is an able and active

party on the other side, who contend that the isolation is an accident; that it is easy to find trace of the former existence of ranges, and that the intervening spaces have been produced by violent convulsions of Nature. And so the question remains as undecided as that between Vulcanists and Neptunists was at the beginning of the present century.

Professor Dana says that the building up of coral reefs takes place in water which is never below sixty-eight degrees of temperature, and is most rapid where the water is warmest. How then, he asks, are we to account for the coral masses in limestone of the British Islands, or for the dolomite or magnesian limestone of the continent? The temperature line of sixty-eight degrees must in those primeval days have been farther north than now, or was there then a hardier race of coral builders?

That only is real dolomite which contains magnesia among its constituents. All the rest is kalk. Unlearned readers may perhaps like to know that dolomite derives its name from Dolomieu, a French geologist.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Up the Valley.—Prosperity.—Schloss Fischburg.—St. Christina.—Wolkenstein.—Our Lady's Meadow.—Queer Caps.—Playing and Praying.—The Langenthal.—Plan, out of the World.—A decorated Lamb.—The Two Ways.—A Travelled Hostess.—English Happiness.—Windmills and Boats.—Dialect.—Obituary Pictures.—Taproom Decorations.—An Evening Walk.

THE view towards the head of the valley, as seen from the Weisses Rössl, excites curiosity. Shall we stroll to the first bend, and see if there is anything beyond that will invite us farther? That there are great things can be seen from far; the small things wait discovery. The distance to Plan, at the head of the valley, is about six miles—not too far in any case. The road descends, winds, rises, passes saw-mills, stacks of boards, swift runs of water, factories, stacks of packing-cases, some of them big enough to lodge a tall, stout Diogenes; and the river, here labouring in a gulley, there sprawling among shallows, flows noisily by. There are white-washed houses with bright green shutters, houses decorated with geometrical figures, or with imitations of ends of logs at the corners, while gardens all a-bloom with marigolds, poppies, and grand red roses, impart a touch of refinement and sunshiny comfort. Waste ground is nowhere to be seen, except on the hills; and here, in St. Ulrich, it is difficult to get a plot of land on which to build a house.

From St. Christina we see beyond the river, on the right, the steep path of the Saltariaberg, one of the ways to the

Seisser Alp ; and there is Schloss Fischburg, a castle with towers and turrets, a possession of the Wolkensteins, now inhabited by peasants ; and there, high aloft on the same side, is the Langkofel, changed in aspect by nearness. On the left rise the solid wall of the Sotschedia and the Rothstein, and, barring our way in front, appears the broad rugged mass of the Meisules.

A touch of antiquity, an inscription on a house-front, attracts attention—"Ego Melchior Fegele de Capidona plebanus et primissarius Gardene tunc temporis edificavit istam domum anno domini MDXLIH." What an isolated nest Gröden must have been in those days !

The valley may be described as three basins, St. Ulrich being the broadest and biggest. At St. Christina the river flows through a gut, and we mount a step to an oval basin, which holds the village of Santa Maria ; then another gut, and another step, and we come to the basin of Wolkenstein and the end of the valley.

There is the usual sprinkling along the roadside of shrines, crosses, and memorial pictures, and on a grassy level at Wolkenstein—Unserfrauen Wiese (Our Lady's meadow)—a handsome church has just been erected, at a cost of twenty thousand florins. The tower is to be built some day ; meanwhile the tower of the old church, painted pink and white, serves as campanile. Beyond the church two bold bluffs guard, as it were, the entrance to the Langenthal, through which we get a long vista. Schloss Wolkenstein, a famous castle, partly hewn out of the solid rock, once stood at the base of the nearer bluff. Something that looks like traces of windows or doorways can be seen from the road ; all the rest was demolished, so says tradition, by a lightning stroke. Fischburg was built to replace it.

The few houses hereabouts scarcely disturb the general lonesomeness. The usual arrangement prevails in the Wirthshaus: the public room on the first floor; a big stove, in shape like a peaked wagon-tilt, with shelves for glasses along each side. In one corner I saw four men playing at cards; in another sat a party drinking neat schnaps with very solemn faces, as if there were no gladness in that kind of tipples.

Presently one of the card-players rose, made the sign of the cross, looked at a paper picture of the Virgin, and began to recite a prayer; but he suddenly stopped, and nudged his companions, who, standing up, made themselves audible in a praying quartet. They then sat down to a gallon of dumping soup as a whet for dinner.

Hereabouts the bed of the stream is very stony, and masses of weed entangled among the stones form groups of islets. Bridges, too, are numerous; some made of two slim poles, as if for the exercise of a rope-dancer; some with short boards, each kept in place by a big stone laid across the poles; and where the swift current encroaches on the meadow, barriers are built of stones and trestle-work. Now the valley narrows, and the stream, diminished to a lively brook, runs through meadows so bright and luxuriant that they are a feast for the eye. And here we are at Plan, the head of the valley, shut in by the shaggy heights that prop the Seisser Alp, by the stern, outstretched mass of the Meisules, and by a broad green hill against which the white-washed Wirthshaus shows conspicuous. We are so near to Meisules that his rugged features, streaked here and there with snow, and stripped of their aerial disguise, almost excite a shudder. This plinthe of forest saves him from the reproach of utter desolation; moreover, he is the parent of our lively brook.

The scene is pleasant, nevertheless ; it seems so far out of the world, and is so quiet ! There are a few little patches of rye and oats among the waving grass, and a few fowls roaming around the house against which the road ends.

A white lamb on a blue shield, with flower-pots as supporters, and a wreath in place of crest, is the sign. On one of the walls is a fresco of the Virgin and Child. At the corner a post, striped red and white, holds a board on which is written —

*“ Gemeinde Wolkenstein  
Weg nach Fassa   
Weg nach Kalfuschg  ”*

The ugly-looking name is softened by people who do not speak German into Colfosco. The two paths as indicated immediately mount the Alp, that on the right meandering up the green slope until it disappears at a bend where the defile narrows. By that way, which crosses much pasture-land, you may walk in four hours to Campidello, and with not more than half an hour of severe climbing. The charge for a horse is four florins.

The Colfosco path is very stony, and strikes off to the left by the side of a swift brook that drives a mill a little below the Wirthshaus.

A lively, talkative woman is Frau Lardschneider, the hostess of the Lamm. Her husband, she said, was brother of the Weisses Rössl at St. Ulrich. Though she lived in a quiet nook now, she had travelled ; had sojourned in Frankfurt, Vienna, Gratz, and in Upper Austria and Bavaria. In winter the snow lay deep ; but Plan was not dull, for many men were then at work fetching down timber and hay from the mountains ; and there were wood-carvers all about the neighbourhood, even as far as Fassa, and thousands of



carvings, mostly wooden horses, were sent to foreign parts every year.

Many travellers had come that way in 1872 ; among them an English family, who filled her house, and made it happy, for the girls were merry and as bright as sunshine ; and there was an Englishman, who had come twice and stayed awhile. She liked him, for he was good-natured, would play with her children, and cut windmills for them out of pieces of wood, and make paper boats. She fetched one of the boats to show as evidence. Such an Englishman as that deserves to be held in loving remembrance. I, alas ! have completely forgotten the art, so familiar in boyhood, of making paper boats.

We had some talk about dialect, and the Frau exemplified with numerals, pronouncing each distinctly, so that I might catch the sound, and finished her lesson with the names of things in the house. In the dialect of the valley Gröden is Gördeina, or in Italian, Gardena, and St. Ulrich is Ortiseit, or Udalrico. It is the dialect known to students as *Ladin*, and is said to be a relic, through many centuries, of occupation by Roman cohorts. A similar dialect may be heard in the Enneberger valley, and in the Lower Engadine.

On a post near the house is a memorial painting representing a mountain slope, a brook, a newly-felled fir, a hacked stump, and a woodman outstretched bleeding, with his axe by his side. Underneath is the inscription :—

“Ai 29 Febbraio 1864 fu disgraziamente colpito da un’albero cadente il giovane Clemente Gudanner nell’ età di 18 anni ed in conseguenza spirò.

“Pio viaggiatore donate al defonto un divoto Pater ad Ave con requiem.”

Near Wolkenstein, another picture under a little pent-house shows a man thrown from a horse, and neighbours running to his assistance. And the inscription solicits three Aves for Antonio Vinatzer, who came to his end, as depicted, at Udalrico in Gardena, and left an afflicted widow and ten small children.

In one of the shrines is a half-length figure of Christ painted white, with black moustache and beard, the hands crossed on the breast, but of the very dismalest expression. Can such a scarecrow as that inspire devotion or sympathy?

On the way back I looked into the guest-room of the Sun at St. Christina. Every table was filled by card players, and women looking on, and every one was drinking coffee or wine, and eating bread with, in some instances, a slice of old sausage brought in the pocket. Not one was noisy. Pictures and prints of saints, of Christ before Pilate, of the crucifixion, hung on the walls, contrasting strangely with the decorations of an English tap-room.

Among the groups on the road are more women wearing the queer black extinguisher with circlet of blue. It is *cazena* in the Ladin dialect. There are no signs of poverty. All the groups are well clad; yet the children, seeing a stranger, beset him with whinings for a kreutzer or a soldo.

The evening sun touches the hills as we walk back—a downhill walk—and the landscape seen in reverse shews new features. One might almost fancy that some of the things we now see were not there in our upward walk: a conical hill, for example, with a fine red scarp standing up apparently in the middle of the valley. Farther on we get a glimpse of the Schlern above the heights on the left. And a striking

effect appears as we come in sight of St. Ulrich : the dark rough slope of the Ratschötz on one side ; the dark rough slope of the Puflatsch on the other ; and between, the tops of the hills beyond the Eisack peeping up to catch the last of the setting sun.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A Short Chapter of Words and Phrases.

THE Gröden dialect is a curious compound,—German, Slavonic, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish; and equally curious are the spelling and pronunciation. Shall we, now that rustling leaves announce a wakeful breeze, entertain ourselves with a short lesson? We can stroll out to the bridge below the St. Anna church, and there find entrance to pleasant meadows along the Ratschötzbach, and a grassy seat under the trees. We will begin with a specimen of verbs:—

Vöster, *To be.*

Jö son, *I am.*

Tu jës, *Thou art.*

Ël je, *He is.*

Nous son, *We are.*

Vo sëis, *You are.*

Ëi jè, *They are.*

Avëi, *To have.*

Jö hë, *I have.*

Tu hës, *Thou hast.*

Ël hà, *He has.*

Nous on, *We have.*

Vo ëis, *You have.*

Ëi ha, *They have.*

Pudëi, *To be able.*

Jö poss, *I can.*

Tu pösses, *Thou canst.*

Ël pò, *He can.*

Nous pudon, *We can.*

Vo pudëis, *You can.*

Ëi pò, *They can.*

'L di, *day.*

La nuct, *night.*

'L surédl, *the sun.*

'L toune, *thunder.*

'L pluëf, *it rains.*

'L stueb, *dust.*

Na mont, *a mountain.*

Un crep, *a rock.*

Bronza, *coal.*

fièr, *iron.*

fiöra, *market.*

Mulin da vënt, *windmill.*

Cudria, *plough.*

Fourtgia, *pitchfork.*

Flöl, *flail.*

Fën, *hay.*

Sträm, *straw.*

Jërba, *grass.*

foja, *leaf.*

fiëura, *flower.*

furmënton, *buckwheat.*

pàn, *bread.*

'L bo, *ox.*

La vatgia, *cow.*

'L castron, *mutton*.  
'L tgian, *dog*.  
giällina, *hen*.  
antgia, *goose*.  
àuneš, *duck*.

giatta, *cat*.  
bràč, *arm*.  
liött, *bed*.  
tgiàmpàna, *bell*.  
'L tgiàpoli, *hat*.

Iddie Padre, Figliuolo y Spirt  
sant.  
'L còaser, *emperor*.  
Oma, *mother*.  
La mutta, *maiden*.  
La fèna, *wife*.  
La fia, *daughter*.  
'L sartour, *tailor*.

Mòz, *Matthew*.  
Ušöp, *Joseph*.  
Niel, *Nicholas*.  
Šan, *John*.  
Grèatl, *Margaret*.  
Persenon, *Brizen*.  
Bulžàn, *Botzen*.

The numerals are,—

1 .... unn.	8 .... òtt.	15 .... chindeš.
2 .... doi.	9 .... nuèf.	16 .... sèides.
3 .... trëi.	10 .... diöš.	17 .... dösesött.
4 .... cätter.	11 .... undeš.	18 .... dösdött.
5 .... cinch.	12 .... dodeš.	19 .... dosdeuf.
6 .... siea.	13 .... trëdeš.	20 .... vint.
7 .... sött.	14 .... cattördeš.	

Un chert, *a fourth*. La quinta pèrt, *a fifth part*.

The tgi have the same sound as tch in our word *thatch*. Thus *vatgia* is pronounced *vatcha*. In *vint* the *int* are sounded as in *flint*. Generally the pronunciation is quick and jerky, and to the ear of a stranger is somewhat grotesque. But through the queer spelling it is possible to identify a number of relationships with other languages.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

St. Ulrich to Fassa.—Polishing the Virgin.—“ You ! ”—A Basket of Sheep.—Saltariaberg.—Donkey Carver.—Seisser Alp.—The Spring.—Cow Paradise.—Blattkogel.—Grumbling Träger.—More Mountains.—The Duronthal.—A Plunge.—Campidello.—Al Molino.—Two tough Tourists.—Graves and Skulls.—Priestly Bowlers.—Source of Avisio.—Triune Valley.—Bernardi, Junior.—Fassathal.—Vigo.—Mountains and Ash-heaps.—Stgraun.—Up Monte Lusia.—Turgid Träger.—Lost in the Forest.—Smashing a Kraks.—Paneveggio.

THE shortest way from St. Ulrich to the Fassathal crosses the Seisser Alp. The professional guide had gone with the Berliner to Castelruth and Atzwang, to my regret, for he was a quick, intelligent fellow; and the Wirth, after some inquiry, found a wood-carver willing to carry my bag to Campidello. There had perhaps been difficulties, for it was late when we started.

On our way through the village we passed a man who sat on his stoop enjoying the morning air, while he sand-papered a large figure of the Virgin (a Muttergottes in technical phrase), and thereby gave it the requisite smoothness and polish. He turned it this way and that, blew the dust off, felt the features tenderly, and then gave fresh touches of the sand-paper with as much unconcern as if a wooden divinity were no better than a chest of drawers.

He looked up as we passed, and said to Träger,—

“ Where are ye going ? ”

“ To Campidel.”

“You !”

Another characteristic incident was the passing of two men laden with large baskets filled with little wagons and wooden figures of sheep and dogs. At St. Christina we crossed the bridge, and took the steep, stony path—the Steig—which mounts under the fir-trees of the Saltariaberg, and makes you pant for breath. There is a path near St. Ulrich, but it is steeper and more stony than this, said Träger ; and he began thus early to complain of the weight of my bag.

As the view opened, I asked the names of the hills. He knew the Langkofel, but no other ; so I tried him on another topic, wood-carving, as we toiled up the steep. Was there division of labour among the carvers, or did one man turn his hand to many things ? Yes, for the most part there was division. One man cuts lions, another dogs, another cows, and so forth.

“And what do you cut ?”

“Esel ”—donkeys.

Esel schnitzer—donkey-carver. No wonder that he did not know the names of the hills, and groaned under a weight of fifteen pounds.

What a pleasure it was to step from the stony slope to the green pasture, to leave behind the patches of forest and feel the sense of freedom inspired by the broad open alp ! Always upwards ; up, up, up, while wider and wider spread the prospect. On the edge of a patch of scrub, where a bright spring leaped from under a rock, we sat down to luncheon. A broken mug, left on a big stone for the use of wayfarers, served us as drinking-cup. What delicious water ! My recollection of that spring will always be refreshing.

Still the alp ascends, and the expanse of grass and pasture seems to grow ever wider, as if asserting the claim of the

Seisser Alp to be the largest in Europe—three hours in length and breadth. It is thickly sprinkled with hay-barns, is rich in cattle, in precious stones, and minerals of many kinds, first made known by that indefatigable geologist Von Buch.

There is many a Kuh-himmel (cow-paradise) among the mountains, but none to equal the Seisser Alp. On a sunshiny day you may see haymaking on a grand scale. We passed many parties of haymakers, busy with the second crop, who all gave us a lively greeting.

At this time we had the Blattkogel with its rugged crags on the east; on the west the Schlern. A few showers fell, thunder grumbled in the distance, and here and there a mist rolled past—all adding to the impressiveness of the scene. Always upwards runs the path, from one grassy brow to another, and the question arises, When shall we come to the last? Are these the slopes that looked so easy, so accessible, when viewed from Klobenstein? Träger complains sorely of the weight of the bag, and protests that it must be filled with gold. Evidently donkey-carving is not favourable to manhood.

At last we saw the summit—Auf der Schneid—approached by a steep and stony path, which has on one side the Langkofel, the Blattkogel on the other, and leads up to views of the Rosszähne and the Sella Spitz; and in presence of all these we forget the toil. The sight of Puflatsch in the rearward prospect enables us to identify our topography; and if we look carefully through a green crevice in that quarter, we get a glimpse of the glittering snow of the Noric Alps.

It was an agreeable surprise to find green turf at the end of the stony path, where a grassy shoulder forms the crown of the pass. Hence a small part of the snowy crest of Mar-



molata can be seen, and tremendous precipices of white limestone in the nearer view. Soon we came to the end of the shoulder, and plunged suddenly down towards the Duronthal by a rough path through scrub, as steep as the steepest side of the Gemmi. For a while we had soft grass under foot ; then we entered a wood ; but all too soon, lest we should feel too happy, the inevitable stony path with its jerky shocks dispelled the charm of walking. But still we plunged downwards—down, down—and came into a wild glen, where the brook, hitherto playful, began to rush and roar under stony precipices of darksome aspect. Then a bend, an opening, and there was the little rustic village of Campidello, overlooked by its church from an elevated slope, and enlivened by brooks that splash through it from different directions, and drive busy mill-wheels. The walk from St. Ulrich had taken us five hours.

The village is a collection of whitewashed houses with shingle roofs, all looking rough and disorderly. One among them is Al Molino—a public-house kept by Giovanni Bernardi, a man whose rusticity matches his environment, but whose attention to his guests is exemplary. Padrone and waiter all in one he never tires of his trips between dining-room and kitchen, and though he clatters across the stone floor in heavy boots, he places the dishes before you with such an evident hope that they may prove acceptable, that good-will more than compensates for lack of grace. The house is indeed changed since Churchill came here, and discovered the larder in “a box on the stairs.” Now you can get fish and flesh, and pudding, and salad and cheese. And since my visit, as I have heard, the worthy Bernardi has engaged a Kellnerinn who, let us hope, is as exemplary as her master.

Towards evening two Berliners arrived who, while relating

their experiences of travel, reminded me of Schultze and Müller, by their pronunciation of the *g* as *y*. A few days before they had walked to the top of the Gross Venediger—a noteworthy exploit of men whose hair had begun to turn grey. They intended, on the next day, to climb the Schlern; for which, as one said, they still felt “*zäh genug*”—tough enough.

All the village children beg as you stroll about—“*Bitte, ein Kreutzer,*” “*Bitte, ein Kreutzer.*” Even the big boys who were driving in the cattle joined in the cry—“*Bitte, ein Kreutzer.*”

The church stands on a rise at the rear of the village, surrounded by crucifixes, and the wood and iron crosses that solemnize the graveyard. So many of the crosses carry a clock face, or a small kettle of holy water, that a curious effect is produced. Does the clock face indicate the hour of death? Still more remarkable is a skull with a snake creeping out of the left eye socket, and coiling on the crown.

On the wall of the church the twelve stations are painted, and a huge St. Christopher wading while a mermaid floats between his outstretched legs, and a tiny Christ sits on his shoulder. Over the small door is a knight on horseback with drawn sword, and at the end a sundial dated 1720.

On the north side is a small chapel in which the base of the altar is built up of skulls, many of them marked with initial letters—D., R., V., V., S., D.—and so forth.

A few women sauntered up from the village as evening drew on, to say their prayers. How is it that saying prayers is so rarely volunteered by men? Are they less religious or less credulous than women? While the low hum of voices went on inside the church, two young priests amused themselves with bowls on the path below the churchyard wall.

The view of the village is highly characteristic: a curious

intermixture of the rough houses and sheds with little plots of potatoes and cabbages, and water brooks and bridges. The adjacent slopes are chequered by little patches of grain and patches of wood, and in the rear of the church by many rocks. And all this is enclosed by sullen precipices which have an imprisoning effect. But you can look above and beyond them, and see the wonderful heights that stand around the head of Fassa and make the prison glorious. How insignificant appears the little village amid the magnificence of nature ! The outer world surely has forgotten it, for not a sound is heard except the rush and roar of the water.

Early on the morrow I went once more up to the churchyard. The glorious prospect touched by the morning sun seemed yet more glorious. Ah ! if one had limitless time, and exhaustless strength, what glorious explorations might be undertaken !

Here, in this little nook we are not far from the source of the Avisio, a brawling torrent derived from the snow and ice of the Marmolata. He—if we may apply the pronoun to a brook—grows speedily to a river, and, rejoicing in strength, makes a course of sixty miles down to Lavis, where through a broad stony desert, he trickles, as if ashamed of himself, into the Adige.

It is noteworthy that this long valley is named as three valleys ; this upper section being Fassathal, the middle, as we already know, Fleimserthal, and the lower Zimmerthal. The corresponding Italian names are Val di Fassa, Val di Fiemme, and Val Cembra. Our topographical endeavours may be aided by remembering that the general course of this triune valley is south-westerly.

I travelled down to Moena in Bernardi's Einspanner, with Bernardi the younger as driver. He being a bright-looking

youth, and wearing a feather in his hat, attracted the eyes and smiles of the maidens among the groups on their way up to pass the Sunday in Campidel. His speech being neither German nor Italian, was not easy to understand. An Englishman may well be pardoned if sometimes at a loss in a region where the people of a village use words which are not understood in a village not more than ten miles off.

The road is rough, and so prolific in jolts that you forget at times that the scenery on each side is worth looking at. As the valley broadens, houses and fields come into the scene along with striking views of the Sasso di Damm, the Lausakogel, the Triolette, the Rothewand, the Rosengarten, and other stony summits. And if you turn and look back when about three miles below Campidel, you see the Blattkogel, completely filling up the head of the valley. Porphyry ridges and porphyry cliffs meet the eye to the farthest distance, for in the district between the Eisack and Val Sugana the red stone prevails above all other.

More churches come in sight. There are six villages between Campidel and Moena. The patches of grain, of flax and hemp, and the cabbage gardens multiply on the slopes ; and the general look of prosperity might be accepted as real, were there not here and there signs of the havoc occasioned by landslips. Dwellers among the hills must never be presumptuous.

The important village is Vigo. We saw it above us on the right while we drove along the main road which clings safely to the "easy gradients" on the bottom of the valley. The inn up there has been much praised by travellers who have had to pay city prices for rural entertainment. Nevertheless it is good head-quarters for any who desire to climb up and look into the Rosengarten, of which the strange pinnacles can be seen on the rearward heights.

Already we recognise the truth of the statement that the Avisio flows through some of the most striking scenery of South Tyrol. Mountain succeeds to mountain in the prospect, and you may learn their names if you will. Geologists aver that some of those mountains are nothing but masses of ashes which were thrown up by volcanoes at the bottom of a deep sea. It sounds unromantic to call them solidified ash heaps; but they have a majestic appearance nevertheless.

A little farther and there was a steep descent to the lower level of Moena, where we arrived after a two hours' drive down the whole length of the Fassathal. Below the village a narrow defile, which continues until near Predazzo, opens the first reach of the Fleimserthal, deep between the hills, with room in places only for the road and the river.

The jolly landlady at the Crown started an inquiry for a man to carry my bag over the hill to Paneveggio, and placed before me a luncheon of boiled mutton. I expressed my gratification at the unexpected interpolation of pecore in the perennial course of veal which rules in Tyrol; whereupon Bernardi informed me that in Fassa the sheep was called Stgraun.

A man was found among the taproom guests who, though he looked genteel in his Sunday clothes, undertook to carry my bag. The passage of Monte Lusia has been described in a former page, and it will suffice to record that when we had mounted the last of the long zigzags, Träger turned into a hay-barn where his father, brother, and sister, were just sitting down to their noontide meal of polenta, milk, and cheese. He helped himself bountifully, and talked volubly; and through their dialect I understood that they were criticising the foreigner, whose demerits included so ponderous a bag. Quiet old Colesel rose more and more in my estimation.

The three soon rose up to resume their haymaking, and Träger, having borrowed a Kraks for his burden, hung it on his shoulders, and we were presently on the grassy summit where, on all sides, the haymakers were busy. King Cimon had put on his veil, but in the west the snow peaks rose sharp and clear, and failed not to awake the thrill of heart that always answers their glorious greeting.

Träger, feeling turgid with much polenta, halted to drink water at two other hay-barns which we passed, and then we made a plunge into the forest. I suggested to him that we should have gone farther to the east; but he knew best, and wandered up and down, and hither and thither, through bog and brake, until I refused to follow, and declared that a little brook should be my guide. He argued and protested. To have lost the way was disgraceful, and he must recover it. By all means: but meanwhile I could pursue the brook. No, no, never had he left a traveller alone in the forest; it would be disgraceful; what would become of me? To which it was answered that there were no wolves, and that the traveller was not afraid of trees. Well, then, would I promise not to go away while he explored? I sat on a mossy stone listening to the voice of the water, and watching the glints of sunshine on the tree-stems until he came back panting to say he thought he had found the way. I preferred the rough bank of the brook: we scrambled down, and in twenty minutes more struck a narrow beaten road—the familiar old road through the forest.

As I had suggested, a furlong farther to the east would have brought us to the usual track. As we left the cover, and before we came in sight of the house, the influence of Sunday clothes made a demonstration. Träger declared it was not respectable to appear before folk with a Kraks on

shoulder, so he smashed the useful implement, and threw away the fragments, and walked across the meadow with my bag in his hand.

And presently I was shaking hands with the good friends at Paneveggio.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

New Faces.—Art and Learning.—Reminder of Schluderbach.—Musical Evening.—Patriotic Songs.—The Heuschreck.—Das Lied von Paneveggio.—Yankee Doodle in Church.—The Archduke.—About the Supper Things.—The Archduchess.—Decorations Ecclesiastical.—Loan of a Voice.—The Emperor's Birthday.—The Garibaldi Hymn.—Camicia Rossa.—Otel zum Cherl.—A Serenade.—Evviva !—The Merry Choir.—Vespers.

AFTER the greetings had come to an end, and the conceited Träger had been sufficiently criticised, I became aware of new faces among the groups, and turned to the Wirth for explanation. "They are not runaway travellers," he said ; "they have come to stay. Two of the ladies are artists from Bavaria ; the others are a sculptor and his wife out of Trent, and a young fellow who is nothing, and they speak no German. That one with spectacles is a professor ; and the Herr Ingenieur—the road-maker—you remember him from last year ; and the one in the black gown, he is our new priest, and a clever one." Here was promise of art and learning which seemed surprising in simple, isolated Paneveggio. What would come of it ?

"We saw you at Schluderbach," said the artists, when we met at table a few hours later, and after some explanation I recognised the two ladies who, as is recorded, had sat in the dim corner at Mrs. Ploner's. This was a good beginning ; and on the next evening the younger of the two brought out her zither, and sang and played so sweetly that all hearers



were delighted, and some professed themselves ready to follow the inspiring example. Not an evening afterwards passed without music and song. We had Lieder and barcarole, sentimental ditties, and hearty choruses.

“Io son ricco tu sei bella  
Io ducati e vezzi hai tu  
Perche a me sarai ribella  
Nina mia che vuoi di piu?”

Among special favourites were Santa Lucia, and the patriotic hymn—

“Zu Mantua in Banden der treue Hofer war,  
In Mantua zum Tode führt ihn der Feinde Schaar.  
Es blutete der Bruder Herz  
Ganz Deutschland ach! in Schmach und Schmerz!  
Mit ihm das Land Tirol!”

In this the whole company joined, and with marked effect; the last line being four times repeated.

The Wirth, who always joined our party, sang a stirring song—“Tiroler Adler”—Tyroler Eagle, which has a shrill Jödel in the chorus. But one that seemed to please him best was—

“Was ein rechter Heuschreck ist  
Sitzt im Sommer auf der Wiese;  
Auf der Wiese muss er sitzen  
Hin und wieder muss er spritzen.  
Heuschreck hin, Heuschreck her,  
Ein alter Heuschreck spritzt nimmermehr.

“Wann im Herbst die Sonne scheint  
Sitzen beide eng vereint;  
An der Gattin zarten Busen  
Thut der Heuschreck nächtlich ruhen.  
Heuschreck her, Heuschreck hin,  
Es lebe auch die Heuschreckin.” ;

This is sung somewhat slowly, and at the end of each

stanza a curious quick chorus comes in with remarkable effect :—

“ Und so a Netterl wie mei Netterl  
Gibts ka Netterl nimmermehr.” (*bis*).

To resist so many claimants was impossible ; but to sing in a tongue unknown to the company would not be edifying. I therefore composed the song, “ Das Lied von Paneveggio,” which appears at the end of this book, and sang it to the tune of Yankee Doodle. It was received with vehement applause ; the chorus was taken up by every voice, and declared to be as animating as the “ Tyroler Adler.” To insure that the air should not be forgotten I gave the notes to a musician at Predazzo, who told me some time afterwards that he had played the tune in church during morning service. “ I played it so slowly,” he said, “ that no one found it out.”

“ When you come again,” he said, “ you shall hear Das Lied sung by the choir.” The promise has not yet been fulfilled ; still I am not without hope that Yankee Doodle may become naturalized in the valley. It will revivify the patriotism of American travellers.

With excursions by day and music at night the time passed blithely. A favourite excursion of the ladies was to the Archduke’s casera on Giuribel, where they could sketch and lounge, enjoy cool breezes, and drink milk. One day some excitement was aroused by news that the great man himself was coming to visit his dairy, and would sleep at the inn. The hostess considered her larder ; the forester’s sacred chamber was unlocked, and Erzherzog—Erzherzog, might have been a rallying cry, so often was it repeated. We had a glimpse of his Highness as he returned from an evening stroll. His stature is commanding, and we thought he would look well at the head of a column of Grenadiers. How he

managed to pack himself into a Paneveggio bed, which was scarcely long enough for a man of middle height, remains, I believe, untold to outsiders. Ere he entered the house the hostess came to me, and asked in a low voice whether it would be best to leave the "supper things" on the archducal table all night or to clear them away. "Herr Blank," she added doubtfully, "says it would be good manners to leave them." I decided against Herr Blank, and the Kellnerinn, hurrying up-stairs, speedily cleared the table.

In a subsequent visit the Archduke was accompanied by the Archduchess, who, having heard that sleeping on hay was one of the pleasures of mountain life, would go up Giuribel, and pass the night at the casera. The hostess did her best to dissuade the imperial lady from the adventure; but in vain: she was not to be deterred by suggestions of discomfort. One night, however, was enough, for on her return the "august visitor" informed the hostess that the next time she would sleep at Paneveggio.

One Saturday, immediately after supper, our table was heaped with a confusion of greenery, out of which we were invited to plait festoons and wreaths for the decoration of the chapel, and the honour of the saint whose day was to be celebrated. Accompanied by rehearsal of musical phrases, the plaiting was soon accomplished, and an anthem was tried in expectation that it might be sung during the morning service. A bass voice was wanted. Would I lend mine? I stared. A protestant voice in a popish chapel; would it not neutralize the whole performance? "We don't mind if you don't," was the answer; and so, well or ill, the anthem was sung.

The 18th of August, the Emperor's birthday, fell on a

Sunday. Something was to happen. The Wirth had asked me the day before if I could dine with the others an hour earlier than usual, but had offered no explanation. Morning woke in her brightest mood, and made at least one of the company aware that special weather is dispensed to emperors as well as to queens. At six o'clock an early mass was performed, there being already more than enough of worshippers to fill the chapel. How indifferent they were to the thousands of silvery and rainbow-tinted pearls that they kicked aside while striding across the dewy grass! At nine o'clock music was heard down the valley. We looked and saw, coming up the road from behind the woody base of Dos Sasso, a company of musicians who, playing the Garibaldi Hymn, marched up at a lively pace. They were the band and choir from Predazzo; and, as the inspiring notes of *Camicia rossa!* (Red Shirts) sounded afar, it was wonderful to see how spectators appeared. Where had they all come from? Before you were aware, some two hundred people had come together, and here and there a voice was heard chanting the popular song—

“ Quando le trombe suonan l' allarme,  
 Con Garibaldi corsi a ruolarmi,  
 La man mi strinse con forte scossa  
 E mi diè questa camicia rossa!  
 Camicia rossa! camicia ardente!” etc.

On came the band, until in front of the house they halted and sang a salutation song, while one of the party hung on the balustrade of the stoop a large sheet of paper inscribed with a curious mixture of dialects—

“ OTEL ZUM CHERL IN PANEVEGGIO.”,

Then they straggled away to the chapel, where a sonorous

choral service was held, and very sweet and solemn did Pleyel's German Hymn sound when heard from a distance among the trees.

Between twelve and one o'clock, while our party were at dinner, a sudden burst of music was heard, and looking out, we saw the band drawn up in a circle before the window playing as if for enjoyment. An unexpected serenade—what did it mean? Then they sang, and after the song a voice proclaimed the name of the Herr Ingenieur, and immediately the whole choir raised their voices in “Evviva! Evviva!” When they subsided the choir-master again made proclamation, and spoke out a name supposed to be mine, whereupon I went to the window, and looked, or tried to look, modest, hoping to exemplify at least one of the special virtues of an Englishman. Not one of our party was forgotten, and we were all ennobled for the occasion, for to each name the Von was prefixed, and each was celebrated with Evviva! But these Evvivas sung through two or three minutes sounded more like dirges than rejoicings, and seemed characteristic of the country. How is it that on mountain slopes, and in lands where the sun shines hottest, the music is grave and lifeless? The more that I see of the Continent, the clearer do I see that they who first talked or sung of “merry England” had a good reason for their adjective; for nowhere in the world, so far as my observation goes, will you hear such blithe songs or such lively music as in England, including, of course, the canny land beyond the Tweed.

Later in the day I asked leave to look at the list of names. The choir-master drew a scrap of paper from his pocket, on which were a few scrawls in pencil, and I saw myself described as Herr von Valter Vit.

On the termination of the serenade an adjournment took place to the shelter of large trees on the edge of the forest. The crowd meanwhile were playing at bowls, cards, or morra, or amused themselves with dancing and acting pantomimes. Many were lively, but none riotous. The choir were carefully looked after by the Capitano nero (Black captain), as we called the priest for the occasion. He took charge of the wine, which was brought from the house in a large copper bucket, with an iron ladle as drinking-cup, and served to each man a portion from time to time. A nonsense drinking-song afforded much amusement. Here are the words—

“E quando in Inghilterra noi saremo,  
Arma di bomba e di canon,  
Arma di bomba e di canon,  
Arma di bomba e d'artiglieria  
Camerata tira, tira, tira !  
tira, tira, tira ! (*ad lib.*)

O ! che bravo compagno  
L' ha tirato un colpo di canon,  
L' ha tirato un colpo di canon.”

To every man in turn the ladle was handed ; he held it near his lips while the others sang, and when they came to “tira, tira,” he took a sip of wine and said “bom !” on which the singers went at once to the last three lines. Some prolonged the fun by withholding the bom till the others were weary of keeping on with “tira, tira,” or were provoked to laughter by the many-voiced iteration. Not till the explosion took place could they proceed to the chorus.

The ditty had gone the round of the choir when the priest came to summon them to vespers. Once more they struck up the Garibaldi Hymn, and played it up to the chapel door. Soon after we heard their vocal harmonies alternating with

the monotone of the priest. In twenty minutes the service was finished, and the fun began again. Our party strolled away up to the dam while the evening sun touched the great silent summits ; and when we came back every one had departed, and the usual quiet prevailed.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

A New Walk.—Val Venayotta.—Val Venigia.—Mighty Boulders.—Rocky Mountains.—Freaks of Chaos.—Misty Transformation.—True, yet Incredible.—Ants' Nest.—Formic Feats.—Casera.—Dairymen.—Boundary Stone.—Devastation.—The Ultimate Valley.—The Scree.—The Glacier.—The Ice Cavern.—Two Ways Out.

EASTWARDS once more, past the dam, along the Pian di Boche to the great opening where, having crossed the corduroy bridge, we have before us a new pleasure—exploration of Val Venayotta and of Val Venigia, which opens beyond, on a higher level. The Travignolo torrent, plunging in a white cascade amid darksome trees, indicates our way, and soon we are attracted by striking effects of rock and wood, and by strawberries and bilberries, which grow in profusion among the roots. The valley narrows and widens, presenting a succession of romantic views in changeful light and shade. Here and there the sunbeams darting through the maze of branches transmute the white pebbles in the bed of the swift brook into gleaming gold. At times we have glimpses of stony summits high aloft in the blue; anon the forest shuts us closely in, and then we come upon gigantic boulders all grey and yellow, showing with surprising effect against the dark screen of firs. Some among them, overgrown with bush and moss, contrast with the smooth rock, and heighten the scene, which, growing wilder as we advance, presents so many picturesque combinations of stone



and timber that, even if we go no farther, our walk would be well rewarded.

A bold, outstretching bank cuts us off from our brook ; the wood thickens, makes here and there a dense alley ; grey roots creeping in all directions cross the path as a network ; and there, on the left, is the biggest boulder of all, dotted with ferns, mosses, and blue bells, fringed all round the base with tall grasses, while a handsome fir, forty feet in height, shoots from its top. Time and weather have dealt lovingly with the huge mass ; we may walk round it many times, and find each time new pictures in its rugged faces.

Then the wood becomes grove-like, thins off, and we set foot upon the grassy slope which, showing no trace of a path, inspires an expansive feeling of freedom, as Val Venigia opens before us.

Desirous to see the whole length of the valley, I mounted the hill on the left, to a black platform left vacant by charcoal burners, and thence looked over a broad rough pasture thickly dotted with molehills, stretching away to the white scree at the base of the Venigia. Flanked by shaggy hills, and backed by mountain masses of stone, it has some resemblance to the Val di Canale. The general form of the stony range is that of an amphitheatre built of huge sugar-loaves split in half from top to bottom, with the flat sides towards you, and consequently more or less precipitous. But this face is so rugged and broken, so thrust forward here, pulled back there, so furrowed and scarred, that you might fancy Chaos had never forsaken it. One of the brows presents the appearance of the hollow side of a scallop-shell on the grandest scale. Here and there smooth hollows of white sand relieve the general frown ; and from the base of the great precipice, occupying a central position, as if to guard

either flank, rises a huge round tower of rock. A few strange-looking pinnacles to the rear of the range may be seen through some of the gaps, while on the right a ridge that seems an outlier of the Cimon della Pala, looks as if, while bubbling and boiling in remote ages, it had been suddenly hardened into stone.

Here and there over the whole mass are touches of snow, and drifts in some of the hollows seem as if they would soon become glaciers. The height, as shown by the snow, is greater than, from the general aspect, might have been imagined.

While I sat gazing, a thin cloud drifted slowly across the range from base to summit. The effect was wonderful, not to say startling. I rose to my feet. What had become of the mountain? It was no longer stone, but an ethereal grey gauze-like substance, with all the ruggedness transformed into an infinite play of light and shade, and so delicate withal that you might fancy a zephyr would waft it away. The screen thinned off above, and two or three of the summits, shining like bright red gold, sent down glowing streamers and festoons into the grey. It seemed incredible, and yet there the transformation still appeared before my eyes.

The afternoon being very calm the cloud clung to the rough precipice, whereby the marvellous spectacle was prolonged during twenty minutes. Then the veil vanished, and, lo! the cliffs again, stern, cold, and impenetrable.

This strange appearance is, perhaps, to be explained by the position of the sun at the critical moment, and the angle at which the rays pass through the cloud.

Here at our feet is an appearance of another kind, and not at all rare in this region—an ants' nest—a brown heap four feet

in diameter, built up of snips and spines of the fir branches. The whole surface presents the usual commotion, the purposeless, as it seems, running hither and thither. But in one direction there is something like orderly movement. A well-beaten path, about half an inch wide and twenty feet long, extends from the nest to an old decayed stump, and a broken line of ants is travelling along it to and fro. Naturalists tell us that some tribes of ants keep slaves; certain it is that they work like slaves, for here are active little fellows scarcely a quarter-inch long, carrying pieces of wood four times larger than themselves, and two have each an ant of even greater bulk held high aloft. The skill and patience with which they evade and overcome the difficulties of the way are admirable. In no single case was the burden allowed to drop. I watched them half an hour, but failed to penetrate their secrets; neither could I discover why, in beating their path, they had not, by a slight deviation to the right or left, avoided the obstacles. Rather than quit the direct line they scrambled over shreds of bark, through tufts of lichen, and tangle of dead stalks with, seemingly, infinite trouble to the bearers of burdens. I rose from my seat of contemplation with a feeling that there might be more profit in watching little things than rambling about to look at big things and mountains.

It is soft walking on the rough, thick grass amid acres of ragwort. We pass on the right a cattle-fold, fenced with sticks placed X-wise, a primitive way, in use among Laplanders. Opposite, on the left, is a casera, a low wooden edifice, of which the smoking chimney reveals that dairy work is going on within. A few men wander about the great plain watching the kine; rough, wild-looking fellows, and you perhaps wonder whether they are mischievous. But

they are civil enough, and salute with "Giorno, padron," and are ready to tell what they know of the neighbourhood, which, by the way, is very little. Summer after summer they labour at the foot of great mountains, whose names they never care to know.

At about a mile upwards the valley is narrowed by a knoll of firs that projects from the left, and ends in a gravelly bluff. A brook runs across the base of this bluff, and in its turbulent moods has washed away most of the path by which we scramble across. Near this spot is a low square boundary stone, inscribed on its front with a  $\star$ , on the left side with C. D. A., on the right side with C. D. T. What did these characters mean? I inquired of every one who knew the locality, but got no answer; and at last I came to the conclusion that the stone marks the meeting-place of the Comune di Agordo, and the Comune di Tonadigo.

Beyond the knoll is a scene of devastation—a broad drift of stones brought down by the brook within the past few weeks. The furious water has swept away the green pasture, and left the waste in deep gullies, with ridges of stones between all black, grey, white, and red, and toilsome to cross. Some of the deepest have running water in the bottom, and the main stream, very shallow, sparkles along the farther side of the gap under a raw bank that still shows how ruthlessly the pasture and its under-bed were torn away.

Having scrambled up this rough bank, we find ourselves in an inner and smaller valley, where the sense of seclusion is yet more intense. The knoll, while narrowing the valley, seems to shut out the world. Here, too, is a casera—the last house: nothing beyond but the cold, barren shapes of

the silent hills. Civilisation seems out of place here ; but the two or three lonely men speak an intelligible language, and the small swift canal which brings them water from a distance, shows even here competition with Nature. Perhaps to come out of the smiling Bellunese, and sojourn in this wild spot for a few months in summer, does the men good by mere change of scene. At all events, they earn money.

The distance to the scree, the base of Venigia, is much greater than you imagine. And what a scree ! mingled stone, snow, and sand. How the bulk increases as we draw near. How rough and arid it looks, and yet a few firs grow from the thirsty slope. An irregular furrow prolonged down its surface marks the bed of a temporary torrent, which has left evidence of power for mischief in the acres of scree that overspread the pasture at the foot of the slope. At a distance it looks like snow ; but on coming near you find lumps of white stone, white pebbles, and white gravel, all washed out of the mountain of waste accumulated through long ages at the foot of the greater mountain.

The patches of snow seen aloft may be taken as measures of height ; and another sign of elevation and of low temperature is the glacier that fills the western valley. At the foot of that glacier the conformation of the rocks has compelled the ice to form a cavern, and thereby hang a touch of beauty on the desolate precipice.

And Venigia—the great stony mountain ! Has its backward slope diminished, that so much now overhangs ; and what mean those ugly scars and wrinkles that we could not see from a distance ? Alas ! for the nearness that dispels the enchantment.

On the left of the huge amphitheatre there is a bad

laborious track up the flank of Fuocobono, by which you may cross to Gares, and the valley of the Cordevole. On the right flank a grassy way leads over Vezzana to Rolle, and the pass of Costonzella, which we have already seen.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Regina Santa.—Washing and Poetry.—Bürger's Lenore.—Favourite Passages.—Nine Jolly Priests.—A Fanatic.—A Good Time.—Five playful Priests.—A Wet Mouth.—Six noisy Germans.—Lärm and Greatness.—Swine and their Ways.—Water-shunning Ducks.—Sociable Fowls and Pigeons.

REGINA SANTA is a suggestive name : I had heard it about the house, and pictured to myself something angelic until I discovered that the sweet name belonged to the landlady's sister, a strong, sturdy woman, whose industry and capacity for hard work I had often admired. Much of her time was spent in washing at the fountain, where, single handed, she attacked such a heap of garments and household linen as would have frightened an English laundry-maid. She could talk as well as work, and liked a chat, especially when songs and poetry were the subject. She had never heard of Bürger's "Lenore," so one day while she washed and rinsed and wrung, and the cool jet made a pleasant bubbling, I recited a few stanzas of that exciting ballad. The next day she asked for a repetition, and then other passages came back to my memory, until at last I delivered the whole from beginning to end. She paused in her work, and, leaning on the heap of damp things, looked up with face all aglow, "Never," she said, "have I read or heard of any song so wonderful as that !" and she tried to recall some of the passages that had most impressed her imagination :—

“Lass sausen durch den Hagedorn,  
Lass sausen, Kind, lass sausen!  
Der Rappe scharrt, es klirrt der Sporn :  
Ich darf allhier nicht hausen.

\* \* \* \*

“Und weiter, weiter, hop hop hop!  
Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp,  
Das Ross und Reiter schnoben,  
Und Kies und Funken stoben.

\* \* \* \*

“Und näher zog ein Leichenzug,  
Der Sarg und Todtenbahre trug.  
Das Lied war zu vergleichen  
Dem Unkenruf in Teichen.”

The words, she said, were pictures and voices, and she could see them and hear them, and she desired greatly to write the whole ballad from my recital some day when she had time. The time never came ; but she was not disappointed, for in the next year I gave her a little book containing all Bürger's poems, and therein she read the weird and wonderful history.

New arrivals rarely failed to give us occasion for amusement or speculation. With our party in the house there remained but one spare room ; and if more than three or four strangers arrived, some made wry faces at the prospect of a night's lodging in the hay-barn. One night a party of nine priests and two women arrived, with good appetites and robust consciences, for after eating heartily they played at cards, and drank and sang, and made themselves merry as if they were ordinary sinners. One of them, of evil visage, was pointed out to me as the editor of a well-known newspaper of the most rampant fanaticism. I caught his eye once, and questioned to myself whether the face were a consequence of the function, or the reverse. One of the ladies of our party had met him the previous year down in Italy, and had



silenced him in an argument on matters religious. After a sight of that face, I no longer wondered at the tones of the Voice.

Your Tyrolese priest is not by any means given to asceticism. On the contrary, he has, in American phrase, "a good time." He takes snuff freely, smokes at times, can drink wine and beer, sing a song, take a hand at cards, as we have just seen, and play at bowls with his flock or with his colleagues after vespers on a Sunday. In one of my journeys from Cavalese to Predazzo, the fore part of the omnibus was occupied by five priests, who played pranks with one another on the way as if they were schoolboys. Prodding in ticklish places with walking-sticks, snatching off and throwing hats on the road, were the diversions of those reverandos, varied by draughts of beer at all the stopping-places which hung out the significant word, *BIRRA*. When wayfarers came in sight demureness prevailed, and the bows of the simple-minded rustics were acknowledged by a grave, paternal salute; but the fun began again as soon as the road was clear. Nevertheless, they seemed to be good fellows all; but one of them had an ominous mouth: the wettest mouth I ever saw out of Burton-on-Trent.

But to return to Travignolo. It was perhaps the law of compensations which brought us a few days later a company of seven Germans, among whom was a Lutheran pastor from Silesia. Bright of eye and placid of countenance, he sat silent, in marked contrast to the other six, who, after the manner of Germans, were very noisy. "If Lärm constituted a great nation, the Germans would be the greatest nation in Europe," said to me once a German lady, who, by residence in England, had learned to love quietness.

Besides observation of men and manners, there is some-

thing to remark among the four-footed things, and the effect upon them of local circumstances. Six black pigs belonging to the place may be seen at least once every day grazing in the meadow opposite the house. They keep as truly in line as if they had been drilled, and when they separate they range in pairs, not singly ; as if, said a cynical visitor, they had had a clerical training.

The ducks prowl in a patch of swamp near the dairy, and graze in the meadow ; but they never go into the water. Here and there the brook widens and forms a pool ; the ducks at times waddle along the margin, but they never venture to swim. This checking of an instinctive habit surprised me, until the Wirth explained, "The water is too cold." Likely enough, seeing that it is a mountain brook which within an hour has leaped from an icy-cold hollow in the depths of the rocks. But though the ducks shun swimming, they are ready enough to fly or to run to the greedy scramble among the fowls whenever the maid comes on the stoop, and crying, "Pooly, pooly !" flings fragments of polenta into the road. The fowls and pigeons have a sociable habit, for they flutter into the Krippe (the loose manger from which horses feed as they stand in the road), and snatch a hasty repast while dodging round the animals' noses. The pigeons occupy the open space beneath the roof of the dairy, and never fly far from their dwelling-place. Are they afraid of the hawks and falcons that are seen at times soaring above the forest ?

## CHAPTER XXXI.

A Reminiscence.—Time to Wait, Time to Ramble.—Cheerful Cavalese.—The Market Place.—An enslaved Torrent.—Grinding and Washing.—Little Gardens.—The Church.—Church Goers.—Landscapes.—Val Cembra.—Way to Borgo.—The Schwarzhorn.—Uses of Delay.—No Hurry.—Unexpected Pastures.—Carana and its Spring.—Tesero.—Panchia.—Departure of Yellow Faces.—Way to Cavalonte.—Ziano.—Predazzo.

ANOTHER year has passed ; holiday time has come once more. We have travelled from Bregenz, on the Lake of Constance, by our old route over the Adlerberg, and the pass of Finstermünz, down the Vintschgau to Meran and Botzen, thence to Neumarkt, and have come once more by the early messaggeria to Cavalese.

We have to wait here two hours before going on to Predazzo. Shall we occupy the interval in exploration ? The first impression is favourable ; and observing how the little town is situate on a steep shoulder of the hill, with large houses, signs of business, leagues of prospect, and the privileges of a capital, we agree that Cavalese is a cheerful looking place. It has a Municipio, an Imperial and Royal Gendarmerie station, a Canonica, a few good shops, and a new church built to an old campanile. Bullock wagons creep in with country produce, and creep forth with a few things bought for household use ; the country folk meanwhile lounging about, or staring at the coach and passengers, in which they are assisted by two or three gendarmes. The general aspect and the language are Italian.

The market-place is spacious and comparatively level ; but it is a plausibility only, as you will discover by a stroll through the back streets, which have all the narrowness, steepness, and irregularity of a mountain village, and the picturesqueness withal, the effect being increased by a swift and noisy brook that rushes down between the houses.

This brook does so much hard work, is so vexed by obstructions, that I felt curious to see if it had ever known freedom, and mounted the devious track, crossing at times from one side to the other. Arrived above the uppermost houses, I saw it leaping and flashing down the rough hillside at its own sweet will ; but no sooner does it enter the human precinct, than it must grind and toil as Samson among the Philistines. Here it sends off a run to drive the wheel of a corn-mill, there a shoot to feed a wash-tub at which stands a woman up to her elbows in soap-suds. Then another, and longer shoot, carried on tall trestles ; then more shoots for washing and house cleaning. The bed, too, is rocky, and the torrent chafes and struggles, overhung in places by vines or acacias, bordered by little gardens in nooks of the rocks, in which grow a few cabbages, pumpkins, beans, or a patch of hemp. On it speeds under the market-place ; plunges by the side of the church with ceaseless roar night and day. Then more mills, more swift shoots, and washing-places, and dye-works, until your eyes and ears are alike bewildered by the power of water. It does apparently all the work of the town, carries away all its refuse, and splashes the little gardens ; very queer gardens some of them.

Follow the course of the torrent, and you will see all this and more. Shingled roofs dotted with big stones, heavy stone arches bearing a light wooden gallery or a projecting

loft ; bits of wall propping strange-looking corners ; here and there rough sheds, and everywhere an appearance of make-shift. You must see all this, and the narrow shabby streets, and the stony alleys, and the frail-looking bridges from house to house, and the touches of squalor, if you wish to become acquainted with Cavalese.

Once clear of the houses, the torrent rushes on past rock and cliff all down the steep, until it reaches the meadows ; whence, with sobered current, it falls into the Avisio.

The principal church, as we have seen from the distance, stands among trees at the extremity of a headland. A walk thither is well repaid, for the church is Gothic, is decorated with carvings and paintings by artists born in the neighbourhood, has a marble portico of old date, and near it a Roman chapel still older. While examining these manifestations of skill and of genius, your wonder that artists could be developed in so out-of-the-world a place will perhaps recur. In the rear is a well-kept burial-ground with many crosses, tombs, and epitaphs ; and at the side is a grassy rifle-range and drill-ground for the gendarmerie.

Judging from what I saw one Sunday morning this church is a favourite resort, for the people came in great throngs from the town, through the bright sunshine, and under the leafy limes, making an animated scene. The local rustic dress predominated ; but among the women were a few wearing Paris fashions ; and very much out of place did those dresses seem in such an environment where nature is so mighty. But on they came, the sober and the flaunting, until the spacious building was crowded to overflowing.

A low wall protects the extremity of the headland and the burial-ground, and thence you get a fine prospect up and down the valley : mountain ranges including the Cimon group, miles

of pasture interspersed with fields of maize, churches on the heights, signs of a numerous population, and the river brawling along the lowest level. Between this and Lavis, where it falls into the Etsch, the valleys contract, the hills become precipitous, and are split by numerous gorges, among which travelling by rough mountain tracks is difficult. The valley, notwithstanding that the Avisio flows down its whole length, is, as we already know, treated locally as three valleys. The third division begins here, and from Cavalese to its outlet it is the Zimmerthal, or Val Cembra. In this last name have we a reminiscence of the Cimbri?

The long range on the opposite or south side of the valley looks difficult of access, but there are tracks by which a good walker may penetrate and cross to Borgo in Val Sugana. From ten to twelve hours would be required, for the scenery in places is wonderfully interesting, and conducive to halts.

Turning to the north side we can see a length of the road up which we shall presently travel, and all the neighbourhood of Cavalese. There are but few trees, and those poplars and willows, but the landscape is pleasant and picturesque. Behind the heights that limit our view is a mountain, the Rocca, or Schwarzhorn, which we saw from Klobenstein. The summit, five hours distant, is resorted to by holiday parties; it is nearly eight thousand feet high, and commands a glorious view over the country of the dolomites.

I have never succeeded in discovering why passengers arriving from either direction in the forenoon, must wait from two to four hours before continuing their journey. Perhaps it is that you may have time to dine and so become profitable to the inns, of which there are two, the Uva (Grapes) and the Anker, and to dine at eleven o'clock is a revival of primitive

enjoyments. In any case the delay gives you time to look at Cavalese and its monuments, and to note that no one seems in a hurry.

On the return journey the time of waiting is often prolonged to four hours. Once after a long ramble I returned to the inn to dine, and saw from the window that the "odd man" began to pack the luggage on the roof of the coach at a quarter to twelve; at twelve the ostler laid the whip on the box; then the driver appeared, and took a seat inside, for the sun was fierce; at half-past twelve the horses were hooked on; at a quarter to one we started, and at four in the afternoon we came to Neumarkt, nine hours after our departure from Predazzo. The distance is about twenty miles, and nearly all down hill.

There is, however, more than enough in the neighbourhood to beguile the halting time were it twice as long. The upward ramble in search of a free flowing torrent introduces you to an agreeable surprise, for soon after the houses are left behind, a long range of pasture land is to be seen stretching away to the east. From below we saw nothing to indicate the existence of such a level breadth of green, which seems to double the width of the valley. And to the west there are villages on the broad slope to which we may mount for wider outlook. One of them, Carana, has a mineral spring of local repute. At my last visit I saw proofs of enterprise and desire for extended fame: a zigzag road had been constructed on the steep hill-side, by which patients may safely drive up to the new bathing establishment.

But we must continue our drive to Predazzo.

The road, for the most part level, is at an elevation which commands the whole breadth of the valley, and fields, meadows, houses, and the river, straitened in places, lie under your

eye as on a map. Notwithstanding that pears and peaches may be bought at a kreutzer apiece, and that the maize and beans look luxuriant, you cannot fail to see that life in the Fleimserthal has much in it of severity.

Tesero, the first village as seen from a bend in the road presenting its shingled roofs with their burden of big stones, appears but a collection of hovels, yet has good houses and a good church. The like may be said of other villages on the route : in the bigness of their houses they all shew the influence of Italy, combined with characteristics of the mountains.

Presently another village—Panchia, and here four or five yellow-faced passengers alight, and with them the lively dame mentioned in a former chapter. “ May I speak if ever I meet you again ? ” she asked as we said good-bye.

The driver pointed out a crevice in the hills on the opposite side of the valley, as the way to Cavalonte. It looks steep and toilsome ; but we will go some day and see it for ourselves.

A little farther and we pass through Ziano, a small village near which an ancient Roman burial-place was discovered a few years ago during the excavation of the road along which we travel so pleasantly. Skeletons, bracelets, rings, brooches, vases, and coins of Caracalla, of Constantius Chlorus, and of Diocletian were found ; all of which may now be seen in the Museum at Trent. In these relics the discoverers saw proof that in the time of the emperors the Fleimserthal was populous, that the arts were cultivated, that a priesthood existed, and that the valley had a long previous history.

The Italians have some three or four names besides Giovanni to signify John, and Ziano is one of them.

The road now descends to the floor of the valley, makes



a bend, crosses from the right to the left bank of the Avisio, stretches onwards between level fields, pastures, and gardens, and Predazzo, nestled amid great mountains, comes in sight.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Advices.—Malgola and Mulat.—The Golden Ship.—How a Village looks.—Admirable Disorder.—Ins and Outs.—Rough Touches.—Numbers and Frescoes.—Old Houses.—Traders' Signs.—A famous Bootmaker.—Men's Names.—Dogs' Nicknames.—Fondago del Pane.—Women's Recreation.—At the Church Doors.—Old-looking Youngsters.—A Funeral.—Chant and Candles.—Summer Dulness.—Winter Liveliness.—Dancing and Play-acting under Restraint.—Nebuchadnezzar.—Cultivated Villagers.—Furious Vestrymen.—Dialects.

A NOTICE painted in conspicuous characters on the first house we come to imparts topographical and political information :—

“ Nel circondario confinante.

Comune di Predazzo.

Distretto politico di Cavalese.

Distretto giudiziario di Cavalese.”

On one of the opposite houses a painted stripe, more than six feet above the ground, shows the height of a flood that happened in 1823.

By a rough, irregular street we approach the Piazza—not a square—of Predazzo. If not grand in itself, it has grand accompaniments in the Malgola and Grand Mulat—two mighty hills which guard the mouth of Val Travignolo, and remind the dwellers at their feet of the presence of Nature.

Around the Place we see an old church, a new church, the Canonica, the Farmacia, the bakery, and the Nave d'Oro (Golden Ship)—an excellent inn, with an excellent landlord, Francesco Giacomelli.

With three thousand inhabitants, Predazzo might pretend to be a town, did it not look so very much like a village. Big stones still lie on some of the roofs, as on an Alpine chalet. The charm born of disarray prevails, especially in side-alleys and back yards. The principal street, generally Italian in aspect, is the main thoroughfare of the valley. It cuts the village in two from end to end with a crooked line ; and along this line you see broad eaves, balconies, galleries, and outside stairs, rough and weather-stained, and projecting doors, and sunk doors, and faded Venetian shutters, and shutters of rough slabs, and here and there a sacred fresco. Almost every house has a pile of firewood, chopped ready for the stove, built against the front wall ; and in the nooks and corners lie ends of logs, broken implements, and refuse of many kinds—elements of disorder in some eyes ; in others essential touches of the picturesque.

In an English village we are accustomed to see low, small houses. Here, for the most part, the houses are large, with numerous families living in each, and involving in some instances curious rights of ownership. Thus, on the second floor of the Golden Ship live people who inconvenience all the rest of the house, and refuse to migrate even with ample compensation. Many of the houses have a pebbled slope,—as if a portion of the roadway were straggling indoors—leading to a raised ground-floor which serves as barn and cart-house. Underneath, approached by a downward slope from one side, is the stable and cow-stall. In some of these places you see what looks like a small handbill nailed to the wall ; but, on reading, you find printed—“Christliche Haus und Stall Segen” (a blessing for house and stable), followed by a prayer. On the other side rises the open stair to the upper floors on which are the living-rooms ; and rough

balconies and galleries outside seem as indispensable as chambers inside, and they are interspersed by such queer—apparently purposeless—projections, and of such rude workmanship, that you might fancy the joiners who constructed them were purblind. But their rich brown colour, varied by weather-stains, compensates one who has not to inhabit them for all defects, and leaves on the eye an impression of beauty.

Pass through some of the gaps and look at the back premises ; you will be astonished at the rude jumble. Some families have a quarter only, or the half of a gallery ; and the approaches thereto are more curious than convenient. Look at the stable behind the inn ; it has massive piers and arches, and vaults strong and solid enough for a castle. The arched recesses are stalls or loose boxes, in which the horse stands looking outwards, with nothing but hard wall to kick against in his rear. One of the vaults is a pigstye.

Every house shows its number, not on the door, but in a pink panel on the wall. Some windows, bordered by an ochre stripe, give a chequered appearance to the whitewashed fronts, and here and there a rough imitation of rustic work is painted beneath the lower windows. One of the frescoes, dated 1742, was painted “per honorar Maria,” and to make known that

“Che vol felice andar per qèsta via  
Deve passando venerar—Maria !”

which means, take off your hat. On another house, a large picture of the Virgin and Child and St. Sebastian intimates that, in 1615, “M. Gabriel di Gabrieli. Fabro. fece far p. sva devotione.” A rude inscription above the painting presents the same name, and the date 1598—perhaps that of the building.

There are enough of old houses to show that Predazzo is not an upstart place. It was once the smallest village in the valley; too small to maintain a priest, and the people had to go up to Moena for religious purposes. Now it is the largest, and claims to be the most enlightened village of the Fleimserthal. The Golden Ship is one of the solid old houses. Above its heavy arched entrance is a carving representing an anvil and horseshoe, supported by the date 1596; but the oldest house of all, nearly opposite, with gabled roof in the antique German style, dates from 1084. The right of private judgment appears to be exercised as regards footways: one householder indulges in a few uneven pebbles; another lays the pebbles smoothly in imitation of diaper-work; another contents himself with a few lumps of porphyry or limestone, and others again cherish patches of grass, on which you may often see a stripe of homespun laid to bleach. Shopkeepers make known their trade to customers who cannot read by signboards covered with effigies of sugar-loaves, candles, bits of soap, hides and skins, jackets and trousers, a scarf, skeins of thread, a bottle and glass, and so forth. And those who can read may choose among *Caffee e Liquori*—*Vendita di Vino*—*Vendita di generi coloniali ed altre Merci*. Strong drink is revealed by *Aquavita*, and ironmongery by *Chincaliere*. *Misti* stands for mixed wares, *Telerie e Tessiture* indicate linen and woven goods, and *Vendita di Pannina* marks the spot where cotton cloth is sold. In *Fabbrica e Negozio di Pellami*, we see a dresser and retailer of skins; the tanner, who seems to be prosperous, writes up *Compra di Corami*, which means Hides bought; and *Bussola per l'Impostazione delle Lettere*, on the front of a small grocery, tells you where to look for the Post Office.

A bootmaker, Regensbürger by name, has, by excellence of workmanship, made himself famous far beyond the limits of Fleims. Medals have been conferred on him ; rumour says the Archduke is one of his customers ; and it is well known that he made four hundred florins' worth of boots for the Austrian polar expedition. And more than all, the Vienna geologists, in their laborious explorations in South Tyrol, find the Regensbürger boots the most comfortable for rough work in the mountains.

A name (Bond) over one of the doors looks English ; but in a stroll through the burial-ground you may see what are the prevalent local names—Bosin, Ceol, Croce, Defrancesco, Dellasega, Dezulian, Fachini, Felicetti, Guadaninie, Lochmann, Longo, Morandini, Sotsas, and Piazzì. Among baptismal names, Michele appears to be an especial favourite.

It is pitiable to see the guests at the café crowding under a small screen of canvas to escape the sun-glare, when the shade of a tree would be delightful. But to plant trees in the open place of a village appears never yet to have occurred to a South Tyroler. In front of the hot café, therefore, you must sit if you desire to make acquaintance with the doctor, the notary, and other personages, who come together for daily gossip. During one of the sittings, the expected arrival of the Bishop of Trent was talked about, and the words "Vescovo" and "Bischoff" went the round with varying expression, until one irreverent smoker said "Fischkopf." Then another whistled and called a dog Bismarck, which was capped by a third telling of a dog styled Pio Nono ; whereupon a fourth told of a priest in Munich who named his dog Döllinger.

While the gossip goes on, you may observe the going to and fro of the villagers, and discover perhaps three or four

cases of goitre. The Fondago del Pane, the only place where bread can be bought, is in the Piazza, and customers are always arriving. The sale of bread is farmed, and all bread made in the village must be sold at the Fondago. Consequently, through lack of competition, the bread, made in small flat oval loaves, is not good, and has usually the texture of tough sponge.

The church appears to be the principal recreation of the women. Early in the morning and in the evening they flock thither as matter of course; and all through the day it is rare that you do not see two or three women going to or returning from the church, or kneeling therein at prayer, or whispering in at the earhole of the confessional. Poor, simple-minded people! At times a huddle of scythes and rakes may be seen leaning in the angle at the side of the church door—a sign that a party of haymakers on their way to the hills are sparing a few minutes for devotion.

Familiarity with a country introduces you to its scandal. South of the Brenner the scandal is very different from that which prevails south of the Cheviots; and one of the inferences to be drawn therefrom is, that the practice of confession is not favourable to morality.

On Sundays you might fancy that the whole population were church-goers, so great is the throng. There is a bulge of people at each door of the church—women at the left, men on the right; and it is a curious sight to see them swarm at the close of the service, clad for the most part in dark blue or black. All the women walk with hands folded on their apron-string, as if under some constraint; or is it a compensation for much swinging of the arms during hay-making and harvest? The children, dressed in the same style as fathers and mothers, look like little men and women,

and are not lively. Here and there you may see a youngster wearing his father's trousers cut short—too baggy for sport. Nowhere on the Continent do you see children playing as boys as girls can and do play in England; and the children of the mountain lands are dullest of all.

It may be that while sitting you hear a distant mournful chant, and presently a funeral procession comes round the corner, headed by three or four men with banners and lighted candles. Five priests follow, reciting the funereal chant, and behind them four bearers in very rusty black gowns carry the bier. A crowd of women and children, each holding a candle, bring up the rear, some of the little ones grinning with delight as they look at the flickering flame.

“You should come here in the winter if you wish to see how lively we can be,” is the answer if you happen to suggest that Predazzo is a dull place. Many of the people are up in the Alpine hayfields in the summer, and numbers of the men migrate in search of work, leaving the quiet ones at home. But in the autumn the men return with money in their pockets, and some wearing gloves. These are perhaps *Unternehmern*—small contractors, or gangers, as they are called on English railways; and happy is the man who by his gloves can mark his progress in civilisation.

The winter passes merrily with music, singing, and dancing; but the dancing is onesided, for the women are excluded. Here in Predazzo the priests forbid the mingling of the sexes in that pastime, and they are obeyed; which is more than can be said of the Innthal, and some other parts of the country, where unrestricted dancing has not proved favourable to morality.



Neither may the women take part in play-acting. The theatre, a large barn, is open three or four times during the winter for live actors, not for dummies, as on the eastern side of the pass, and with young men to personate the female characters. A turn for acting is not uncommon, as we saw up at Paneveggio, and we may believe that the spectators never go away discontented.

In February, 1875, a scriptural play, the history of Nebuchadnezzar, was acted in the Piazza. Snow lay on the ground, but the sun shone brightly, and in the clement temperature the people sat through the performance from noon till four o'clock on two successive days. Some of the incidents excited roars of laughter, particularly the representation of a little forest, in which the monarch was seen eating grass as an ox.

Predazzo claims to be more gebildet, cultivated, than Cavalese. Quarrels are more easily made up than in the other village, inasmuch as the people here are accustomed to settle disputes without using their knives. The reason assigned for this is, that Predazzo has a larger infusion of German blood than the other localities; but I have seen a party of the vestrymen here, as we should call them, furious in voice and gesture, and ready to fly at each other's throats while discussing parish business in the guest-room of the Golden Ship. Each village is known by its dialect, and the people of the lower end of the valley have difficulty in understanding all that is said to them by the inhabitants of the upper villages.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Cows and Goats.—Jingle and Tinkle.—The Goas-bue.—The Feodo.—Past Twelve.—Fire Engines.—Useful Old Church.—Firemen's Drill.—Escapes.—Salvage.—Political Music.—Austria and Italy.—Italianisti.—Retreat of the German.—Alpinisti.—Italian Alps!—Ballonspiel.—Wooden Mitten.—Flying Ball.—Smash.—Pears and Pears.

Predazzo owns more than seven hundred kine and twelve hundred goats. There are but few cows left in the village during summer. You may hear the jingle of their bells early in the morning as they go forth to graze. Then the goatherd—goas-bue—blows his horn, and from every alley and doorway the goats hasten, bleating impatiently, while their bell-clink multiplies until in one great flock they are driven away to stony hill slopes.

Especially important among pastoral resources is the Feodo, a massy hill, which you see on looking up the valley. Many years ago that hill was bequeathed by the German lady to whom it belonged to the three families then comprised in the entire population of Predazzo. Their descendants now number six hundred persons, all of whom have up there a right of pasturage and other privileges. One of them, a boy, told me that he let his right for thirty florins a year.

In the night it is like being carried back to primitive times to hear amid the silence the voice of the watchman as he cries, "Vigilate sopra il fuoco; le dodici son battute.

Sia lodato Gesu Cristo."—Watch against fire! Past twelve. Praised be Jesus Christ!

With fountains, and a swift brook in all the chief thoroughfares, Predazzo has an ample water supply; and among its public property can show fire-engines, ladders, trucks, hooks, ropes, and other implements required by the firemen when the alarm-bell gives warning of a house in flames. The old church, turned to profitable uses, at last, is now the magazine in which all these things are stored. One Sunday, soon after noon, the fire company straggled into the Piazza, each man wearing a cloth cap and canvas uniform, and carrying an axe and a rope slung on his shoulders. At one o'clock the largest engine was drawn forth, was looked at inside and outside; the joints of the hose were screwed together, and then—there was no pumping. However, dry drill may mean something. The ladders, made in sections, strong and light, were brought out. Placing one against the wall of the church, a man ran nimbly up, sat on the top rail, pushed the ladder from the wall with his feet, took the second section, which was handed to him, slipped it adroitly into the sockets, then, having run up higher, he repeated the operation with the third section. Reaching from the top of this, he hooked a pole into the vesica, the oval opening in the apex of the gable, some sixty feet from the ground. This pole, or scala ramponi, is armed with two lateral rows of pegs, up which the man scrambled, and crept in at the oval. Two or three of his companions followed: they hauled up a stout rope, made the middle of it fast to one of the timbers of the roof, from which the rope was stretched by the men below in two lines half across the piazza, and were there secured also. Then the men above hung themselves to the two lines of rope by their armpits, and slid quickly to the ground amid

shouts of delight from the little boys. Then others ran up the ladders and took their turn. It was a feat well done, and showed a simple and ready way of flight from the top of a tall house. Meanwhile, ladders were planted against an opposite house : men got in at the window, and fastened thereto a broad web of canvas. The lower end was held loosely by their companions below, so that the canvas hung as a bag, and immediately beds, bundles, chairs, and other articles of furniture were tossed into it, and down they slid. If there are many chairs in Predazzo as shabby as those exhibited in this sham salvage, the "devouring element" might reasonably complain that it is cheated of its legitimate prey. And last the men sprang from the window into the canvas, and saved themselves by sliding to the ground. Then the bell rang for vespers : the Piazza was cleared, women swarmed into the church while men and boys followed the fire company, who, playing their music, marched to the end of the village to meet a deputy who was coming from Cavalese to make a speech and a political demonstration.

Italy and Austria interramify curiously along the border of South Tyrol. In some places you may pass from one country to another half a dozen times in a day's walk. The valley of the Cordevole, as we have seen, belongs to Italy, and Italian troops are sent thither to learn how to march and manœuvre among the mountains. Of course, Austria makes a demonstration in turn, and sends troops into the Fassathal ; and much damage is done to fields and pastures, and the inhabitants are disquieted by having soldiers quartered on them. During one of my visits eighteen thousand men marched into the valley for a week's practice. I went up to Paneveggio to get out of their way, wondering whether

the time will ever come when the nations of the continent will cease to be afraid of one another. When foreigners chaff me about our English peculiarities, I retort that we are not afraid of anybody.

That there should be "Italianisti" in South Tyrol is not surprising. In many of the villages an Italian party more or less enterprising exists, and Predazzo is no exception. The movement is favoured by immigrants from Italy, especially on the great thoroughfare—the valley of the Adige—for example, where the German element in the population dwindles. Your German-speaking Tyroler is slow and dull, likes to eat five times a day, and is easily outwitted by his active neighbour from the south, who eats moderately, but has an insatiable appetite for land, and knows how to captivate a German-speaking widow.

Clubs, too, may be turned to account in spreading influence and making proselytes. In August, 1874, there was a great gathering of Alpine clubs—Alpinisti—in this valley of the Avisio. They came from Venice, from Milan, Rome, Varallo, Trent, and Agordo. Some achieved the ascent of the Marmolata, while others contented themselves with a walk up to Paneveggio, and thence across to San Pellegrino. When the parties reassembled at Cavalese, their President complimented them on having penetrated "*nei piu remoti recessi delle Alpi Italiani*"—to the remotest recesses of the Italian Alps.

Would it rejoice the Pusterthalers if the frontier line of Italy were drawn along the top of the mountain range which shelters their broad and beautiful valley on the south?

Ballonspiel, a game played with a large elastic ball, attracted crowds to the Piazza on the following Sunday.

The players wear, on the left hand, what may be described as a corrugated wooden mitten—bracciale, or guanta—(in German, Hank), and with a good blow send the ball flying from one end of the place to the other. If the opposite party are quick and watchful, the ball is struck as it descends, and makes sometimes half-a-dozen flights before it touches the ground. The principal player stands on a low sloping platform; a man tosses the ball deliberately towards him; he runs down the slope, and ere he has lost his impetus hits the ball such a blow with his mitten as makes it sound again, and urges it high in air. It is an exciting game, and gives occasion for display of agility and skill in striking; and at times when the ball dashes through a window the rattle of the glass provokes outcry and laughter. After the second smash the players examined the ball with anxious faces as they passed it from hand to hand.

"But how about the broken panes?" I inquired of a bystander. "Is the sympathy only for the ball?"

"Niente," he answered; "the players always pay for the glass."

One of the players was the priest who had preached in the forenoon; and it was curious to see him, in beretta and cassock with his hand buried in a blue bracciale, standing between the two parties watching for a chance to strike. "It is a very healthful game," said to me one of his brother reverandos.

Noisiest among the noisy throng was a hawker of fruit. Every two minutes his cry was heard above all the others. If good wine needs no bush, good fruit, I thought, requires no uproar, and I went to look at his stall. It was covered with pears—hard mangy-looking things, fit only to be thrown away. Everywhere in the villages of South Tyrol you are

offered such fruit as that ; and you may see a man or woman sitting by a table of sourness with as self-complacent an air as if it were heaped with jargonelles. How is it that good fruit, pretty women, and honest men, are to be found only in England ?

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

A Remarkable Guest-book.—Count Marzari and his Discovery.—A Sight for Geologists.—Humboldt.—Portraits.—Sir Roderick.—A Scientific Company.—Rhyming Doctor.—“Very Civil People.”—The Adventurous Four.—Accusation.—Climbers of Cimon.—Klipstein, the Geologist.—Rectification.—Pulchritude better than Attitude.—About Guides.—Beware of the Postmaster.

THE Guest-book of the Nave d'Oro opens with the date 1820. In that and the following year Count Marzari lodged here, and in his explorations of the neighbourhood discovered at Canzocoli the phenomenon that has made Predazzo famous among geologists; namely, granite overlying calcareous rock.

On the first page of the original we read,—“Memoriale degli insigni filosofi viaggiatori chi nei loro letteraj viaggi per geognostiche osservazioni onorano Predazzo e l'albergo di M. G.”

The first entry recites that Count Marzari Pencati discovered in 1820 and 1821 “il granito sovrapposto al calcareo,” followed by “Nota, che lo stesso G. Marzari anche gli anni 1818 and 1819 per le soliti osservazioni geologiche che cotanto contribuono per combattere il sistema Nettuniano calcato dai Wernisti.” His name occurs again in 1823 and 1828.

The second page introduces us to Humboldt on his way to the Congress of Verona; thus, “Il 30 Settembre 1822 fu



qui Sua Eccellenza il Sig De Humboldt Ciambelano di Sua Maesta il Re di Prussia in occasione che precedette il Suo Sovrano allorchè recavasi al Congresso tenuto dalle Potenze Aliate d'Europa in Verona, nell' Ottobre dell' Anno stesso : si e receto al ponte di Boscampo ed ha visitato la cava del idocrase, indi ai Canzocoli, e fatte le sue osservazioni parti la sera dello stesso giorno per Egna."

A portrait of Humboldt, looking as if he were a comfortable Bauer, hangs on the wall, along with an Archduke, whose moustaches stretch to the breadth of his shoulders, and Sir Roderick, who is represented in full dress, with his ribands and orders. This picture is a recent work by a Fassa artist, resident at Moena, and is immediately recognised by any one who remembers the famous President of the Geographical Society. Your "Fasshaner," who can paint a Bildstöckl, does not reckon himself by any means among the lowest class of artists.

On the third page appears, June 8, 1823, "Paulet Lord (*sic*) Scrope di Londra recatosi appositamente ad esaminare la scoperta del Marzari ai Canzocoli." In 1826 came Keilhau, Boeck, and Abel the geometer. In 1827 Studer and Dr. Willimott di Londra. In 1828 Necker de Saussure and Antonio Schroetter. In September, 1829, "Il Signor Murchison, Segretario della Società Geologica di Londra, e la sua Signora sono stati in le 30 Settembre ed il 1 Ottobre Il Signor M. ha visitato Vigo, Val Sorda, Medil, Val di Rif e Via Nova, ed i Canzocoli : " an uncommonly good day's work.

The earliest entries are not autographs ; but as the goodly roll extends, we have the handwriting of the famous men who came to see with their own eyes this geological contradiction. From 1832 to 1846 we find Heinrich and Gustav Rose,

Fuchs, Elie de Beaumont, Fournet, J. D. Forbes, Mohs, Kjerulf, Daubeny, and Naumann.

In 1854 Dr. Henry, of Dublin, whom we met with in the *Fremdenbuch* at Schluderbach, wrote his name with a commentary :—

“Bread upon butter spread is rare,  
Rare heels up and head down ;  
Grass growing toward the centre's rare,  
Rare under foot a crown.

But of all rarest, granite here  
Lying on chalk is seen ;  
And by some blunder chalk below  
Where granite should have been.”

In 1857 and 1860 appears a name, honoured wherever mineralogy is studied—Professor W. H. Miller, of Cambridge, “con moglie.” We may be sure that in those two years, if at no other time, Giacomelli had the satisfaction of seeing his collection of minerals examined by an appreciative eye. Scheerer's name next appears, and if we close our scientific list for the present with Delaunay, we shall have done enough to exemplify the value of this unpretending volume. It would have gladdened old Michele Giacomelli, while writing the first page, could he have foreseen that famous men would live after Humboldt.

In 1858 a party of three Englishmen—one a lord—wrote in addition to their names, “Very civil people.” Perhaps this was autobiographical. If not, that most worthy gentleman, Francesco Giacomelli, must have felt flattered.

In 1862 we come upon signatures of the adventurous four whom a good many delighted readers recognise as the discoverers of the dolomites. We all remember Gilbert and Churchill's artistic narrative of their journey from Primiero

to Predazzo, of their perils by the way on fell and in forest, where you and I, reader, during our sojourn at Paneveggio, found nothing but enjoyment. The two ladies, alas! no longer live to share in the praise so bravely earned.

One evening, in 1875, a tall dignified-looking German arrived with a lady, both on foot; and soon we learned that Dr. Klipstein, Professor of Geology at Giessen, had come with his daughter to visit Predazzo. Much conversation followed, learned and familiar, during which we were all greatly surprised by hearing that the old gentleman had walked from Birchabruck, on the farther side of the mountains, and had crossed a pass more than seven thousand feet in height. It was a brave exploit for one who had overpast the Scriptural threescore and ten. He could not have done it, he said, without his daughter's help. It was beautiful to see how carefully she watched over him; and he, on his part, was very docile, and went early to bed.

One more entry worth notice, because of its topographical information, shall suffice us for the present. I ventured once to mention it in print, and for my pains was charged with having read the record hastily. Let us see. Under date June, 1870, are the names of four English ladies, two gentlemen, and three guides, followed by these particulars:—

“Ascended the Cimon della Pala from the Val Travignolo with Christian Lauener and Santo Siorpaes as guides, and erected a cairn on the summit. We ascended as far as we could by the main glacier, and then completed the ascent by the cliff on the northern face of the mountain.

“Having already attempted the ascent from the Passo di Crenelli, and found it impracticable, we believe this to be the only way by which it can be successfully accomplished. An

interesting new pass could be made from Paneveggio to Gares, ascending by means of the above-mentioned glacier, over the Col between the Cimon della Pala and the Cima della Vezzana, and we have little doubt but the latter mountain could be easily ascended *en route*. E. R. W."

The point for which I was called to account was having stated that the two gentlemen had gone up the mountain, when in fact there was but one. But the foregoing statement would lead any ordinary reader to believe that (excepting one of the guides) the whole party, even the ladies, had climbed to the top of the inaccessible-looking crag. The one who did not go wrote to say that he had, during the time, taken an "inglorious" climb up the Boche. Opinions may differ; but mine is that glory does *not* dwell on the highest summits. And it is well known that the most beautiful landscapes are those seen from moderate elevations. This is as true of our own country, as of Tyrol, or Switzerland. Cat Bells, a hill near Keswick, about a thousand feet high, commands a more pleasing prospect than Skiddaw.

Guides are no longer rare in the valley. The I. R. Capitano distrettuale di Cavalese publishes the names of three resident in Campidèl, one in Pozza, and two in Cavalese. Their lawful fee is two and a half florins a day, with diet and lodging; but they must carry fifteen pounds of baggage, and are entitled to charge five soldi for every additional pound, and a half florin additional for each night they are kept away from home. The fee for the ascent of the Marmolata is four florins and a half.

Besides the Golden Ship, there is an inn—the Rose—of which report speaks favourably. But not favourably of an important functionary; for in the Guest-books all round the

neighbourhood you may read, "Beware of the postmaster at Predazzo." This does not mean the civil grocer at the Post Office, but the man who lets horses, and whose civility is choked by monopoly. Friends of mine, who had agreed to his charges, were compelled to walk half the length of the village and get into a carriage at his door, because he refused to send it to their door. Could not the authorities at Cavalese give him an admonition? Neumarkt also requires looking after; for ugly stories are told of the way in which travellers requiring a private carriage have been overcharged in that dull little town. English travellers are made victims beyond all others.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Mouth of a Volcano.—Geological Hieroglyphs.—Val Flammarum.—To Canzocoli.—Rough Ascent.—Ecco!—Illegible Rock.—Geological Eyes.—Yellow Greensand.—Houses and Hills.—Signs of Trade.—Mills and Matches.—A Million a Day.—Stone and Marble.—Masons and Carvers.—A Riverside Walk.—A Defile.—Enzian Distillery.—A Paper-mill.—Haymakers.—Laborious Transport.—Simple Diet.—A Nook.—Cascade.—A Gorge.—Sottosassi.—Cliffs and Colours.—Leafy Adornments.—Ruin and Finforli.

GRANITE on chalk is not the only thing that attracts geologists to Predazzo. Here, in far remote ages, volcanoes raged and roared, and poured out flood after flood of lava, and mountains of ashes, and the record thereby left is full of instruction for those who can read it with an understanding eye. Predazzo, says an Italian writer, is “un immenso mausoleo ove gli scienziati possono leggere gli arcani geroglifici della storia della terra.” By careful study of these hieroglyphs geologists can now point to a spot a short distance up Val Travignolo, in the rear of the saw-mills, where melaphyre, porphyry, syenite, and other rocks converge to one common centre, and say, there was the mouth of the volcano. Is it to some dim tradition of that fiery time that the valley owes its name—Fleims? from Val Flammarum, as it is called in ancient documents. Be this as it may, we become impressed by the fact that here we are walking about in a deep and long extinct crater, where rare minerals and geological curiosities abound to reward the competent inquirer.

“Where is Canzocoli?”

“There!” answered young Giacomelli, pointing to a grey cliff on the lower slope of the Weisshorn, a mighty mountain on the west of the village. We set out to get a nearer view. As we crossed the potato plots and little fields of maize and barley, the boy plucked wild flowers, and, reciting their botanical names, which he had learned from his father, he asked me for their English names. This was not idle curiosity on his part, for he wrote them down at once in his memorandum-book.

Natural curiosities are turned to profit in Switzerland and in the neighbourhood of Baden-Baden, where an inquisitive tourist may find convenient paths in inconvenient places. Not so in Tyrol, where, through lack of enterprise or of sophistication, or both, the folk are content to leave Nature to take care of herself. Hence the approach to Canzocoli is by a pathless and steep stony slope, somewhat perilous in places, with slippery patches of dry grass. Then you dodge about among bushes and cross a gulley, and in about half an hour you come to the place which has some resemblance to the outwork of a stone quarry.

“Ecco!” said the lad, “we have arrived,” as we stepped upon a small rough shelf strewn with bits of stone, and backed by a patch of grey cliff. I looked at that patch curiously; but could discern no differences, and felt disappointed. To my perception the surface was grey rock of uniform colour, and nothing more. Among the fragments under foot it was easy to see which was granite and which kalk; but in the rock itself one looked like the other: that is, to my eyes. It was not the first time that I had taken trouble to see a geological phenomenon, and had been disappointed; and my conviction that geologists have a special

gift of vision was confirmed. I afterwards discovered that the difference which masked itself from near eyes could be seen at a distance, for, on looking up to the patch from the edge of the village on our return, I distinctly saw in the darker colour of the top of the cliff the granite superimposed on the white calcareous base.

Walking once with a geologist I asked him to show me "greensand," a formation often mentioned in books, and in discussions at the Geological Society. After a while he pointed to a bare, yellow bank and said, "There, that's greensand." I thought of the green gate at Little Pedlington, which was always painted white; but since then have not presumed to question a geologist's argument. In like manner, when an algebraist tells me that "a paraordinal has a constant index, and hence its stinnal with pri is the stigmal of that primal for the index," I, for one, never think of contradicting him.

Turn your back to the cliff, and there will be no question of disappointment. Predazzo and its precinct are presented in a new aspect: the jumble of roofs, the three churches, the smallest marking the burial-place, the God's Acre, the out-lying barns and stalls, the scraps of tillage creeping up the enclosing slopes, the plots of beans and barley, potatoes and maize, the river curving through with touches of foam, the swift mill-races—all lying open to your eye and to the glad sunshine.

On turning our attention to the mountains that shut the place in so closely, we understand why it is that during the winter Predazzo does not see the sun until eleven in the forenoon. From our elevation we can look between the shoulders of those mountains to higher summits, and beyond Val Travignolo, highest of all, the mighty Cimon and his col-



leagues. Village life, cultivation, industry, and some of Nature's grandest manifestations, compose a scene which will perhaps interest you more than the freak of geology.

Predazzo is not an idle place, it has a forge, two paper-mills, and twenty-two saw-mills. The mass of logs, plank, and boards piled by each mill testifies to a large demand, and a threatening drain on the Travignolo forests.

If "conversion" of timber on a large scale does not interest you, there is conversion on a small scale which may be seen in a mill among the maize and potato plots. It is one of the places from which Europe draws its supply of matches. Logs of pine are sawed transversely into slices two inches thick : these slices are split by a lever-knife into small square blocks, in readiness for further diminution in the match-making machine.

This machine is a frame with a row of small steel tubes, each tube the size of a match stick, fixed at each end. Between these two rows of tubes vibrates a bar. A girl takes one of the small pine blocks, holds it on the end of the bar, which, being set in motion, drives the block against the tubes, and out shoots a row of sticks. As the bar retreats the same thing is done at the other end, and so working to and fro thirty-eight times in a minute, nine hundred sticks are pushed off at each end within the sixty seconds ; one hundred and eight thousand in an hour. The boxes into which they fall are speedily filled ; then the sticks are winnowed to free them from chips and shavings, and are thrown into a large chest, where, by short quick vibrations, they are all shaken into one direction. Girls sitting on each side of the chest, seize a handful of the sticks, thrust them dexterously into a cylinder which will contain five hundred, and tie them. These bundles are packed in small pine cases

for transport, and one million sticks are sold for nine and a half florins. The priming of the sticks with phosphorus, by which they are converted into matches, is carried on elsewhere. The demand for unprimed sticks alone is sufficient to keep the mill going.

Formerly the sticks were drawn in lengths of six feet after the manner of wire, in a machine invented by the father of the two men who own the present mill. Straight-grained wood only could be used ; and Paneveggio has the merit of producing the trees best suited to the purpose. But the best wood is too high in price, when a million match sticks are sold for nineteen shillings : and so the present machine, which shapes good sticks from two-inch blocks, was invented. The clumsy matches made in London are put to shame by the matches of Predazzo.

Wood is not the only resource for industry.

The stone and marble as well as the timber for the new church and the men to build it were all furnished by the valley itself. Masons, carvers, workers in metal, and painters were among the resources of the neighbourhood ; and when you see the workmanship of the grey marble altar, and the decorations of the ceiling, you will agree that artist and artificer have alike shewn knowledge and skill. Some of the marble was got at Canzocoli, where large blocks can be quarried, but the difficulty of bringing them down without machinery compels use of the small pieces.

After so much description it will be a relief to take a walk. Taking the dusty half mile beyond the upper end of the village, we pass the forge where the big hammer and other appliances are worked by water power, and come presently to the brew-house and the bridge. The beer-garden is well shaded by leafy trees ; an advantage worth remembering. If, without

crossing the bridge, we turn along the left bank of the river, we find ourselves in the pleasantest level walk of the neighbourhood. A narrow strip of grass, agreeable to the feet, there stretches onwards between the swift stream and a cliff, which in the afternoon shelters you from the hot sun. Many a pleasant lounging-place will tempt you to recline ; but if bent on walking you will find attraction enough in the narrowing valley. In some places the precipitous hills come so near that the river with the high road on one side, and this grassy border on the other, fill all the space between the hills that rise high and form a grand defile until near Moena. The distance, four miles, is not too far for a morning or evening walk. The scenery is interesting : you pass the mouth of Val Sorda ; and if you desire to taste unsophisticated Enzian, you will find a distillery by the road side. As Moena comes into sight, with its church on a bold bluff, it makes a good picture.

Now, by way of contrast, let us go and take a walk from the lower end of the village. The road to Paneveggio passes between the two great hills mentioned in a former chapter, and skirts the saw-mill district. Here, too, is one of the paper-mills. The paper, made of straw, is coarse in quality and of two colours, blue and yellow, and as we pass we see women spreading the sheets out to dry on the big stones, the ragwort, and the thistles by the way side. The practice, though rough and ready, seems in harmony with the locality.

By the rising of the road, we soon overlook the whole breadth of the valley, bordered on each side by stony hills. The stream that brawls at will through the meadows is our old companion, the Travignolo torrent. It appears to flow from a dark nook that limits our upward view on the right. On the left, in the distance, we see the steep green slope that rises up to Bellamonte. Down the zigzags of that slope,

wagons laden high with hay, and drawn by oxen heavily yoked, are slowly moving in irregular procession, with women and girls as drivers. They have no hind wheels, and the side rails trailing on the ground serve as a drag, and make deep furrows ; while the man clinging to the rope that binds the load, stands first on one then on the other to direct the clumsy vehicle. Where the descent becomes easy, a riser, constructed of two beams in an inclined plane, is fixed by the roadside. The wagons are drawn between the two beams ; the trailing side-rails, meeting the roller which has been laid across, are gradually raised until high enough to admit of the fixing of the hind wheels, and the journey to the barns in the village is then easily finished.

If a few of the men and women who in England complain of overwork could pass a haymaking season among the mountains, they might, perhaps, learn a profitable lesson. They would see whole families turn out at earliest peep of dawn, and betake themselves with the bullock wagons, and perhaps a sumpter donkey, to the meadows miles away up the mountains. No matter how steep, if grass is only to be had, up they go. When the wagon can be dragged no higher, they take off the hind wheels and reverse it, and toil upwards half an hour or an hour farther to the hay. Then, as much hay as a man or woman can stagger under, is tied in a large canvas sheet and brought down on shoulders to the wagon ; and so it goes on, day after day, till all the hard-won crop is gathered in. Then come the loading, the tying, the steering, and the wearisome laborious drag down the steep and terrible roads. Sometimes the load, not having been nicely constructed, breaks up and rolls off, and sometimes the wheels get jammed at an angle of the road, and delay and fatigue are the consequence. If the men and

women were not as patient as the bullocks, the work would never be accomplished. And all the while their diet is little else than coffee, polenta, and cheese.

If we quit the main road and take a track on the right, we presently cross the stream and find a rough path leading to the nook that has already excited our curiosity. A grey wooden arch bestrides a chasm, and on coming nearer, we look down and see the bright torrent rushing under the arch, plunging into a rocky basin, escaping thence as a fan-shaped cascade, and then swirling away to another plunge and disappearing at a bend. Sternness prevails; the rocks and cliffs are porphyry hard as steel, but here and there in crevices and on ledges grow clusters of yellow ragwort, or small silver-stemmed birches, or the scarlet berries of the mountain ash. Beyond the grey arch rise two big shaggy green hills apparently forbidding ingress; but where a torrent can rush out, we can perhaps win in, as our Scottish neighbours say.

We cross the bridge, and find ourselves at the mouth of a gorge. At each side are quarrymen hewing out blocks to be shaped into gutters. I wondered at their patience, so slight was the impression made by their tools on the stubborn rock. They told me the name of the place was Schlucht, or gorge of Sottosassi. Rightly it is named *Under the Rocks*; for rock overmasters every other element in the landscape.

Looking inwards, we see a narrow chasm between tremendous cliffs, the plinths, so to speak, of mighty hills whose summits are out of sight. At the base of the cliff on the left (as you go up) a narrow road is built in the water, presenting a solid wall to the stream, and protected by a row of fence stones. This seemed to me something like a discovery, and I entered the gorge with lively expectation.

It is very crooked ; recesses, hollows, and jutting crags succeed each other in striking variety : in some places bristling with firs, in others overhung with long grasses and trailing flowers, while birch and ash fringe the summit, and look soft and graceful against the sky. A little farther, and the cliff rises smooth and bare as a wall ; a grand mass of red, brown, and purple. Then come patches of grey and orange lichen, and drooping ferns, and yellow moss all damp with the trickling of a tiny thread of water. Then a curving dip occurs in the cliff, backed by a steep hollow gulley in which trees grow thickly, and you catch green gleams through the maze of branches, and see here and there an old grey withered stem. Each side in turn attracts the eye ; here a big rock on which the lichen grows in curious spots and stripes, half leopard, half tiger, is pushed forward into the stream ; there stands a rock strangely splintered as if by one of the very angriest of thunderbolts ; and frequent terraces, great steps by which to scale the mountain top, diversify the picturesque charm.

Combine with this the rich warm colour, the cool shadows, the quivering reflections, a ray of light shooting downwards from the angle of a tall cliff and losing itself in the gloom, the wet rocks, the mingled hiss and plunge and roar of the water, and you will feel that the gorge of Sottosassi claims all your admiration.

I walked slowly onwards hoping that the ins and outs, each in turn exciting expectation, would continue all the way to Bellamonte. In places, the road was encumbered by fallen lumps of rock, and the signs of traffic disappeared ; but presently I met a man and woman, the man carrying a handkerchief filled with *finforli*, and my anticipation of a thoroughfare was confirmed. But at the next jut the road

had been washed away, and the only means of passing was by a few of its foundation stones that rose above the water. Havoc again at the next point; but there, a ledge of the road some eighteen inches wide was left clinging to the base of the cliff. The chances began to appear ominous, and at last I came to a great gap where the jutting cliff rose from the water as bare as if a road had never been built against it. The torrent rushed round the bend deep and swift, and the rocks in its bed were too far apart to be used as stepping-stones, and thus my exploration was suddenly stayed. From the nearest accessible rock I could see past the point, the road with its fence-stones still stretching away into another shadowy reach; but to come thither was impossible.

Where had the man and woman come from, with their gathering of small yellow mushrooms? On the way back, I discovered a steep hollow by which they might have scrambled down.

On revisiting the gorge in 1875, I found that the road had been repaired, and was passable to a point whence, by a stiff climb, Bellamonte could be reached. We may hope, therefore, that the most picturesque walk in the neighbourhood of Predazzo will long be accessible.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Panchia to Cavalonte.—A noisy Brook.—Signs of Iron.—Breathless Germans.—A big Step.—The Stabilimento.—Albergo, Alp and Cliff.—A hearty Greeting.—Another Greeting.—The Yellow Old Man again.—Up to the Spring.—A rough Retreat.—Drinkers.—Wheel and Wire.—Full Baskets and Empties.—A Message.—The Hole in the Cliff.—A slimy Crawl.—A Hill Prospect.—Way to Cauria.—About the Baths.—About the Water.—Broccoli and *Pinus cembra*.—Stony Analysis.—The Ziano Route.—The Larches.—A Question of Spelling.

WITH the youthful companion whose name has been already mentioned, I one day started from Panchia to visit the health-giving spring of Cavalonte. A short descent brought us to the Avisio, where a notice-board states that two vehicles are not to be on the bridge at the same time. At once the ascent begins on the other side, a rough, unsheltered road, with the usual accompaniment of a noisy brook—Rivo di Cavalonte. The gap, as we thought it in the distance, proves to be a narrow valley with room for local traffic.

It is a wild stony valley, with huge blocks by the wayside and in the brook. Here and there are masses of ironstone full of cracks and fissures, as if about to fall to pieces. In these we have an indication of the nature of the rocks hereabouts, and of the quality of the water.

We overtook a German and his wife, who panted laboriously on their way upwards, and had to sit down at every hundred yards. A little farther, and there was a small girl carrying their carpet bag, which being lightly packed and



round as a barrel, rolled repeatedly from the youngster's back as she bent under the burden.

So it continues "against the collar" for three-quarters of an hour, by which time you have climbed up a big step, to a comparative level. Here is a bridge, and a road branches off to the right; but looking straight onwards we see at a short distance the white houses which comprise the Stabilimento di Cavalonte. The situation, though wild, is agreeable, with mountains in front and rear, and in the far distance towards Italy.

On a terrace above the road stand the Albergo, the drinking-house, and the baths. Below are a Trattoria, and stables, a summer-house, or belvedere, and a chapel. Behind the Albergo rises a steep, broad, green alp, on which haymakers were gathering in the last of their crop. Two or three brooklets rush swiftly down the bright slope to the torrent that strives ever with the stones between the Albergo and the chapel. Above the alp is a belt of forest, thinning off to a higher slope, bare, rugged, and yellow, contrasting strangely with the underlying green. From the heart of that yellow cliff trickles the water to which Cavalonte owes its celebrity.

After observing these particulars we stood looking on at a game of bowls, of which about thirty guests were also spectators. Presently one of the players, having turned round, ran towards me with outstretched hands and gave me a hearty greeting. It was the Professor of our party at Paneveggio, the "Wissenschaft mit Brille." Scarcely had we told our news than a woman started up with loud outcry, and holding out her arms said as she came near me, "Ah! do I see you again? You promised I might speak to you if ever I saw you once more. Don't you remember how you made us

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laugh with your merry stories in the Stellwagen last year. How often I and my husband have talked about you. You called him the alte Gelbe. See, there he comes ; but he does not look yellow now."

It surprised me to find that the trivial talk of a public vehicle had made such an impression ; but I greeted the hearty couple with corresponding heartiness, and congratulated the old one on his ruddy appearance. A fortnight of mountain air and Cavalonte water had blown and washed away all his Botzen yellowness.

Five o'clock was approaching, and they were about to go up to the spring for their evening drink. We went with them, zigzagging across the alp, and through the forest belt to the yellow cliff. A wire which I took to be a telegraph-wire stretches the whole distance.

Some six or eight of the visitors who had already mounted welcomed us to the "hotel," as they called the barn-like building we had seen from below. It is an airy shed, with many crevices through which you can see the sky. It is furnished with a rough table, rough seats, a stove, cooking utensils, a box bed-place, a haystack, and a big wheel. A big bottle of the water fresh from the spring was placed on the table, and we sat down with the others and drank. The water is bright, limpid, and cold, with a decided astringent flavour that brought back to my memory the taste of ink with which I was familiar in my schoolboy days. Some of the company mixed wine or milk with their dose, and lively talk went on, which perhaps favoured the effect of the medicinal draught. A few peasant women who took gulps from their goblets at intervals, walked up and down the shed with very melancholy faces, and their hands folded on their apron-strings.

Presently the wheel was set in motion, and I saw what was the purpose of the far-stretching wire. A basket, containing six of the large bottles of the water, was tied thereto, and as the wheel turned the basket descended until it arrived at the "pump-room," where the visitors who did not wish to climb were waiting for their evening dose. More full baskets were sent down and "empties" came up until all were satisfied. Scraps of paper, on which little jokes were written, were found in the basket, and my vivacious acquaintance sent down, "Good appetite to Frau Rottenstein."

I desired to see the spring, and went to the hole in the cliff. It smells cold and damp, and necessitates stooping low, and under foot are wet planks. Then you must take a lamp and crawl through the brown slime with which every part of the hole is covered. And then you come to a cavern, and see dimly the water trickling from the living rock at the rate of about four gallons an hour. There being no miner's dress available, I declined to crawl through the slime, and cannot therefore describe the appearance of the spring. The rill that runs along the passage and soaks the planks is conducted down to the Stabilimento in wooden shoots, and is there used for baths.

The hole is probably an old excavation made by miners. The man in charge says that its inner end is deep in the cliff—a quarter-hour from the entrance—but that an active crawler could get to the spring in two or three minutes.

Many a rock has been tapped throughout Tyrol by explorers in search of gold and silver, and many a tradition of buried treasure still exists. Here the treasure presented itself in a liquid form; and for more than a century the healing properties of the water have been known in the neighbourhood.

From the murky hole to the grand prospect commanded by the yellow cliff is a most agreeable change. Hills on hills crowd the view: the bold array of the Fassa Alps, highest among which the Marmolata shows his ridgy crest of snow; and, nestling at their feet, lies Predazzo, plainly to be seen. At the head of Val Cavallone you see above a forest about half an hour distant, the alp to which the visitors resort for exercise, or for milk and butter. Beyond that alp rise higher summits, and out there is a rough pass by which you can cross the Joch, and drop down on Cauria, and so to Primiero.

The face of the cliff, by reason of the stains, presents a very curious appearance. Here and there are cavernous hollows in which differences of structure may be observed. By a rough gap you may scramble to the summit of the cliff, and thence to the top of the mountain across an open tract of wind-shattered and much-neglected forest.

The water used for baths looks muddy, and when boiled has the consistence of jelly. To render it fit for use it is mixed with the water of a clear spring flowing from the same hill. The price of a bath, according as you choose wood or marble, is from fifteen to thirty kreutzers. There are cold, warm, vapour, and douche (Sturtz) baths. The descriptive names are written on the several doors in Italian and German. The daily charge for diet is a florin and a half; for a bedroom from fifteen to twenty-five kreutzers. The rooms are clean and simply furnished.

The usual time for bathing is about an hour after the morning or evening dose of the iron water has been taken.

The time for drinking is in the early morning, and at five in the afternoon. Patients are recommended to drink slowly, and in small quantities. The total quantity depends on the

malady, and varies from one pint to eight pints daily. Cures are effected in from twelve to thirty days.

An Italian chemist describes the water as "salino-ferruginosa," and his analysis shows protosulphate and persulphate of iron, sulphate of alumina, sulphate of lime, with a minute quantity of sulphate of magnesia and of resinous matter.

The water is especially remedial in diseases peculiar to women, for hemorrhoids, weakness of lungs, and, as one may judge, for disorder of the liver, for in ten days yellow faces are converted to red. A medical practitioner from the hospital at Tesero visits the baths twice a week.

On our way down to Panchia we saw a group of boys come out of a wood, each with a small, well-filled sack on his shoulder. "What had they got?"

"Broccoli!"

"Broccoli out of the forest! Let us look."

One of the boys opened his sack and showed us a quantity of dark, bluish-brown, lemon-shaped fir-cones, known locally as broccoli: the fruit of the *Pinus cembra*.

The valley of the Avisio owes much to this tree, for it beautifies many a league of hungry slope, and produces a cone which contains, shut in with curious contrivance, an oily kernel of pungent, resinous flavour. This kernel forms part of the winter food of the inhabitants, and its extraction is a puzzling amusement for winter evenings. The wood is fine-grained, easy to work, is much used for carvings, and has an agreeable odour which seems to be permanent.

We met the post-car which crawls up every afternoon with letters, packages, and merchandise, and warms the heart of Cavalonte with news from the outer world.

I brought away a piece of the splintered ferruginous stone,

and am informed by a friendly analyst that it contains 3·46 per cent. of iron.

In the following year the forester showed me a pleasanter way to Cavalonte. We went to Ziano, the village nearest to Predazzo, and a very shabby-looking village as soon as you get away from the high road. The outskirt Zanolin, on the other side of the river, is still shabbier, and on the whole your estimate of the "Paése de' Zianitter" will not be flattering. While crossing the bridge you see not saw-mills, but three or four gunpowder-mills—small wooden buildings on the brink of the water.

When clear of the rickety houses we found a rising road which led us up to a larch wood, and a pleasant footpath that straggles hither and thither, now under the trees now on the grassy slope, whence the valley can be seen all the way from Predazzo to Cavalese; and, viewed from this elevation, it is now clear that the promontories, round which the high road makes bold curves, were formed long ago by landslips from the steep range on the right side of the valley.

From the larch wood the path crosses a slope of copse and scrub, intermingled with Cembran pine, alder and juniper, and presently ends on the road between Panchia and Cavalonte, more than half way up, and above the steepest section.

I have chosen to depart from the usual spelling Cavelonte, or Cavillonte, for the reason that in an official document I met with Cavalonte, and that this way of spelling may appeal for support to *Cavalese*.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### In Memoriam.

WE must now go up to Paneveggio.

But, before we depart, respect for the memory of a most worthy man draws us once more to the burial-ground where, by the grave of Francesco Giacomelli, we contrast the present with the past, and feel how much we, in common with Predazzo, have lost by his decease. The epitaph inscribed on the marble which preserves his name, sets forth his merits in truthful simplicity :—

“Religioso padre di cuore retto  
e franco nel vero paterno  
amore costante del sapere  
amico amator delle arti.”

There is sorrow, too, at Paneveggio, for the Wirth is no more ; and, in this quiet nook, he now reposes near his friend of many years. Paneveggio without Michele—“ Our Michele,” of tender heart and jocund spirit—will not be the same place. This is indeed a sorrowful holiday.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Charm of the Forest.—An Exploration.—Up the Boche.—Interview with Horses.—Casera, with a Prospect.—Redcap's Welcome.—Goods and Chattels.—Cheesemaking.—The Cheesemakers and their Names.—Consider the Prospect!—Lonely Lake.—Up again.—The Cornice.—A brutal Mountain.—A black Gulf.—Traps for silly Birds.—The Summit.—Chaos and Beauty.—King Cimon and his Subjects.—Cima d'Asta and Adamello.—San Pellegrin.—A Panorama.—Savage Ridges.—Conglomerate.—Tiresome Descent.—A Sun-watch.

THE charm of the forest is perhaps greatest—most deeply felt—when you forsake the beaten tracks, and plunge into the untrodden tangle. On the road or path, however rugged, there is always the impression that other feet have gone before, and imparted a human interest—a sense of companionship—to the place. But in the wild, where you choose a way for yourself, the feeling of loneliness is complete.

This feeling can be renewed with every fresh exploration. Thoroughly did I enjoy it, when one morning I mounted the steep meadow to the rear of the house, and struck into the broad forest that clothes the southern slope of the Boche. I wished to see what lay beyond, and to scan the topography of the north side of the valley. Climbing straight upwards, I found here and there traces of a path which soon disappeared, and gave place to heath and bilberry, to bush and tangle, to stones and stems, to crackling heaps of white branches, and patches of dead brown spines, to layers of bright moss that feel like indiarubber under your feet. Now



and then the old grey lichen-clad stems give way, and catch your leg as in a trap, or you disturb busy colonies of ants, and find as many sylvan delights as did the minstrels of olden time who sang so sweetly of the good green wood.

After an hour's steady climb straight upwards, I saw streaks of daylight above, and presently came out on the skirt of an alp, where it seemed that scattered trees and acres of ragwort were striving for the mastery. Hereabouts a number of horses belonging to Predazzo were grazing. I stood to watch their movements. After a little while one raised his head from the sweet grass; then another, then another, and from far and near they all come slowly towards me, and stood in a semicircle looking at me as if they never before had seen a man. What did it mean? It seemed ludicrous, and then became embarrassing; for they looked fixedly and imploringly. Had the dialect of the Houyhnhnms been among my acquirements, I would have asked them, in the transmigratory sense, whether the souls of horsy men were looking out of their eyes in search of sympathy. I have often talked to the four-footed creatures that stand looking over a gate by the wayside, and have observed that they never go away while the talk continues; so I made a short speech to the four-footed Predazzaners, which perhaps impressed them favourably, for they did not stir from the spot so long as I remained in sight.

From the rough skirt and straggling trees I passed to a smooth green alp, on the brow of which stands a casera: a breezy site, and such a prospect! Is there any other dairy in the world so highly favoured?

The building comprises two low log hovels standing near together. The intervening space being roofed forms a shed or gateway, through which rushes such a lively thorough

draught as might inspire an ode to the west wind. A stone building, a few yards distant, is the storehouse. Water is abundant. A clear brook runs along the foot of the slope behind the dairy; but for drinking the men fetch water from a spring half a mile off.

"Buon giorno," said a red-capped man who was busy around the big kettle, as I looked into his workshop, while he invited me in, and threw fresh sticks on the fire, for the wind, whistling through the crevices of the logs, was far from agreeable to one heated with walking.

A casera is a busy scene during the long bright weeks of summer, for then the making of cheese and butter compels steady work. The "plant" (to use an engineering term) is very simple. A few smooth boards, a few shallow tubs, a ladle or two, a few copper bowls, and a huge copper caldron. The caldron, filled with rich milk which requires no adulteration, is hung over the wood fire by a clumsy wooden crane, or by a chain from a beam in the roof. The whole place is black with smoke, and the upper logs shine as with jetty varnish; but all the vessels and implements are kept far cleaner than could be expected under the circumstances. No neat-handed dairymaid presides; the work is all done by rough untidy men, who look as if they were strangers to soap and water. Here ten men are employed, and at the time of my visit five were in the dairy, and five out with the kine. They had not been idle, for already five hundred cheeses were piled in the storehouse, ready for transport on mule-back to Belluno. Redcap is foreman and cheesemaker. Rude berths in one corner, in an inner room, and in the twin building are their sleeping-places, to which the mountain winds have free access through the numerous crevices. On pegs driven into the logs hang their aprons,

and bags of meal, from which their staff of life (polenta) is cooked ; and a few wooden bowls, spoons, stools, a chest or two, and a big stove, complete the plenishing.

The men eat polenta and cheese three times a day, and treat themselves to coffee at discretion. Redcap offered me a cup, which I was glad to accept. For three months' service each man is paid twenty florins—two pounds sterling. The whole party come from the neighbourhood of Belluno, not more than two days distant, so they said, by the cross-country tracks with which they are familiar. When at home they work for padroni, or proprietors of the neighbourhood, at field or garden work, and get half the crop as their pay. They appeared to me hearty, good-humoured fellows, not too much encumbered with dress, and having the aspect of those who live in the sunshine on breezy heights.

I felt curious to know the names of such very "common people," and proposed to write them in my note-book. The proposition was received with a good-humoured laugh. Redcap led off, and here are the five,—Pietro Fiabane, Annibale Bortotti, Giacomo Dalmas, Giacomo Denart, and Giulio Chiavane ; but in reciting them the baptismal name was placed last, after the practice usual on the continent.

"Consider the prospect !" said a canny Scot, while asking an unreasonable price for feed for six sheep on a hill within sight of Edinburgh. "Consider the prospect !" I could not help fancying that Belluno says, "Consider the prospect !" to the dairymen she sends up hither.

The prospect is indeed of the grandest. Southwards rises the mighty Cimon attended by his peers—Titans frowning still in terror of the eye that turned them into stone, yet preserving an awful majesty. Beyond, Cima Cimedò, and the summits up to which we looked on our way from Primiero,

claim attention ; all the streaks of snow, all the crevices, all the tints of red, brown, and ochre distinctly revealed by the sunshine. There we see the smooth green slopes of Giuribel, their stony crest, Costonzella, and the archducal casera, and there is the rugged peak of Colbricon looking into the two dark green lakes that lie in the hollow between its base and the high ground of Rolle.

Northwards we look up to the summit of Boche across the wild stony slope on which it rests. Here and there boulders of hugest bulk and deep gullies vary the surface, and patches of cliff indicate the places where lakes may be looked for ; but it is a surly expanse contrasting strongly with the broad pastures of Monte Lusia on the west. Eastwards appears Giuribrut with a reverse of the contrast.

Having seen so much, I had a keen desire to see more, and, descending into the vale behind the casera, scrambled through the open forest beyond and up the stony slope to the lowermost lake, and there realised the impression of being alone in the wilderness. The lateness of the hour forbade a push for the top of the mountain : I looked up to it with longing eyes.

A few days afterwards, with a boy to carry diet, I repeated the ascent by the same route, till we came to the open wood beyond the casera. Here, instead of aiming direct for the summit, as I had done, the boy turned to the right up a steep green alp, by which we came to a lower range of the cornice-like verge of the mountain, that which, seen at a distance, seems to lean over to the very utmost, as if to survey the base of the awful precipice. The brow is all white with a thin layer of snow, rain having fallen since our former exploration ; and rain in the valleys commonly implies snow on the hilltops.

The ascent along the cornice is gradual and easy, with here and there a length of broad natural pavement, succeeded by slabs and boulders crowding more and more together as the height increases. The snow, at first in patches, became continuous ; then we scrambled up a gulley that looked like the bed of a torrent, and through a gap on the top saw the deep and narrow pass that separates the Boche from Giuribrut. That mountain well deserves its name, for a more brutal, ugly cliff than that it presents to the evening sky could not well be imagined, backed by slopes so desolate, that you fancy here at last is the very abode of despair. You look into the black gulf with a shudder, and wonder whether foot has ever trodden that confused scree which lies at the bottom. Towards San Pellegrin the colour changes from black to bronze ; then scanty patches of grass, whereon a few sheep are nibbling, relieve the bareness, and remind us of Nature's constant endeavours to beautify. The shepherd from far below sees us and jödels, and we fling down a cry in answer.

The sight of a falcon soaring far aloft excites the boy, and sets him talking of the mischief done by birds of prey. Presently he points out certain piles of stones that resemble a rudely-shaped V lying horizontal, and says they are bird-traps. It seems incredible that birds should suffer themselves to be taken in a contrivance from which they may fly as easily as from a wheelbarrow ; but that they are so taken is a fact. Clearly the fowl of the Boche might take a lesson from the traditional Somersetshire cuckoo.

At length we came to the cairn of rough porphyry blocks that marks the summit, more than nine thousand feet, in three hours and a quarter from Paneveggio, our only pause having been to look into the gulf of blackness above mentioned. The cairn supports a rough, partially decayed fir-

stem that in the distance looks like a graceful flagstaff. Chaos reigns all around, and the stern blocks of porphyry, undisturbed through countless generations, do their best to hide everything except themselves. But even here the motherly hand exerts its exquisite touch, and yellow lichen beautifies the barren lumps, and delicate flowers, white and blue, grow wherever space has been left for a narrow margin of soil. At this time the crevices were filled with snow, by which the red masses were thrown into strong relief. I plunged our bottle of wine into one of the recesses, and the air being still and warm, sat down to rest and satisfy the desire of mine eyes.

The view is panoramic, and the great circle is everywhere crowded with peaks or mountains. We thought the view glorious as seen from the casera ; but how much more glorious from this elevation ! King Cimon looks more like a king than ever, for, far as eye can reach, to the right and left of him we see his rivals and his lieges, various in form and feature, yet presenting a certain family likeness. And secrets are revealed. The king is not so completely isolated as appears when viewed from below, for now we can look into his heart and see the ribs, ridges, ledges, and buttresses by which he is connected with the rearward masses. And how much snow there is, in streaks and patches, separated by jagged lines of rock, making the broken surface appear comparatively level, terrace above terrace, all looking so inaccessible that you can scarcely believe any climber has ever set foot on such giddy heights.

The hills behind Primiero are now in sight, and other ranges beyond that look down into the hot and luxuriant, but dusty plains of Italy ; and the familiar ridges of the Trivignolo are now so dwarfed that we can look across them and

see in remote distance the Cima d'Asta and the Adamello, a white peak that adorns the province of Brescia; and rivals the Glockner in brightness of aspect and gracefulness of form. Then, westwards, the snow-fields across which we walked twenty years ago, on our way from Santa Caterina to Ponte di Legno, appear in the view, and the purple heights of the magnificent Val di Non; then the great snow masses of the Ortler, of the Oetzthal, and of the Zillertal, which bring us round to the northern and eastern prospect, and to hills with which we have already made acquaintance. Schlern, Blattkogel, Rosengarten, Marmolata, Tofana, Pelmo, and a hundred others are in sight. The Gross Glockner is hidden; but the Gross Venediger brightens the horizon, and here and there are gable-shaped masses, or huge cubes flat as a table on the top, to diversify the scene.

Coming from the distant to the near, we refresh our eyes with the green pastures of Monte Lusia on our left, and enjoy their pleasing contrast to Boche and the Brute, as we may call him. Boche is stern enough; but when we look across to Brute we rejoice that the gulf separates us from his black desolation. Below his left shoulder we can just see a part of the little chapel of San Pellegrin, and below it a few hay-barns and a green lake. Thence the whole length of Val Pellegrin lies under the eye, the road stretching along it like a brown tape, while the brook straggles at a lower level. There are a few patches of wood, but for the most part the valley is very bald. Campo Ziegelan forms its farther side, abutting near Moena on the Sasso di Rocca and the Mezzodi. Across it we see summits of the Monzoni, of the Val Pozza, and of the stony Val Fassa.

Moena is well seen as a collection of toy houses in the opening where Pellegrin merges into Fassa. A ragged red

scratch behind the village shows us the way to the Caressa Pass, and the country across which we walked to inhospitable Welschenofen ; and, farther, a grey haze makes us aware of the locality of Botzen, sweltering in its deep sultry basin.

Turning again to the south-east we can see Val Venigia to its extremity. To the left thereof is the pass by which travellers cross from Paneveggio to San Pellegrin, or by way of Falcade to the valley of the Cordevole.

Thus we survey the whole circle until the Colbriconer lakes—emeralds in a setting of grey stone—remind us that we are looking once more towards the south ; and there, beneath us, we see how richly the Val Travignolo, with its leagues of forest, contrasts with Val Pellegrin. The torrents of these two valleys are the principal tributaries of the Avisio.

In so vast a scene how much there is that cannot be identified by a stranger ; but the eye may be satisfied in its desire, nevertheless, while roving from one conspicuous object to another, noting the characteristic forms and groupings. But it is like wandering in a forest where tree after tree appears finer or more picturesque than the one last admired, and where, after saying, can anything exceed this ? you are compelled to cry, can anything exceed that ? Here a wonderful crag, so splintered and haggard that it seems ready to fall to pieces, fixes your attention ; there a table-rock big as the Bass extorts a look, or a sierra or a group of pinnacles leaves you in doubt as to the one special object to be remembered.

Among all these wonders, the sierra of a savage ridge that thrusts itself forward between the Boche and Moena remains impressed on my memory from its resemblance to the sierra that slants up from the sea behind the Start lighthouse.



The scale is indeed larger, and the colour is bronze, while that of the Devonian promontory is grey ; but the likeness is there.

For nearly two hours did I lounge around the cairn, thinking at times that a prospect somewhat similar could be seen from Piz Languard; at others that it could be matched only in Norway. The light snow favoured comparison, for it had fallen widely, and every flat, every gable, every ledge, every hollow was picked out in such detail as to leave no doubt concerning outlines and features.

Instead of returning by the cornice we took a direct way down the slope, though it looked far from inviting. Ere long we came to the head of the valley, among very curious masses of conglomerate, white, grey, green, yellow, brown ; and beneath them a scree of the small fallen lumps, too steep for foothold. We worked our way down to a spring, where a little grass inspired hope of easier progress. There we found another mass of the conglomerate big as a haystack, evidently rolled down from above. The spring grew to a rill, and the rill to a brook that leaped merrily over ledges, through rifts, down precipices, and many wild places where we could not follow. A more toilsome, jerky, jolting descent I never had. It required more time than the ascent, and demonstrated the advantage of the cornice.

Then we came to a lake so deep as to look black lying at the foot of a cliff all black and bronze, the brow of which is a steep green slope strewn with black rocks : a singularly grim spectacle. We might have fancied ourselves—

“By that lake whose gloomy shore  
Skylark never warbled o’er.”

The margin is gravelly, and there the water is seen to be clear and sparkling, and fish, so says the boy, are plentiful.

The brook flows through the lake and continues its downward course to the Travignolo, passing, at lower levels, five smaller lakes. We followed, wondering if ever we should come to the end of the tiresome stones. It seemed as if they grudged the alp every inch of its green, for when the loose blocks really did cease to encumber the way, then mighty boulders upheaved their weather-beaten forms through the grass. Not till the open forest above the casera is crossed can you fairly congratulate yourself on having left them behind.

The boy drew a brass ring from his pocket and looked at his *oriuoloi del sol*—sun-watch. I had often heard of the simple instrument by which shepherds and haymakers ascertain the time of day on the Alps, but had never before seen one. It is a narrow strip of brass bent into a ring about two inches in diameter, fitted with a vernier or slide, in which is a small hole. On the inside of the ring is a scale bearing the initials of the months, and the numerals one to twelve. The place of the vernier varies with each month; but in any case the ring is held by a loop, so that the sun may shine through the hole and throw a spot of light on the scale. The place of that spot indicates the hour. The boy looked pleased when I told him he was right within ten minutes: sufficiently accurate for rural life in the mountains. The German name for the ring is *Sonnenuhr*.

Our pace across the alp was, perhaps, an evidence of the pleasure we felt in escaping from the hard-hearted stony region. We were soon in the forest, and on arrival at Paneveggio found that the shortest way down had taken us a quarter-hour more than the longest way up.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Reasonable Laziness.—Don't think.—The Wheelbarrow.—Open your Eyes.—Aspects of Nature.—A transformed Landscape.—Dos Sasso.—Misty Movements.—In the Night.—Specimens of Dialect.—Proud Roveredo.—Hateful Trent.—England, as described by a Forest Inspector.—A Wirth's Opinion of Englishmen.—The Postman.—Early Singers.—A new Dairy.—The lone House.—Mrs. Battista.—I go to the Doctor.—The Kitchen Fire.—The Maid.

REASONABLE laziness is said to be one of the elements of longevity. A quiet holiday should therefore prove more invigorating than a noisy holiday. My own experience is distinctly in favour of laziness. I can lie supine under a tree for half a day at a stretch, looking up at the flecks of blue among the branches, with my hands under my head. Or I can take an hour's bath of sunshine, and verify the doctrine that heat and life are one and the same. Or lying prone by a waterfall, I can fancy that the minutes glide away swiftly as the foam.

"Always alone?" said one of my friends. "Why, I should get tired of my thoughts!"

"But I don't think."

So that when the happy fallow weeks come to an end, mind and body recognise with gladsome strength the claims of activity, and the homeward journey becomes not less animating than the outward.

One resource was to put the small boy into his barrow and wheel him about. This answered very well until the

youngster became too knowing, and kept up a steady cry of "lauf! lauf!" run—run, on which aurigation had to be abandoned; for running hardly comes within the definition of reasonable laziness.

But at Paneveggio there is so much that a lazy man may do, and yet do nothing. Open your eyes and you will see aspects of Nature. One gloomy, misty afternoon I was looking from my window, when it seemed to me, for a few moments, that the side of Dos Sasso was transformed into a vast black cavern, with tremulous stalactites hanging from the roof. The dark mass of firs formed the cavern, the grey mist between the spiry tree-tops the stalactites.

Rain, that is, rain of the mountains, is very impressive during a calm. The trees are motionless, the hiss and roar of the falling rain are tremendous, and the rushing roar of the swollen brooks becomes overpowering. The valley shut in by low clouds looks like a dark, irregular, hazy tunnel. Then for an instant you get a glimpse of black trees through a ragged crevice which as suddenly closes; or the entire screen is lifted, and nothing is left but scraps of mist clinging to the tree-tops.

Then as the gloom diminishes, the fresh green meadow slope seems to shine with brightness; there is a gleam on the red berries of the mountain ash; the long curving line of fence-stones appears to glisten, and the white walls of the chapel look whiter than ever. And then, when the pent-up sunshine at last breaks through in long slanting rays, the whole landscape glows and sparkles. If King Cimon should show his head above the rising cloud, you will see it streaked and patched with snow.

Look down the valley in the forenoon; the long succession of summits and ridges shows hard and distinct, and you can

see openings among the trees, and stony slopes, and other characteristic features. But look again when the sun is dropping in the west ; the ridges are softened and so blended that, save for the faint haze in the intervening valleys, it would not be easy to individualize them. In the ample shadow the forest seems unbroken and impenetrable, where the eastern sun saw glades and gaps innumerable.

As a great promontory, Dos Sasso bulges into the valley below the meadow ; and no sooner does it hide the sun, than a curve of shadow begins to form, until stretching all across it grows every minute darker, in strange contrast to the heights which still catch the brightness.

Often, on fine days, have I seen a heap of mist drift slowly into sight round the rough base of Dos Sasso. On it moves up the valley as if taking the course of the torrent for its path. At times it pauses, and remains absolutely motionless for half an hour, and then gradually melts away. What produces the dead stillness in that particular spot ? Sometimes the mist appears as smoke clinging to the water as it rolls upwards. How is it that the drift is always up the valley ? and where do the heaps of mist come from ? Sometimes a heap seems to hesitate while doubling Dos Sasso ; shows its profile, then withdraws ; appears once more, again retires ; and then, after a while, peeps over the breast of the big hill, and floats away into the blue.

The slope of firs, on the opposite side of the valley, serves as a scale by which you can determine the position of the patches of mist. One afternoon I watched a motionless patch a long time. It vanished. I kept my eyes fixed on the place, and presently saw faint gauzy whiffs, which reformed the little cloud a few feet above the level it had before occupied.

Could laziness be better ministered unto than by all this ? Where Nature is, there is no monotony. The day, as we have seen, brings variety ; and night unveils the sheen which the day had hidden. The stars glimmer and glow in the dark blue vault with a lustre rarely seen in our northern clime, as if they were indeed solid specks of light hung in infinite space. Watch attentively as they appear above the rough crest of a hill, and you will feel that it is not they that are rising, but that the solid earth on which you stand is rolling away from under them.

And how clear at night is the voice of the water. Little brooks, unnoticed by day, now make themselves heard, and join with the torrent in one flowing harmony. And at times solemn whispers are heard in the forest, or a distant roar tells that the wind is shaking the uppermost trees. Some of the natives will tell you that the weird sounds are the screams of usurers imprisoned in the heart of the mountains.

Another resource would be to gossip with travellers and visitors, and pick up a smattering of dialect. We have already remarked the tendency to cut off the last syllable, and may gather further examples out of ordinary conversation in the dialect of the Trentino. Thus :—

bene	is	bem.
siamo	„	siam.
andiamo	„	andiam.
mangiamo	„	mangente.
stare quà	„	sten chi.
andarono	„	i è nadi.
quando partite	„	quando ne via ?
avete voi veduto	„	ave vist ?
vanno a passaggio	„	i va a spas.

The transformation is remarkable, and as the pronunciation is very sharp and quick, we can see from these few specimens

the difficulty of understanding, even by one acquainted with Italian. A young student, a native of Trent, told me he had studied during four years at the University of Bologna, and could not yet understand the Bolognese dialect.

Then during the gossip you will hear of local rivalries : how that Roveredo is a proud place, where the people, being jealous of strangers, marry in and in, and deformities are not rare ; and how that the proud place holds Trent in especial hatred, and at times travels thither to hiss at the opera.

In one of my journeys from Neumarkt to Predazzo I had much conversation with an elderly Forest Inspector from Roveredo, who was among the passengers. He asked many questions about England, and, after a while, said that my answers were all wrong. Everybody knew, he declared, that through severity of climate the Thames was frozen every winter, and the navigation stopped ; that fogs always prevail in London ; that fifty persons die of starvation every day in the streets ; that to walk the streets is dangerous at all times, so great is the number of thieves and cut-throats ; that we shelter political refugees so long only as they have money in pocket, and that, although we profess not to punish political opinions, we hold five thousand Fenians shut up in prison. I tried, but in vain, to shew him the absurdity of his statements. " Give me proofs," he retorted, " and then I'll believe you."

Austrian readers are badly off : I had heard something of this sort on sundry occasions ; and am forced to the conclusion that a manufactory of perverted English history exists somewhere in the empire. But an Upper Forest Inspector, of dignified aspect, ought to know better. He would hardly wish to be in the same category with the Wirth at Schlanders,

who once assured me I must be very "kindisch"—child-like — if I was not aware that every Englishman is a knave.

As a set-off to this, we will remember what was said by a reasonable Tyroler in the garden of the Golden Star at Brixen.

If the Visitors' Book may be trusted, travellers who speak Italian are very effusive, for, with unsparing pen, they heap praises on Val Travignolo and Paneveggio. One of the number, however, remarks that his countrymen spell badly and are ignorant of grammar; and he advises all who may follow to check their outpourings.

One, who writes in French, says his journey up the valley was the happiest of his life, and that "*le trait de prairies (sic) de Predazzo à Paneveggio est plus digne d'occuper une place au milieu du paradis terrestre que entre les chaînes desertes et rompues des Alpes Trentaises.*"

A scrap of useful information is recorded, Sept. 1872, by three Englishmen, who climbed to the Cima di Vezzana, and crossed the pass between that summit and Cimon. It was hard work; but as they describe, the pass offers "a new and magnificent route to Gares, and the view from the Cima di Vezzana is one of the finest in the dolomites." And they add that it is "a first-class glacier expedition, requiring all the usual precautions."

The postman with his wagon, or at times a small omnibus, comes up from Predazzo six times a week. He arrives about nine in the forenoon, tarries while his horses, drawn to one side of the road, take a quiet feed, then goes up to Rolle, where he meets the postman from Primiero. A transfer of letters and lading takes place, and each returns by the way he came. They are never in a hurry. Toiling every day up



mountain slopes begets a deliberate habit ; but they contrive at need to carry half-a-dozen passengers.

It is perhaps the inspiring effect of mountain air which sets some of the passengers singing during their halt, and after they have eaten a late breakfast or early dinner, as the case may be. Certain it is that snatches of song are not unfrequent at this early hour. But perhaps it is not early in a country where, if people dine at ten or eleven, they go about immediately, saying "guten Abend" to everybody. One day, while loitering on the stoop, I heard through the window a veteran captain troll off—

"Der Papst lebt herrlich in der Welt,  
Es fehlt ihm nicht an Ablassgelt ;  
Er trinkt beständig guten Wein,  
Ja, ja der Papst möchte ich wohl sein."

On another occasion, a jovial cattle-dealer chanted in praise of strong waters—

"Der Schnaps der ist des Morgen's gut,  
Vortrefflich um Mittage ;  
Und wer ihn Abends trinken thut  
Hat weiter keine Plage !  
Auch soll der edle Brantewein  
Um Mitternacht nicht schädlich sein."

Changes occur even at Paneveggio. A stone dairy was substituted for the wooden dairy which formed one of the group of buildings on my first visit. The old one happening to stand exactly on the proposed curve of the new road was condemned by the Ingenieur, and pulled down. The pigeons took kindly to their new dwelling-place ; and as the new dairy was built close to the brook, water-power could still be made use of for the churning.

Another change :—the lone house at the head of the

valley was no longer tenantless, for Giovanni Battista, one of the under-foresters, had been permitted to occupy it. He proved very serviceable to the artists in carrying their big umbrella and sketching tools to places on the hills or in the forest that seemed promising for pictures.

One day that I had taken an idle stroll up to Cazone, as the place is locally called, and sat on a stone eating wild strawberries, I asked Mrs. Battista what she did when she wanted the doctor. "Oh!" she answered, "we are never ill!"

"But there are times when you must have a doctor of some kind!"

"That is true," she said; "but then a week or two before the time I go down to Predazzo. No, the doctor comes not to me; I go to the doctor."

Sometimes on a Saturday I walked down the road to meet the priest, who used to come up in the evening to be ready for the Sunday service. More than once he had fowling-piece on shoulder, to shoot small birds by the way, and shot-belt round his waist, which seemed out of harmony with his religious attire. But he was a good talker, and we all liked him.

On chilly evenings recourse was had to the seat behind the kitchen hearth, where the feeling of warmth was enlivened by crackling wood and bright flame. Rows of utensils of strange form hang on the walls within reach of the hostess, who stands there cooking from morn to night. Pots and pans are always simmering and boiling, and the Magd (the maid) is always busy washing up; for a hungry traveller may arrive at any moment. During the evening one of the labourers comes in to make polenta for supper. When the water boils in the large brass kettle, he throws in

handfuls of maize meal and a portion of salt, and stirs continually until the cooking is complete. A strong arm is required as the mass grows stiffer and drier to turn it over and over to prevent burning, and preserve the true flavour. When properly made polenta is very palatable, and assorts well with roasted meat.

Sitting by the hearth adds to one's experiences. You can have a gossip with the hostess, and learn that good cooking may be done with but few and simple appliances. Two heavy iron dogs, and a narrow trivet stand on the hearth: the pine-wood fire blazes merrily between, and in the pots and pans thrust into its margin, stewing, roasting, and baking are carried on with satisfactory results. And all the while the smoke circles in clouds and curls as it rises to the vent overhead; and if you look up you will see that the resinous soot of many years shines as varnish on the great black cone, and reflects the flashing of the fire.

That hard-working maid! One day, as she stood washing towels and tablecloths at the fountain, I complimented her on her steady-going industry. "Ja-a-a," she answered, "I can work;" and she told me that she rose at five, or earlier in the summer: fetched in wood, lit the fire, prepared the early coffee for the household, cleaned boots, attended to the bedrooms, and did all the washing. In winter five was still the getting-up hour; and the fetching in of wood was heavier, for the fires in all the stoves throughout the house had to be kept going. "And then, you see, in winter there is much snow, and one must cross the snow to get to the woodstack." And for all this her payment was thirty florins a year and diet.

## CHAPTER XL

News of an Earthquake.—A masculine Fräulein.—Up the Valley and Up the Hill.—The Grenzstein.—The Hills of the Cordevole.—Wonderful Spectacle.—Pian della Stelle.—Pian di Velles.—The Brothers.—Falcade.—Prayes and Kerchiefs.—A Fumigation.—Bondi.—Canale.—Il Gallo.—Valley of the Biois.—Cencenighe.—Grand Scenery.—Agordo.—Val San Lucano.—A Touch of Earthquake?—Imposing Site.—English Advertisements.—The Omnibus.—Drive through the Canale.—La Stanga.—Peron.—Magnificent Gateway.—Miles of Landslip.—Belluno.

IN June, 1873, a severe earthquake had terrified and shattered Belluno; subsequent shocks had occurred and indeed were still occurring, and a learned German had predicted that severer shocks were imminent. If rumour might be trusted half the town was in ruins, and the people were living in tents. It would be worth while, I thought, to revisit Belluno, and to see some new country on the way.

Thinking that Primiero, being nearer to the scene of distress, could give trustworthy information, I wrote to Bonetti, and asked for particulars. An answer came without delay; but to our great amusement it was addressed—

*Fräulein Walter White,*

and in two or three places the writer assured the Fräulein that he would do his best to facilitate her journey. What did it mean? Had I written with unusual tenderness? Eventually I resolved not to make the journey by way of Primiero.

Beyond Giovanni Battista's house at the head of the valley, as the reader already knows, rises a pass by which you may go on the one hand to Cencenighe in the Cordevole valley, on the other to San Pellegrin and Moena. The first part of the ascent is somewhat open forest, with levels here and there, and big trees, and old roots, and shelves of rock. It was somewhere on this route that the accident befel which we have seen depicted in the chapel at Paneveggio. As usual the mingled slope abuts at a higher elevation upon uneven prairie, very stony on the summit, where the path for San Pellegrin is seen crossing the uninviting tract.

Turning to the right we (that is Battista and I) crossed a broad hollow and mounted the green slope beyond, which lay outspread glistening in dewy freshness. How grandly the stony range appeared, which we have so often seen in our walks to the head of Val Travnolo, the whole range being in sight from the Pala di San Martino to the Costonde di Venigia. The eye never tires of looking at them.

We came to the Grenzstein—the boundary-stone of Austria and Italy, a short square block inscribed in front <sup>1781</sup><sub>1837</sub> and N. N. 8. On each side is a sunk panel; but the iron tablets that once filled them have disappeared.

From the brow of the broad green slope a glorious view opened in the south-east. There rose the hills that border the Cordevole, the Civetta conspicuous among the mighty brotherhood. What diversity of form! and what singular good fortune was it that brought us there at that moment? The sun not having travelled far enough to shine on their faces, had them all in flank; and the effect was that each seemed to wear a purple veil. An exclamation of delight and surprise broke from me, and I stood contemplating the wonderful spectacle. To the right and the left all along the

valley, and far in the background, uprose the tall masses softened by that glorious light. You might have thought that some strange spell was at work, that some glamour of beauty lay over the landscape; a beauty such as poets perchance may dream of, but is seen only by him who *walketh on the mountain tops in happy moments*. Never saw I such a vision of colour since that hot evening when, during a walk all round the Wrekin, I beheld a transformation of the Longmynd under the gorgeous rays of sunset.

For some hours that scene was before me, but changeful of aspect. As the sun mounted higher the veil melted, and left no trace; and the softness gave way to solidity. I watched the changes until all that array of hills stood forth hard and resolute in the sunshine.

But it is time to descend from our grassy brow, a height of six thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven feet above the sea, known locally as the Predasse Alp, and descend to the Pian della Stelle on the southern slope. This is a broad, green hollow flanked on the right by the stony range, the six mountains, scarcely recognisable from this side. A little lower, and we came to the Pian. di Velles—the approach to Val Velles—and found easy walking on the grass, the Civetta still showing in our front. Then, as if to demonstrate how much one mountain is like another, there were scattered bushes, and sprinklings of wood and pasture, and a brook, which you cross with regret, for the grass ends, and a painfully rugged path begins. Then on the right there are glimpses through the trees of a village—Falcade—and of a valley in which a brook makes shining curves, but so deep down that they seem to belong to a pleasanter world than this rough mountain.

The direct route from Moena to Falcade crosses San Pel-

leggrin, and, equally stony and troublesome, falls into our route on this steep slope. It is the line of communication between the Fassathal and the Cordevole, as the way we have come is the line for the Fleimserthal.

On the outskirts of the village we met a man with whom Battista chatted as with an acquaintance. Presently when we went on he told me the man was his brother. They had not seen one another for six months, yet they did not shake hands or show any emotion. The brother, a cattle-dealer living in Moena, had come across the mountain on business, and intended to pass the night on the mountain at San Pellegrin, where Battista promised to join him if released in time from my service : of which release there could hardly be a doubt.

Falcaide hangs on the mountain side, and its ways are so steep and so badly paved that you promise yourself no second visit. It has a rough piazza, and a church, which at the time we passed was full to overflowing, and a number of women were kneeling on the stones holding white frilled kerchiefs over their heads. There was a curious contrasted effect of the sombre dresses, the sun-burnt faces, and the clean white canopy. As usual, groups of men were lying and lounging about. The extent to which they opened their eyes and stared shewed how rarely they saw a stranger.

We were hailed by a soldier who leant against the doorpost of the custom-house, and asked if we "had anything for duty." My "no," he said, was enough ; but I opened my bag, whereupon, without disturbing a single article, he declared himself thoroughly satisfied. But there was a formality to which we must submit, and he escorted us down to a room in the basement, where some pungent substance was smouldering in a brasier. We were to be fumigated.

The woman who stirred the embers could not suppress a titter over the smoky proceeding, which lasted exactly a minute. We were then sufficiently purified to walk where we pleased in Italy.

On one of the last houses in the village is written—

“Provincia di Belluno.  
Distretta di Agordo.  
Comune di Falcade.”

The steep hard slope by which you descend to the world below commands good views down the valley. On the right the hills are green to the summit, and Fuocobono and Mulas are seen under a new aspect.

On the left the Marmolata peeps over the nearer heights, and there, far in the distance, is a fine peaked mountain, of which the only name we could learn with all our questioning was l'Alta. The rustics whom we met saluted us with, “Bon di,” a way of saying Good day much used in these parts of Italy; but their knowledge of topography was not equal to their politeness. Mountains could not walk about, why, therefore should they have names?

It was delightful to pass from that long paved slope to a grassy track under larch and fir, where eyes could be used without stumbling. Ere long we saw a church in the distance, and in about five and a half hours from Paneveggio we came to Canale, the chief place of the valley.

It is a village of some pretensions, containing a large and dusty piazza with a church on one side, which, also, was so overcrowded that some fifty women were kneeling around the door. They too held the white frilled kerchiefs over their heads, but were not so absorbed in their devotions as to be unaware of the stranger's arrival. Opposite the church is



a large house, which makes itself known as the Canonica Arcipretale. A little farther, and there is the Albergo il Gallo, where I was glad to rest and dine.

The house is one of those recommended in the list of inns published by the Agordo Alpine Club, and justifies the recommendation. Among its resources are a horse and car, which I hired for the drive to Agordo to the satisfaction of all concerned. Noon had but just struck, so that Battista, who had undertaken to carry my bag to Cencenighe, had ample time for the toilsome ascent to the rendezvous in the lonely osteria at St. Pellegrin.

Canale is well situate for excursions into the great mountain block that occupies the region between the valley of the Biois and Val Castrozza, where there are difficulties enough to satisfy the most enterprising climber. Gares is accessible by a side valley, and thence there are wild ways by which you may scramble over to Val Travignolo, to San Lucano, or even to San Martino.

The drive down from Canale is interesting. Monte Pelsa rises grandly in front, and indicates the nearness of the Cordevole. The heights immediately around are massive, covered with grass and fir to the summit, and small fields of maize, hemp, and flax beautify the lower slopes. Then the valley narrows, and you enter a charming forest scene, through which the road winds with many a rise and fall, cutting here and there through a scree, which shows what prodigious heaps of stone are brought down by mere rills of water. The charm is heightened by the brawling river—the Bi-o-ish, as the driver calls it—on our left. In one place it washes the base of a great cliff; in others it fills the bays with drift wood, and at the bends throws back bright flashes between the crowding tree-stems. A few leagues of such scenery would be

agreeable ; but all too soon, as it seems, we arrive at Cencenighe.

The old story : the village was swarming with contadini ; and morra indoors and ball-play out of doors kept them in lively excitement. The shouts and confusion of voices while the driver halted to speak to an acquaintance were bewildering.

The valley of the Cordevole is grand beyond the impressions left by my former travel. On each side hill succeeds to hill, all of commanding proportions ; stony above and green below ; and between the two green slopes the river rushes white with dancing foam. But, as if the stony heights were envious of the fertility at their feet, they have sent down in places torrents of limestone, which, heaped in masses that astonish by their height and breadth, have buried many fair acres under irretrievable ruin.

The grandeur of character is well sustained by the entrance to Val San Lucano. Such a pair of buttresses are rarely to be seen ; so picturesque, so massive. A picture of the mighty twins in Gilbert and Churchill's book presents their aspect in a way that would set many a reader longing to be under their shadow.

At four in the afternoon we drew up at the Hotel alla Miniere at Agordo. As was to be expected, the whole house was noisy with company. To escape the noise I walked out to get a nearer view of Val San Lucano. The river is crossed at about a mile and a half from Agordo ; a small village lying in the mouth of the valley is passed, and you come upon the base of the great tower-like buttress that looks so imposing from Agordo. This base is a wild stony slope cut up by many small terraces on which vegetation struggles for existence, and the villagers bestow painful toil. The extremity

would soon be reached, I thought ; but I walked on and on more than an hour, and still it rose steeply on my right. Narrowness and frequent windings limit the view up the valley, and being somewhat fatigued with the journey from Paneveggio, I had to turn back without having seen the upper end. The village of San Lucano is hidden there as in a nest, rarely visited except by Englishmen who take it as a starting place for a climb over the mountain to Primiero.

The inn was quiet on my return, and the stout old landlady had come forth from her retreat. I reminded her of my former visit, whereupon she talked of the marriage of her daughters ; and told me that one of the three had come back with her husband to assist in the business of the inn.

Dawn was beginning to peep the next morning when a low rumble, accompanied as by a gentle dance of chairs and tables, awoke me. It continued about half a minute ; and, as it ceased, a tremor, distinctly felt, ran from side to side across the floor. What did it mean ? Not a sound could be heard within the house nor without. Was it a little touch of earthquake propagated from Belluno ? Perhaps not, for no one spoke of it.

Even more than on my former visit was I impressed by the grandeur of the situation of Agordo : a meeting-place of three or four valleys where the ground pauses on a level shut in by a ring of mountains. Foliage abounds : the lower slopes all green, and diversified by chestnuts and peaches, vines and maize, present an appearance of fruitfulness beyond the fact. And looking coldly down on all this stand the high rocky hills, various in form and feature, severe yet pleasing in the contrast.

In general aspect four years have made no change in Agordo. Such was my first impression, confirmed by the

Manzoni palazzo. But I afterwards remarked a tall flagstaff—a liberty pole—erected in the rear of the fountain on the green, and at the farther end a handsome new building—a school and museum of geology, where instruction is given in mining and mineralogy, and in geological subjects.

Among the papers in the news-room I noticed the *Gazette di Venezia*, *Le Touriste*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and a notice of Carter's Boots, and a trade list of equipments for mountaineers had been added to the advertisements in the arcade.

An omnibus that travels up in the forenoon and down in the afternoon, maintains communication between Belluno and Agordo, a distance of about eighteen miles. The driver of a return carriage offered to convey me for ten francs, and as this would give me the advantage of the morning and opportunity to see all that could be seen on the way, I accepted.

The early clouds had rolled away, and left an agreeable temperature when, at nine o'clock, we started. A bridge in ruins just below the town and a great scree showed the calamitous effects of a flood, as if to check exuberant happiness. We crossed the chasm, rattled through the copper works, and entered the Canale. It disappointed me four years ago; but now, notwithstanding the prevailing whiteness, I found grandeur and touches of wild beauty.

Principal among the hills are, on the right, Monte Pizzo and Monte Alto; and on the left, Monte Vescova, Monte Pilone, and Monte Palla. The close succession of heights, whether named or nameless, is remarkable. Now a cone, now a bluff, now a precipice varies the form of the hills. Here a waterfall bursts half-way up a tall cliff; there threads of water make silvery network on the rugged limestone. Yonder a gulley breaks the range with suggestion of coolness,

and stains and touches of green produce the effect of shadows. The valley, too, makes many windings, here narrow, there broad, the stream in places rushing as from a sluice, crowded with floating logs, anon spreading in a stony bed a furlong wide, where timber groynes are built to regulate the flow. By searching among the stones you may find evidence, so to speak, of the power of the water: lumps of volcanic rock rolled all the way from the hills beyond Caprile. And such lumps are to be seen so far down even as the long bridge by which the Cordevole is crossed near Feltre.

Some of the wider parts of the valley are stony plains that look as if they had been formed by floods. They are planted with poplars which relieve their barrenness and fix the soil. Vegetation asserts itself more and more, and there are green slopes and shelves, and small fields, and clumps of blackberries and willows. And so the road winds mostly on the left bank always downhill, accompanied by the noisy water.

La Stanga and Peron are well-known halting places, one having a large shed the other a solid arcade for the shelter of vehicles. You will do well to alight and go in, if only to see the wonderful display of brass pots and pans in the kitchens. The natives appear to make it a custom to drink at every house they come to, which perhaps accounts for the large number of guests one sees with pitchers of wine before them even in lonely places.

Gradually the hills recede, and after about an hour and a half of descent, we see the green country opening before us; and the mouth of the valley presents us with a landscape of unexpected beauty. Hills in picturesque groups gather on each side, dominated on the right by Monte di Vidana, on the left by Monte Peron, with Monte Serva in its rear: these

green and speckled, that bald and cliffy. To one coming from Belluno the effect is that of a magnificent gateway worthy of the wild grandeur to which it opens. And he who comes from Agordo turns and looks back again and again.

And how charmingly the country opens to the south, undulating with verdure ; a rich sight after the stony bareness of which we have seen so much of late. Soon we have hedges to the right and left, and the shelter of acacia and hazel, walnut and plum, with breadths of vines, and tangles of white convolvulus, vying in wantonness of growth.

The road, at its outlet from the Canal, bends to the left, and is soon out of sight of the Cordevole. That river grows wider and wider, and flows on to join the Piave, and we see it no more ; but we see something that looks like ruins, and are thereby reminded of the great landslip of hundreds of years ago, when these fertile lands were overwhelmed from the mountains. Not yet have the weeds and shrubs concealed the havoc : along a distance of four miles the white stones peer up here and there above the green, as if in memory of the calamity.

Rows of poplars, mingled with birch and willow, border the road as we drive up and down the long undulations, and the wealth of vegetation is surprising. On the right we pass a road which leads to Feltre, and thence through Val Sugana to Trent. Shortly afterwards a tower rising among the trees indicates Belluno, and the end of our journey.

As we drew near the first houses I looked inquisitively for signs of destruction or of consternation. There was a gateway with broken cornice ; then a tall house propped by a long balk of timber ; then a narrow street as full of beams and struts at all angles as a narrow street in London during the digging for

a sewer, and then we drove into the court-yard of the Cappello, where a broad arcade, screened by a few oleanders and enlivened by an ever-flowing fountain, serves as dining-room for guests who prefer the outside of a house in hot weather. The kitchen is at one end, and you may order your dinner direct from the cook if you will. The company is mixed—priests, traders, soldiers, farmers, and one or two of aristocratic aspect. Others, of the same aspect, dined solemnly in a room up-stairs, while the arcadians were talkative and merry.

## CHAPTER XLI.

Superb Belluno.—Geological Favours.—Rich Province.—Scrap of History.—The Earthquake.—Terror and Ruin.—Twisted Tower.—The Angel's Wings.—Borgo Garibaldi.—Reparations.—Benefit of Lowness.—Falb's Prediction.—Below the Hill.—Borgo di Piave.—Hydropathic Baths.—Sleepy Clerk.—An Excuse for the Earthquake.—Shin Plasters.—How the Bill was paid.

BUILT on the top of a bold alluvial terrace, which projects as a great bastion between the torrent Ardo on the east, and the Piave on the south, with a fine outlook over the two deep valleys, and away to the hills that stand in a picturesque ring all round the landscape, Belluno has a situation that may be described as superb. It has something in common with Agordo; but here we find more warmth, more colour, and the diversity produced by combinations of cretaceous rock and limestone crag upheaved in some places seven thousand feet. The touches of yellow and purple, white and grey, amid the rich green undulations, heighten the general effect, and add to the wealth of beauty.

The terrace was deposited by the Ardo in that far remote period which geologists describe as post-glacial. There are other terraces above and below the town; and they show, at different elevations, how great has been the excavating power of running water, and afford opportunity for studying fossils, and the course of geological time, and the picturesqueness that results from catastrophe.

There is wealth, too, of another kind than scenic. II



Bellunese, as the province was named by the Venetians, is rich in vines and fruits, in cattle and dairy produce, in minerals, and has a trade in timber worth twelve million francs a year. The population of the town is about ten thousand.

Were this the place to write history there would be much to tell of conquest and plunder by rapacious invaders—Ostrogoths, Longobards, Venetians, and, in later days, French and Austrians. A Duke of Belluno figured among the first Napoleon's marshals; Austria annexed the province to Tyrol, and held quiet possession for half a century, until the uprising which ended in the vote of all the people for Vittorio Emanuele, as is recorded on a tablet on the wall of the Palazzo Municipale :—

“Cessato lo Straniero Dominio col plebiscito del 21 Ottobre, 1866.”

With a bishop, a cathedral, a theatre, and municipal and ecclesiastical buildings, three or four squares, and barracks, and schools, Belluno has the aspect of a capital. It is quiet, nevertheless; and excepting around the coffee-houses, shews but few people in its arcaded streets.

On June 29, 1873, about five in the morning, the habitual quiet was rudely disturbed by an earthquake. Houses cracked and fell; walls and towers lost their perpendicular; doors were jammed, and windows shaken from their place. The shock, travelling from north-east to south-west lasted fifteen seconds, and was followed within an hour by two others of shorter duration.

The people, surprised and terrified, rushed into the streets seeking the open places out of reach of falling houses. Many fled to the open country, and there lodged under tents or sheds until confidence in the stability of the ground was restored.

In an earthquake, the base of a building is driven forward in the direction of the shock, while the upper part is left behind. The effect of such a disturbance may be imagined. The scene that met the eyes of the authorities of Belluno, when they proceeded to estimate the amount of damage, was alarming. The churches, though not far from each other, had suffered very differently. The ball and cross on the conical tower of San Stefano were shifted to one side of the apex; San Pietro stood with the upper half of the tower twisted round on the lower half, the church of the Madonna delle Grazie was completely dislocated, and as ready to fall as a house of cards; in the cathedral the roof of the choir lay on the floor, the tower was severely shaken, and the two large copper wings with which the angel on the top seemed always ready to fly, had fallen to the ground. In the Piazza del Duomo, the Prefettura and the Palazzo Arcivescovale stood with bulging walls and ugly gaps in the roof; in the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele, the theatre, a handsome building with Corinthian portico, had lost the tympanum and part of the cornice; and in every street, houses were leaning or tottering with many cracks or crumbling into heaps. Of the suburb, Borgo Garibaldi, little remained except long mounds of rubbish.

The municipal officers exerted themselves promptly to quiet the popular alarm, and take measures for safety. Gangs of labourers were set to work to prop and pull down; sentries were posted to protect property, and to prevent the escape of the frightened prisoners from the gaol, and an engineer officer came from Venice to superintend the needful operations.


Amid so much destruction, it is remarkable that not more than four lives were lost. Happily, the 29th was not a

market-day; for then the steps under the portico of the theatre are crowded with contadini who would have been crushed by the falling cornice.

At the time of my arrival, August 18th, there were no signs of alarm, as already mentioned, but signs enough of destruction. The streets presented a strange sight with the many timber props, big and little, fixed at various angles against the houses; the piles of building materials; of iron bars intended to draw in bulging walls to their perpendicular, and with the numerous labourers working in the leisurely way habitual in the south, all of which was duly pictured by the local photographers. The thoroughfare of the Borgo Garibald was scarcely passable, so much was it encumbered by heaps of old stuff and new, and by women who wore large handsome gold ear-rings, and silver ornaments in their hair, while carrying hods of mortar or buckets of water.

I walked about looking at the gaps and cracks, the twisted piers of the arcades, the plasterless patches and the doorways, to see if they justified the received theory of earthquake action; but the exceptions seemed to me numerous. The door-posts generally shewed a curious tendency to lean towards each other, and many were kept in place by a temporary joist driven between them under the lintel. The jamming of doors, and consequent hindrance to flight from the houses, increased the prevalent terror at the time of the shock.

The tower of San Pietro, and the entire structure of the church of Madonna delle Grazie, had been pulled down, as well as a large number of houses too much shattered to bear repair. Admission to the cathedral was stopped; the angel high aloft on the copper cupola stood awry, and the choir still remained roofless.



It is noteworthy that the high ground only suffered. At Borgo del Pra on the opposite side of the river, and at Borgo di Piave on the hither side, both on low ground, the shock was not felt. In the neighbourhood some of the villages were shaken into heaps of rubbish ; the outflow of fountains became intermittent, and the amount of damage throughout the province was estimated at fifteen million francs.

Falb, a German geologist, had predicted this earthquake from study of the stratigraphical position of Belluno, and its relation to centres of volcanic force. He asserted, moreover, that a greater shock might be expected on August 23rd. The day passed quietly ; but a shock nearly equal in severity to that of June occurred on August 8th. It was felt in Predazzo and other distant places.

Between the Ardo and the foot of the great terrace runs a rough footpath, along which I walked to see the face of the bold slope and look at the town from below. The slope, beautified by trees, vines, and gardens, forms an agreeable base for the towers, houses, and churches ranged on the top clear against the sky. There was something in the sight that reminded me of old Edinburgh as viewed from the valley beneath. The gaps in the range shewed the effects of the earthquake : rafters dangled and swung to and fro in the wind, and in some instances the ruins looked picturesque. Here and there a low tower or fragment of wall, black with age, bears out the evidence of the antiquity of Belluno. Pliny mentions it as one among the towns subject to Rome.

The path led me to Borgo di Piave, where a handsome stone bridge crosses the river, which is here broad, and shews more water than shingle. The view from the middle of the

bridge up and down the valley, with a magnificent background of mountains, is one of the rewards of a visit to Belluno. The neighbourhood is rich in other rewards; and if you want health there are, within half an hour's drive, the Bagni Idropatici di Belluno. Perhaps there may be rewards in yet another shape, as implied in the query put to me by a sanguine citizen—"Can you not persuade some of your countrymen to come here and set up cotton-mills and silk-mills? We have workpeople enough, and plenty of water power."

The ascent is steep from the bridge to the level of the town, where you enter by a very old gate—Porta di Rugo. Another gate at the end of a narrow street near the theatre, Porta di Gliona, looks equally old.

In the afternoon I went to the office of the Messaggeria to take a place for Pieve di Cadore. It was shut. "The clerk is gone away to sleep," said the ostler. I went again an hour later; he was still sleeping. Another hour passed, and then the alert functionary took the trouble to unlock his door. I ventured to remark that a town which still slept away so much of its daylight had not profited by the earthquake, and required another to wake it thoroughly up; but he did not see the joke. After all the coach did not start from the coach-office, but from a coffee-house near the theatre. The Post Office shuts at five in the afternoon.

Gold in Italy is at a high premium, and, as travellers know to their sorrow, the currency consists of dirty little notes such as our American cousins call "shin-plasters." The Banca Nazionale is allowed to give out notes with a corso forzoso, but provincial notes have only a corso fiduciario, and gold is prized accordingly. But the shopkeeper of whom I bought photographs, although he admitted that

the coin I offered him was perhaps the only gold piece in Belluno, refused to allow any premium thereon.

Having to rise at four on the morrow, I called for my bill after supper at the Cappello, but could get only an assurance that morning was the best time for paying, and that I should be called in time.

It is a great advantage to have the faculty of waking at any required hour; but for this I should have lost my journey. The Cappello was still asleep when I left my room at half-past four. I roamed about hither and thither shouting, and at last in a remote corner roused the ostler. He followed me down to the courtyard, and then asked if I had paid. He was answered that to pay was the thing at the moment I most desired. Whereupon he went into the house, and I waited in the early sunshine. Presently the landlord appeared in his shirt at an upper window: he recited the items of account and the sum total, which was reasonable enough, and I counted out the amount on a truck that stood in the yard. "No! no!" cried the landlord; "don't leave it there—I'll come down." Another minute, and a naked arm was thrust from a lower window. I put the money into the hand, took up my bag, the ostler unlocked the gate, I got a cup of coffee at the coach-office, and at five o'clock the Reale messaggeria postale was on its way to Cadore.

## CHAPTER XLII.

Once more by the Piave.—Signs of the Earthquake.—A Grocer's Sign.—More Earthquake.—Cadore.—Signs of Progress.—Venas.—Landslips.—Cortina.—Peutelstein.—Enviably Appetites.—Schludersbach and Landro.—Crowds.—Höllensteinthal.—The Pusterthal.—Toblacherfeld.—Drau and Rienz.—Six White Blouses.—Niederdorf.—The Post and its Praises.—American Character.—Landscapes.—Railway Engineering Triumphs.—Live Ground.—Franzensfeste.

WE already know the way, and may therefore content ourselves on this second journey with but few words as occasion requires. At Ponte some of the houses were much shaken and dilapidated, and in front of the smithy lay a pile of iron bars to be used in rectifying distorted walls. Then, as we drove up the road, we saw here and there gaps in the fence-wall where the stones had been thrown down by the earthquake. The wall follows the ins and outs of the road, and I noticed that the gaps were in the outer part of the curves.

Breakfast awaited us at Longarone, a village that looks as if satisfied with its respectability. The *Negozio*, whose shop appears full of groceries, writes over his door, by way of sign—*Alla Divina Provvidenza*. Is it a sign that all his wares are genuine?

The earthquake travelled far, for when near Perarollo we saw another gap in the wall. Then we mounted the steep inclines, and had before us the bright prospect of Cadore.

Even the church of the miraculous crucifix did not escape,

for the cupola was shaken, and much plaster had fallen from the walls.

Al Progresso is the name of a new hotel which has been opened in the village since our former visit. Perhaps it is a sign of waking-up, as is the fact that the messaggeria, having dropped passengers and baggage, drives immediately forth to Venas. Here, also, is a change for the better ; and the high road to Venice is no longer open to the reproach of providing only a poor country car for one of the most important stages of the traffic. And now you have time to dine, and may then journey on by Stellwagen to Cortina.

We had proof that the Ampezzo valley maintains its character, for we crossed two or three great landslips, masses of mud, stones, and boulders. In the first the excavation to clear the road was ten feet deep. A little farther, and we came upon greater mischief : for a short distance the old line of road was abandoned, and a new road had been constructed across the devastating scree.

Remembering former experiences, on arrival at Cortina I repaired to the Stella d'Oro. It is a quiet, clean, and comfortable house, and the attentions of the sisters Barbara to their guests are exemplary.

In an early walk the next morning I revived my recollections of the village and its environment of mountains, and then took a place in the Stellwagen for Niederdorf. At the Peutelstein corner the passengers all alighted, and walked up the cut-off and across the romantic defile, mentioned in a former chapter, to the road above. During our halt at Ospedale two Germans ate a hearty luncheon, and on our arrival at Schluderbach, half an hour later, they sat down to a heavy dinner. "How I envy them their appetites !" said a delicate Englishman.



What a change! Schluderbach, formerly quiet and solitary, was now crowded and noisy. There must have been fifty people in and about the house. The stable over the way had been converted into a dormitory with fourteen bedrooms; and no one seemed to regret that silence had been banished. I had promised myself a gossip with Mrs. Ploner, but she could spare a minute only from her task by the kitchen fire. At Landro the change was not less remarkable: more guests, more beds, and indications that the old simple ways had departed for ever.

Let us hope that the grandeur of the Höllensteinerthal will remain. From Landro the road descends rapidly through a defile abounding in romantic combinations of rock, wood, and water. A lake gleams in a hollow; and a brook that seems impatient to reach the lowlands is the young Rienz, destined, as we have seen, to grow to a broad, swift river at Brixen.

Contrasted with the soft Venetian landscapes at the southern end of the road, the defile seems an appropriate example of northern savagery; but on one journeying southwards it may make an impression fraught with lasting invigoration.

Ere long the scene opens, and we descend into the broad and cheerful Pusterthal at Toblach—a station on the railway which extends the whole length of the valley. We saw its western end at Franzensfeste; the eastern touches Lienz and the Heiligenblut district.

We are here on the Toblacherfeld, an elevated plateau which divides the valley into two sections, and forms a watershed. If we were going east, we should soon see the Drau, or Drave, running away to swell the Danube; westwards, as already intimated, we have the Rienz, which, through Eisack and Etsch, falls into the Adriatic. Formerly the journey

from Lienz to Brixen, about seventy miles, occupied the whole of a long summer's day ; but, as I have proved, it was full of pleasurable sights and incidents, which the railway traveller sighs for in vain.

Toblach is a convenient station for passengers to or from Ampezzo, and for taking a parting look at the entrance of the defile. Flanked by rocks of diverse colours—black, brown, and yellow—splintered and weather-worn, bristling with sombre firs, it is a striking and characteristic gateway.

While continuing our journey along the main road to Niederdorf, I noticed that the influences of Italy are not entirely left behind, for at Gratsch we see written on the front of an inn, Locanda—Gasthaus. Here a lady, accompanied by six young girls, each wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat and ample white blouse, entered the Stellwagen. I inquired if they were her nieces. “Non, mes élèves,” she answered, and went on to tell me that her residence was Florence, and that every summer she hired the whole of the house at Gratsch for two months, in order that her pupils might have the benefit of a holiday in mountain air. Three of the lasses were Americans. They all looked very happy, and were going to Niederdorf to make some small purchases.

Wooden upper stories, and gabled roofs with far-projecting eaves, give to Niederdorf the aspect of a mountain village. It looks prosperous, has good inns, and is much frequented in summer because of its pleasant site, fresh air, and mineral waters.

Wonderful to tell, there are poplars and young trees of mountain ash in the Platz ; promise of shade for future visitors. The fountain in the middle is adorned by a statue

of St. Florian, the patron saint of fountains, clad in gilt armour, and holding a banner.

The Post is a comfortable inn. Its merits, in some particulars, are set forth in the Fremdenbuch by a party of three Americans, who write, "The best coffee in Europe, and the prettiest Fräulein to serve it." Then they break into rhyme and say,—

"Rove where we may, we'll not forget  
This pleasant inn at Niederdorf,  
Its spacious hall, and old spinnet,  
Its ladles, and its china set,  
The pretty maid whom here we met,  
The day we stayed at Niederdorf."

The same three describe themselves in the column headed "Charakter," as "Protestant," "Jesuit," "Dissenter."

The landscapes of the Pusterthal have a special air of cheerfulness; and a few days may well be spent at Lienz, Sillian, Innichen, or Brunecken, with ample resource of excursions into the side valleys, should the attractions of the main valley not suffice.

For travellers who prefer things mechanical, there is the railway, an engineering achievement not less worthy of admiration than the Brennerbahn. High above the stream in places, in others it usurps the bed, and Nature has been otherwise restrained by six "river-corrections," to quote the technical phrase. Sixteen lattice bridges, and three large arched bridges, indicate the frequency with which the rivers are crossed; and there are five tunnels, and more than three hundred curves. Of the huge dams, that near Olang is the most noteworthy, because of the difficulties under which it was constructed. For a long time all attempts to secure a foundation failed. The ground was "alive," as engineers say, and no solid resting-place could be found. At last drains

fifty feet deep were dug, and into these the discharge of numerous small cross drains was led, and thus the superabundant water was got rid of, and the dam was built.

On the north side of the valley the hills are steep and high. On the south a comparatively low range, shewing breadths of fir-forest interspersed with pasture slopes, mask the stony groups and the strange isolated peaks and pinnacles that occupy the wild country between this valley and the Grödnertal. And between these varied heights the railway curves onwards, until by skilful contrivance and massive works it joins, as we have seen, the line of the Brenner at Franzensfeste.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

**Another Way Home.—The Zigzags.—A Farewell Look.—Rolle: a Cantoniera.—The Footpath.—Crooked Costonzella.—Val Castrozza.—Thousands of Larches.—San Martino.—Incredible Cleanliness.—Promising Masonry.—Hopeful Schemes.—Niente Inglese.—The Man who wrote the Letter.—The New Hotel.—Blanket Decorations.—Joy-jingle—The Bishop.—A Conical Skull.—Primero again.—The Theatre.—The Audience.—The Actors.—The Count.—The Furies.—Col Sanguarna.—Tonadigo.—Out-door Spinners.—Castel Pietra.—The Sassi.—Delightful Footway.—Count Welsperg's House.—Out-door Toilet.—The Torrent.—Roofless Cavern.—Living Picture: Moss and Water.—Leslie Stephen's Ridge.—A Way to Agordo.**

DESIRE to see the progress of the new road, or to accompany an intelligent traveller, led me more than once, while at Paneveggio, to cross over the pass and visit San Martino. The venerable Ospicio hugged its dirty darkness as a vested right; but had at last to submit to the inevitable.

To go home by way of Val Sugana had long been in my mind. The opportunity came in 1874, and, leaving my bag to be forwarded by the post wagon, I set out for Primiero.

As I rose upon the easy inclines by which the road mounts through the forest, views of the little nest below opened from the outermost angles, until the whole valley from Boche to the Weisshorn lay open to the eye.

Then Colbricon came into sight, a grand spectacle, shewing hard and rugged slopes of stone that seemed smooth and soft when looked at from beneath, under the enchantment of distance.

Wider spreads the view as you quit the topmost trees for the rough alp of Castellazzo and Rolle. The Ortler group appears as misty masses of purple and silver ; but two white summits peep in definite shape from behind the Weisshorn, as if to assert the power of snow.

Groups of labourers were improving and finishing the road which, as we saw, was first roughly commenced in 1869, and the top of the pass may now be crossed at a trot. At Rolle, just beyond the summit, a cantoniera has been built where food and lodging may be had, and shelter from sudden storms. In former days travellers used to think the pass somewhat perilous ; now their only excitement is contemplation of the landscapes.

From the house the road bends sharply round the end of a deep trough-like valley ; but by a rough footway on the hither side, we avoid the circuit, and make directly for the brow that overlooks Val Castrozza. Remembering the wonderful mountain wall that rises on the farther side, we approach with some excitement. When at the end of the trough the best way is to take the line of the telegraph posts ; and presently we see the curious crags of Costonzella, and Cimon, and all the mighty range.

Leaving the long angles of the new road, and the noisy gangs of labourers, we descend by the old central track, a mixture of grass and stone, between the scattered larches and limestone heights on the left, and slopes of wood and porphyry cliffs on the right. The grand forms and masses of colour which charmed our eyes in former days, are here to charm us now.

In one place we tread on hundreds of tiny larches, for they grow thickly as buttercups in a Thames-side meadow. A little farther, and there is a thriving plantation of larches

and firs, carefully fenced, as if intended to be a nursery for future forests.

In a little over three hours I came to San Martino. What a change! Dirt and gloom had given place to cleanliness and light. Contrasted with their former condition, the cor-tile, the side kitchens, the passages, in fact, every place, seemed to shine with whitewash. The floor of the guest-room had been scrubbed; the walls smiled with stencil-work, and the symbolical pigeon no longer hung from the ceiling. The bedrooms, too, had shared in the general renovation, and—incredible fact!—were furnished with carpets and wash-stands. And more. A new house, all of stone, with twenty-four bedrooms, was in course of building at one side of the quadrangle in the rear. It would be finished, said the Wirth, before next summer, and then the old house would be used only by the contadini.

The new tenant clearly hopes to have guests who will tarry, as well as passing travellers. He has much in his favour: tremendous forms of Nature; soft landscapes towards the south; trees at a distance in front and rear; excellent water, and cool air, for it is nearly five thousand feet above the sea.

While I ate my luncheon the landlord and two women talked about me freely in their own tongue, and at last agreed that I was "niente Inglese,"—no Englishman,—but was German; and then they looked at me as if they saw something remarkable. Presently there came in a tall, placid-looking man, who, after staring also for a few minutes, said in German, "I am the Wirth in Primiero." He was a Bonetti, but not the one I remembered, who, as appeared, had migrated to Trieste, and I asked if it was he who in the previous year had addressed me as Fräulein. He smiled

and looked a little embarrassed ; and evaded an answer by telling me that he had come up the mountain to buy fire-wood.

I may perhaps be permitted to anticipate and mention here, that the new house was so far finished by the next summer that it furnished good entertainment and comfortable quarters to all comers. It is large, and solidly built of stone, and looks somewhat imposing with ALBERGO ALPINO S. MARTINO DI CASTROZZA conspicuously written on each of its four faces. The dining-hall commands the southern prospect—down the valley—a prospect eminently gratifying. A party of English visitors from Florence, who had been in the house some weeks, spoke highly in its praise.

The new road crosses the torrent by a strong timber bridge. Near it stands a new I. R. Cantoniera : the habitation of the road-menders. Higher up is another, and the effect on the valley of these buildings and the large hotel is to weaken the impression of seclusion that formerly prevailed.

The albergo looked festive on the day of my visit, for Signora Den, the landlord's sister, had hung a blanket out at every one of the upper front windows. Austrian blankets bear very gay stripes ; hence the effect was brilliant. What did it all mean ? The bishop of Trent was coming on his annual visitation. An hour later a man up in the bell-loft started a curious joy-jingle on the bells ; and on returning from a stroll I saw his Reverence coming out of the church, with long black frock, and very broad-brimmed black hat over a plum-coloured skull cap. He would have looked too severely sombre but for the heavy gold chain and badge that glittered on his breast. One of his attendants wore red stockings. Among his seculars was a man with a singularly conical skull, the sight of which



set me thinking that his head must have been squeezed into unnatural shape in his infancy.

By the new road you can walk down to Primiero in two hours, and use your eyes freely, for the way is good and easy. It makes a long stretch down the right slope at an elevation which commands the whole breadth of the valley, and then with two or three windings drops down to the bank of the Cismone.

Except that the *Christus nobiscum* had been newly painted on many of the lintels, and that a theatre had been built, Primiero looked the same as in my former visit. The whole place was noisy, for along the street and in the gardens sat women beating hemp with incessant clatter.

During a stroll, after putting in an appearance at the Aquila Nera, I went up to the Oratory before mentioned to look around on the view. It seemed as warm, sunshiny and fertile as ever: a region where no one hurries, and nothing is swift save the river.

The Oratory is perhaps given over to base uses, for the floor is foul, and the walls are black with the names scratched and scrawled thereon. We are told by those kind critics who look after our morals and manners, that the practice of writing one's name on fences and walls prevails nowhere but in England.

Towards evening the Wirth came home followed by a large wagon-load of chips. When these were carried in and stacked temporarily in the passage, he invited me to accompany him to the theatre. Such an opportunity of seeing rustic actors was not to be lost, and we walked up the street to the wooden building which has written on the front *Teatro Sociale*. It was built, said Bonetti, after we had taken our seats, by subscription, at a cost of two thousand florins. The subscribers have an exclusive right to the boxes for eighteen years,

whereby pit and gallery only are open to the public. Judging from appearances the accommodation is sufficient, for not more than about seventy persons were present, among whom were bare-footed boys and many women—the flax-beaters—with children in their arms. The payment is fifteen kreutzers to the pit; ten kreutzers to the gallery. Assuming that every one paid, the income for the evening would be eighteen shillings. The orchestra comprised two flutes, two fiddles, and a bass viol. Considering that the music was in addition to the five pieces promised in the playbill, the spectators certainly had plenty for their money.

The curtain rose, and in glided a big doll—a life-size marionette! And this was the theatre which the lady mentioned in a former page regarded as a compensation for absence from Vienna. The first three pieces were comedies, with the same personages in the same dresses in each. The dialogue was lively, with proper distinction of voices, and much laughter among the audience showed that it was appreciated. It mattered not to them that the actors stood staring, stiff, and wooden, in marked contrast to their lively discourse; that they floated hither and thither, and did not walk; that the thick rope fastened to the crown of their heads, and the cords by which the hands and arms were made to gesticulate, could be easily seen. They found what they came out for—amusement.

The subscribers, who half filled the boxes, were comfortable-looking, well-dressed people. A well-favoured gentleman who came in for twenty minutes and talked rather loudly to a lady, was pointed out to me as Count Welsperg—the great man of the neighbourhood.

The fourth piece ended with a strong flavour of melodrama. Arlequino, in punishment for his tricks, was handed

over to the furies. A flaming scene appeared, red fire shone, furies worrying the victim flitted to and fro, groups of grotesque imps danced and gibbered in the foreground, and the climax was reached by a startling pistol-shot. A great outcry arose from the children. One little fellow shrieked, "Mumme! mumme!" and hid his face in his mother's lap.

From the bridge at the upper end of the village you see beyond the little village Transacqua, a green hill—Col Sanguarna. You may walk to the top thereof in less than an hour, and find recompense in a pleasing view of the main valley and its branches. But most of all will your eye be attracted to the scene in the rear of Castel Pietra, for there is the Val di Canale lying open before you. To look at it from this distance is perhaps a good preliminary to a nearer view.

As I walked through Tonadigo the next morning, I saw everywhere layers of flax and hemp spread to dry in the hot sunshine, and women spinning in the street. They seemed pleased that a stranger halted to look at their work and put questions; and they pointed out that the hemp was used for aprons, bags, and other coarse articles, but the flax for towels, tablecloths, and jackets, at the same time touching a white hem that had slipped below their dark-blue sleeves. One was spinning black wool. Happy people, whose web and woof are produced not amid the roar of machinery, but under the bright sky and within hearing of the music of running water.

A little farther and there is the steep, stony road up the wooded slope of the hill of Castel Pietra. Separated from the adjacent slopes by a stream on each side, it suggests the idea of an isolated cone; but on coming to the top we find a narrow ridge forming an approach to an elevated plain among the hills.

Beyond the stream on the right we see the path by which we descended on our journey from Agordo. The torrent that rushes so furiously from the gorge on the left will show us more of its quality by-and-by. The view down the valley lengthens as we ascend, and it is easy to see that Primiero is not, as a lady traveller describes, "a many-steepled town," for it has but one steeple.

The view of the castle as seen from below is as deceptive as that of the hill. It is something more than a square mass fitted to the top of a detached rock; and seen from the rear, where remains of towers and walls diminish the impression of isolation, it makes a much more effective picture than the one usually presented.

"Turn to the left at the sassi," said a man as he trudged down the hill with a prodigious load of faggots on his shoulders. The sassi are prodigious rocks on the crown of the ascent, an outwork as one might fancy for the defence of the castle, for they form a gateway with but a narrow entrance. Having passed through you turn sharp to the left and take a path along the edge of a brook.

Here begins a delightful walk, for the path, on a level, sheltered by hazel, beech, larch, and alder, grows ever pleasanter, and above the soft masses stern crags are seen forming an enclosure that might be a prison for giants. The level continues, broadens into a smooth, green meadow, where trees and bushes are so prettily grouped and scattered as to produce a park-like effect. It seems incredible that so much beauty could exist amid mountains so threatening, so desolate of aspect.

At the end of this park stands Count Welsperg's country house, a small plain building, flanked by trees, with outlook towards the south and the soft features of the landscape.

Two or three cottages and a few farm buildings in the immediate neighbourhood impart a feeling of habitation.

At the corner of a rye-field I came suddenly upon two women taking turn in adornment. One sat on the grass holding a handful of large silverheaded pins, while the other, kneeling behind, dressed her hair and arranged it to receive the pins. Hairdressing under such pleasant circumstances seemed to me a pleasant pastime ; and I told them so ; but they laughingly demurred, and said that a chair and a looking-glass in doors were preferable to grass and sunshine out of doors.

Beyond the house the path becomes stony, and skirts the edge of the dry, white stony bed of the torrent, which at the bridge is eighty-five paces broad, while the water itself is but a few feet : a striking example of the greediness of a mountain stream, which, for its occasional passions, must lay waste a long stripe of good land, and keep it for ever as an increasing desert. Though narrow here at the bridge the torrent roars mightily, and looking along its upper course, we see it here and there tossing up great surges of foam, as if rejoicing to show its strength among the rocks. The big stones shine and glitter like masses of gold where the swift water rushes over them without breaking.

By crossing the bridge we can see that the valley is not completely enclosed, but opens on the north-east into an amphitheatre, as it seems, in the distance, similar in character to itself. The sight of more beyond heightens the impression of that around us, and here with the voice of the water in our ears, is a favourable spot for observation.

While in the Val Castrozza we were impressed by the enormous mass and strange ruggedness of the hills which border it on the east. Here, in the rear of those hills, we

find the same tremendous features forming part of a great horseshoe, so that, being encompassed by the towering forms, the impression they make on us is intensified. We might fancy them the walls of a vast cavern of which the roof has fallen in ; and that we are here cut off from the great world with a few acres of forest and a few acres of grass for our solace, hidden behind impassable barriers. The illusion is complete so long as we keep our eyes from looking to the south.

I returned to the left bank, and continued my upward walk, in places through forest, where a few men in the exercise of their right were chopping down trees with the usual mischievous disregard of consequences. Here and there a deep white rugged furrow crossing the path remains as a record of the havoc occasioned by a mountain storm. Then more rocks appear ; and two cascades bubbling across a bed of moss form, so to speak, a living network of water under which the little hummocks look exquisite in their colours of bronze, green, and crimson, and golden where flakes of sunshine fall on the yellow patches. There is a twinkling, too, of small white flowers, and the effect combined with the splash and gurgle of the clear bright water is delightful : a sweet relief in this stony solitude.

On the left, where the hills begin their sweep across the valley, a white ridge is seen, the apex of a long white scree that descends to the belt of firs along the margin of the torrent. That is Leslie Stephen's ridge. The passion for climbing must be strong on a man who toils up such an ugly slope as that on a hot day. The enterprising mountaineer can scarcely hope to have many followers.

The path turns away from the stream, mounts towards a defile, the entrance to the amphitheatre seen from the bridge,

and there I found a sudden break, the effect of a landslip, and a confusion of clay and boulders. Foot-prints straggling up the slope and round the rear of the gap shewed that wayfarers had passed, notwithstanding the obstruction ; and that one of the ways to Agordo was still kept open. I looked at the ruin for a few minutes, and then walked back to Primiero.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

Off for Fonsaso.—Mezzana.—Imer.—San Silvestro.—A Mystery.—Pontet.—On Foot.—Mule Path.—A Carrier, Bovaro.—Cliffs and Gorges.—Deep-down Log-drifters.—Monte Coppolo.—Canal San Bovo.—Logs and Life.—Ecstasy.—Mules and Muck.—Monte Valassa.—Gullies.—Il mio Paese.—Lamon, the Carless.—Ponte della Serra.—A Jam.—White Slopes and Red Slopes.—Fonzaso.—Stony Scenery.—Primolano.—A cliffy Village.—Painful Gardening.—A Night Journey.—Frontier Custom-house.—Grigno.—Borgo.—Skin-deep Beauty.—Levico.—Sour Grapes.—Pergine.—Trent.—Reminiscences.

ON a delightful September morning, the younger Bonetti, whose fine tenor voice is so often heard singing about the house, brought the car to the door, and away we drove down the right bank of the Cismone. The road, straight and well kept, passes through fields of maize, between patches of pumpkins and grapes, and is beautified in places by acacias, beeches, and elders. This fruitfulness contrasts agreeably with the barrenness of the stony mountain slopes, and there is an appearance of prosperity. Mezzana, with its gardens, is a comfortable looking village, opposite the entrance of Val Noana, where romantic scenery waits for admiration. A little farther and we pass Imer, the last village of the Primiero district.

The pony trots fast, and the road as we look ahead seems to be lost in a gulf from which there is no escape, for Monte Tatoga bars the way. High up on a bold rock the church of San Silvestro looks picturesque. At length the mystery of



the descent disappears, we turn suddenly under a rock, cross the river by a wooden bridge, and thence look into a gorge that filled me with surprise. Along the edge of this gorge our good road continues at a level. It would be a dangerous road with a timid horse, for we look down into tremendous depths on one side, while precipitous heights present a formidable barrier on the other.

In less than an hour from the time of starting, we saw Pontetto, or Pontet, as the people call it ; a toll-house on the border-line where Tyrol and Italy meet. Another name for the place is Monte Croce. We found the last fifty yards of road crowded by sheep waiting for the toll-collector to open the gate.

An osteria, a shed, and custom-house, leave but little room for traffic on the narrow ledge. A civil officer looked into my bag, and declared it innocent enough to enter Italy ; and, among the men loitering about Bonetti found one willing to carry the bag to Fonzaso. He drove cattle thither once a week ; and it would be an agreeable change to make the journey with something that did not require coaxing or driving.

I regretted not having more time at disposal, for a day might well be spent at Pontet. There are curious formations to be seen among the cliffs, and wonderful sights in the deep gulfs.

The good road ends at the gate, and there meets the old rough mule track that forms the thoroughfare on the Italian side. At once we have the usual ins and outs and ups and downs ; but we have also wonderful views, -- a tremendous gulf, cliffs all bronze, yellow and purple, and masses of leaf-wood which, after two or three weeks among the firs, appear of unwonted beauty. Lateral gullies here and there present vistas seemingly filled with foliage.

Bovaro is very talkative in a rustic Italian dialect, and freely imparts his local knowledge, and tells the names of mountains and gorges. The deep gulf on our left seems to grow deeper ; far down a waterfall rushes from a cleft, but so perpendicular are the rocks, that approach thereto appears impossible. When farther on, however, we can see down at the very bottom, a dam, a narrow pool filled with floating logs fenced off from the roaring torrent, a race, and men at work. That such an imprisoned stream could be turned to useful purposes may be regarded as a good sign of enterprise. To get down to that deep-lying crevice, and look at the gorge from below, would be one of the incidents of a day at Pontet.

Shaded by the heights on our left, I found the walk animating ; but presently the path made a sudden bend, and we were bathed in sunshine for the rest of the day. The whole landscape, hills on hills, seemed to glow, and among them Monte Coppolo rose in splendour, and deep down in the gorges twinkling lights appear among the dark green shadows. One of those gorges is the outlet of Canal San Bovo.

Then we saw an open reach of the river, and logs floating down with the stream. I asked Bovaro whether he had ever noticed that they exemplify human life. A log starts fairly ; heads well down the stream ; but, tempted by an eddy, drifts into shallows, and there lies cracking and bleaching, until released by some friendly hand. Another from the very first goes whirling round and round, uncertain which end to carry foremost, until, caught by a rock, it is held fast, and assists in entrapping others. Another straggles from side to side as if quite unable to choose a career ; but many hold their way in mid-stream, and acquire so much push as sends them safely through swirls and past treacherous bays.

"E vero," said Bovaro, "I never thought of that," and

he went into ecstasy with assigning the names of some of his acquaintances to the floating logs. "Ha! that's Pietro. Ecco! there's Giuseppe. That one's Maso," and so forth. His lively gestures came near having an unlucky consequence, for my bag slipped from the staff on his shoulder, and was only saved by a quick movement on my part from disappearing in the gulf. I prevented a repetition by lashing bag and staff securely together.

The path is in places so narrow, that to pass a laden mule requires some precaution, in order to avoid the rock on one side and the precipice on the other. After a while we came to a side path sloping down to the gulf; but Bovaro begged me to keep to our high level, for I want, he said, to shew you "*il mio paese*." Not wishing to add a couple of hours to our walk I declined, and we plunged down the zigzags, sheltered here and there by walnut and chestnut, to the brink of the river. A train of mules laden with charcoal filled the narrow way, and as we came to the foot of the steep slope, children ran from the cottages, gathered up the mule-droppings in their hands, and carried the prize joyfully to the household midden.

Then we crossed a bridge, Ponte di Lamon, and saw a long gleaming reach of the river between high hills, and then we had to climb up to as high a level as that from which we had descended. To avoid the encumbered mule-track which curved away to the right, we took a direct, steep cut-off. From the top of this, the path still continues to rise with many a twist and turn, bordered in places by firs and sun-flowers. Some of the houses have vines trained in front to form a leafy awning, and very agreeable did we find these temporary screens from the fierce glare of the sun. The heat was indeed tremendous.

As the height increases, we again see the river flowing between hills, among which the most conspicuous is Monte Valassa; and the views down the valley are so rich and full of colour, that we may use figurative language, and say it is a land flowing with milk and honey.

Then deep gullies lengthen our path, and we come to the broadest and deepest which reminds of the great gulley of the Finsterbach by Klobenstein. Bare as a rock, it is even shunned by weeds, is hot as a furnace with reflected heat, and the path here and there is very insecure.

Bovaro began to gesticulate once more, and pointing to the far side of the valley, exclaimed "Ecco! yonder, there is mio paese," there is my country. And he expatiated on its beauty and merits, among which, abundance of wine was not forgotten. Then he told that, on a previous Sunday when he was last at home, and all the people were at morning service, a lightning stroke fell on the church and did much damage. But there was only uno vittimo, one victim.

A few yards farther, and a refreshing change awaited us; a narrow gulley, with more zigzags and much shade to favour the ascent. Here we met more mules.

A narrow wooden bridge bestrides the chasm at the last slope, and if you pause and look down, you will observe that the bottom of the gorge cannot be seen, so narrow and dark are its lower depths between the precipitous cliffs. When clear of the trees, we mount a slope of white stone and find ourselves on a broad fruitful plain, where, amid vines and maize, rises the tall church tower of Lamon, a village two and half hours from Pontet.

How gladly we turned into the Stella, and quaffed a cup of the dark red wine. It is strong and comforting, but so

rough as to make me shudder, and I made trial of the white with no better result. Bovaro, however, drank either or both without wincing. In such a temperature eating was out of the question ; but fresh eggs were plentiful, and an egg in a glass of wine can be easily swallowed.

My inquiry as to whether it were true that one could travel down to Fonzaso by a car, was answered by the landlord, " Yes, quite true, there is a road ; but there never is a car to be had here in Lamon." The distance on foot is two hours.

The road descends, shaded here and there by big trees, and commands glorious prospects. At Ponte della Serra we cross the Cismone once more by a bridge a hundred feet above the stream. For the space of about two hundred yards the water could not be seen, so great was the jam of logs in the narrow rocky defile. As we looked down on the confusion, Bovaro, taking up my parable, said, " See there ! every one was trying to be first, and they forgot all about *chi va piano*." On the left bank the road touches the foot of very remarkable cliffs that look architectural, and, having rounded these, we see Fonzaso in the lower distance. But the road falling from bad to worse becomes a mere dusty shelf hewn on the face of the cliff, wide enough for a single car only, except here and there where a recess admits of passing, and lying open to all the brightness of the noontide sun.

The river bed spreads out as a stony plain about half a mile broad between hills that shew much more of rock than of verdure. The eastern slopes produce the white, and the western the red wine. Whence comes the roughness ? The scene must be striking when the whole breadth is filled with rushing water. The road when clear of the cliff stretches along the margin until it strikes the bank at Fonzaso.

Here a pool with floating logs and a saw-mill make us aware of one of the destinations of the timber we have seen during our walk. The stems that escape float onwards and fall into the Brenta, and by that river ultimately reach the Adriatic. How I envied the small boys who were plunging and wading, and rolling on the logs in the shallow pool.

Bovaro conducted me to the Due Mori, a house that looks comfortable, and has, so says the landlord, good beds. There was evidence in his favour in the prodigious heap of sheets and towels which the hostess and maid were ironing at a side table while I rested and ate grapes.

At three in the afternoon a messaggeria starts for Primolano from a coffee-house in the principal street. Bovaro completed his services by carrying my bag thither, and then said, as we shook hands, "Now I shall go to mio paese, and tell my wife all about the Englishman."

The passengers on the front seat complained sorely of the heat and glare, and would have changed places with those inside. They had not much to compensate them in the landscape, for, except the walnuts and other roadside trees, the landscape was bare. Of grass there was none; and the hills resembled nothing so much as long white ranges of stony screes. Vines grow here and there through the stones, and when we see the pains by which terraces and small plots of soil are built up and maintained we learn that even in these sunny lands the law of labour prevails.

On the way we stopped near a house where a comfortable looking priest sat smoking at the door, under an inscription painted on the wall:—

"Christus Rex venit in pace  
Deus homo factus est  
Christus nobiscum stat."

Then we came to the edge of a precipice, and in long zigzags went down the Scala, or ladder, by which the upper end of Val Sugana has been made accessible. It is something like a descent on the face of a great bastion. The valley at the foot resembles much that we have seen to-day, for it has precipitous stony walls, but its floor is green, and maize and grapes betoken fertility. And there, shut in below the mighty precipice, something after the manner of Leukerbad, is the village of Primolano, in the district of Bassano and province of Vicenza.

We drive to the Albergo alla Posta. Most of the passengers depart at once for Bassano, a town with a railway station, eighteen miles distant. The road thither runs through the gorge of the Brenta, where the cliff scenery resembles that of a Norwegian fiord, and provokes a desire for a distant prospect. It is, perhaps, the most romantic and remarkable of the southern gateways of the Alps.

Whichever way you stroll here at Primolano you are at the base of tall cliffs, and the freest outlook is towards the Scala, by which we descended. In one place I saw a patch of incrustation resembling that in the cliff near Pontet; and I saw men and women gardening on stony slopes as lovingly as if it were the good ground that produces a hundred fold.

At one o'clock in the early morning, and at nine, a messaggeria starts for Trent. In either case the journey occupies about eight hours. To avoid the great heat, I chose the first; went early to bed, and woke at half-past twelve refreshed and ready for the journey.

The night was cool and pleasant, and the bright starlight enabled us to see the cliffs that border Val Sugana. In about an hour we came to the frontier at Le Tezze, and had to re-enter Tyrol, and the unhappy passengers burdened

with baggage had to take the consequences. Two large coffers, and boxes and bundles, were lifted from the roof of our car and ranged on the road ; and, the night being calm, a candle was brought out to illuminate the search. I looked about for a shed or shelter, but could discover none, and so had to imagine that, in pouring rain, the examination is still made on the road. Italian sausages and wearing apparel were found in one of the coffers, for which duty was exacted. The whole affair occupied an hour, and then we were at liberty to proceed. My bag, as usual, gave no trouble ; and the officer was gracious enough to say, as he wished me "Buona notte," that he had seen me somewhere before.

On we went along the left bank of the Brenta. Gradually the cliffs were left behind ; and instead of porphyry we had limestone, mica schist, and clay slate, some of the same rocks that we became familiar with on the north side of the Brenner.

At Grigno, by gleamy lamplight, we drank the always acceptable early coffee. The day was still young, but all was bright when we drove into Borgo—the Meran of Val Sugana—a town Italian in appearance, with signs of activity. Here, to the satisfaction of the horses, the big coffers and their owners were discharged.

The valley in full sunshine looks fruitful exceedingly ; and, as if to add to the attractions, ruins of old castles appear on the heights. But the fruitfulness is skin-deep only : the hills shew too many bare patches ; and in fields and vineyards the stone lies too near the surface. Of grass there is none, except the dry dusty stripes by the road side, and with recollections of fresh green pastures in my mind, I pitied the few cows that we saw from time to time led by a rope, and feeding on those dusty stripes.



Levico, with two lakes, and picturesque mountains and mineral waters, is an attractive place; but too hot in the summer for a northerner. The larger of the two lakes—Caldonazzo—is, according to topographers, the principal source of the Brenta.

One by one the passengers departed, until the driver and I had the vehicle to ourselves. A man working among vines plucked and handed to us two large bunches of grapes. They looked delicious; but the taste—it made me shudder as vehemently as the rough wine at Lamon.

Then we came to Pergine, one of the places to which we walked under the hot sun twenty years ago, and we almost feel as if on familiar ground. Then we descended through the well-remembered gorge of the Fersina, and ere long we saw Trent and its three hills lying beneath us—a fair prospect, beautified by luxuriant vegetation, and environed by mountains.

Our former hostelry, the Corona, has ceased to be an inn; but the Hotel de la Villa leaves us no reason to regret change of quarters.

New houses have been built in the outskirts, and the hills of rich brown marble on the east are being quarried away; but within, the old city shews few signs of change. Bullock wagons creep through the streets; water-carriers trudge to and fro, and among articles exposed for sale long strings of silkworms' cocoons are the most conspicuous.

The portraits of the much-quoted Council are still to be seen on the wall of Santa Maria Maggiore. Time has made no perceptible change in them, and the words formerly written still apply:—"Wily masters of the human heart many of them, finding it easier to mystify than to coerce the conscience; and some who, if we may judge by

looks, foresaw that, although Luther died the year after they came together, his work would not die with him."

In one particular a change is observable : it is the intrusion of beer. There are now many places in Trent where beer may be drunk. One of the pleasantest is across the river at Piè di Castello, where, on a terrace at the foot of a great cliff, you may sit under green leaves, with the drip and splash of a spring in your ears, and enjoy the prospect of the city with its garden slopes and background of hills. A white speck on those hills marks the site of Vigolo, and recalls the excursion of long ago. My pleasure in the sight was the greater as it was shared by two friends, the "Skultore" and "Santa Lucia," while in the cool of evening we talked about our pleasant holidays at Paneveggio.

## CHAPTER XLV.

The Grödnertal again.—Layen.—Walther von der Vogelweide.—Room in St. Ulrich.—Schnitz Schule.—Tall Crucifix.—Plan.—Excursion.—Meisules.—Sella Joch.—Col di Rodela.—Mountains and Valleys.—Magnificent Temple.—Feed for Twenty Sheep.—A Five Hours' Trip.

IN the summer of 1875 I once more walked up the Grödnertal.

Since our former visit, Layen, of which we get a peep from the road, has become a noteworthy place, for a long-standing dispute has been settled in its favour. There lived in the thirteenth century a famous Minnesinger, Walther von der Vogelweide. Doubts arose concerning his birthplace: Germany claimed him on the one part, Tyrol on the other; and the argument was carried on for many years. At length it was settled in favour of Layen; and in the autumn of 1874 a company of learned professors, literary men and others, met in the high-perched hamlet, and set up a tablet in memory of their hero on the wall of the old Vogelweide house. But as Layen is an out-of-the-way place, a statue of the poet is to be erected in Botzen, the last town towards the south where the German tongue prevails. Meanwhile, Brixen has done him honour by establishing a Walther Saale.

Will the Grödnern take pride in the fact that they have on each side of the outlet of their valley the dwelling-place of a Minnesinger?

Room had actually been found in St. Ulrich for two new houses ; one commodious enough to let lodgings, the other a government SCHNITZ SCHULE (Carving School), in which we have perhaps a promise that in time the Gröden sculptures will be less conventional than they are at present.

At the approach to St. Christina a tall crucifix, shiny with new paint, has been set up. Under the feet of the image is a tablet inscribed—

Gesu mio misericordia  
100 giorni d'Indul.  
1875.

What did it mean? I made inquiries, but could not discover why the big cross had been erected by the wayside, nor what was to be the effect of the hundred days of indulgence.

I walked on to Plan. The Wolkensteiner valley looked as attractively lonesome as in the former days : Frau Lardschneider at the Lamm had lost none of her vivacity, and her greetings were hospitable. But the paper boat was no longer in existence.

I longed for a wide prospect before departing from the neighbourhood, and spoke with the Wirth about a trip to the Col di Rodela. It was soon arranged : I mounted his horse, and we set forth on the Weg nach Fassa.

Steadily upwards runs the path between Meisules and Langkofel, crossing broad pastures where haymakers from different parishes were at work on the sections allotted to them. But though the broad green expanse looks pleasant to the eye, the grass is thin, and there is a hungry aspect in the landscape.

As we ascend, the two mountains reveal themselves more

and more, and Meisules, no longer a mere wall, displays architectural features.

In an hour we come to the crown of the pass—the Sella Joch. It may be a convenient way from Gröden to Fassa, but it is in itself not attractive, and has too confined an outlook to repay the toil. The summit is marked by a crucifix, and a notice-board with an inscription on each side—"Bezirks Hauptmannschaft Bozen" on one, and "Capitanato distrettuale di Cavalese" on the other. The path turns away to the left, and begins immediately to descend to Canazei.

The Wirth, pointing to a bold rounded green hill about two miles distant on the right, marked the course we were now to take, still across grassy slopes. The final climb was very steep and laborious; but the horse dug his feet into the soft turf, and soon we were on the summit of the Col. The horse panted heavily, but began at once to eat the bundle of hay we had brought with us, as if indifferent to sympathy.

As the day began, so did it continue—perfect. With bright sun and a gentle breeze, and a soft couch, our elevation, eight thousand feet, was delightful. Judging from appearances, we were on a level with the top of Langkofel, and the broad green plateau of Schlern seemed a little below us. In the opposite direction Monte Pordoi is in presence, and the Marmolata shows a mighty slope of snow; and in the distance, beyond the crowd of stony crests, are seen the silvery peaks of the Ortler, of Stubay, and of the Zillerthal. King Cimon must have been visible, but I could not identify him.

But there were the upper swells of the Seisser Alp, and the way by which we descended two years ago, and the

Duronthal, with a silver thread curving along it; and Campidél looked foolishly small, and the tall dark cliffs under which we had walked appeared insignificant.

From Canazei down to Moena, the Fassathal shewed its whole length; and, by turning half round, we had before us a widespread contrast of stony acclivities and broad green slopes stretching all the way to Gröden.

But the Meisules! As we rose higher and higher on the hill so did the architectural form develop itself more and more, and now it appears as a temple of magnificent dimensions based on a greater rock. There are two grand wings of three stories, with broad terraces and long ranges of columns, and at the farther end two large flat domes suggestive of vast halls beneath. The illusion is complete; and as the space between the two wings is filled with white drifting sand, you imagine it to have been a yet vaster hall, of which the fallen roof has long been buried with other relics beneath the drift of ages. That drift slopes upwards to the level of the highest terrace, and masks the building that once connected the wings. It seems scarcely credible that that wonderful edifice should be reposing behind such a mere stripe of wall as is seen from St. Ulrich.

I pointed all this out to the Wirth; but an imaginary temple, however colossal, had no charm for him. "Do you see that little green spot there?" he said, pointing to the farthest corner of Meisules, where a small green hollow appeared on the top of precipitous rocks. "There's grass enough in that little place for twenty sheep for three months. We drive the sheep up and leave them there until the time comes for fetching them down." I had heard similar descriptions in other parts of the country, where, as here, none but

a Tyrolese sheep could scramble up to the petty grazing ground.

Five hours suffice for the excursion from Plan to the Col di Rodela and back, including an hour on the summit. It is an excursion to be commended, for the ground is grassy nearly the whole distance. We went down at a great pace, which the horse, having no burden on his back, seemed glad to imitate.

Oberwinkel is a nook about an hour distant, at the eastern end of the Ratschötz, that broad pine-covered hill always to be seen from the door of the inn at St. Ulrich. You may walk thither by a stony path up the hillside beyond the St. Anna church, or by a meadow path along the Ratschötzbach. The Winkel is a rural and romantic spot, with fields, pastures, gardens, runs of water and a deep rocky gorge crooked and narrow, crossed by a covered bridge. The brook leaping forth from a cleft above forms a pretty white cascade against the dark mass of forest in its rear, and wriggles its way through the dark brown crevices, a mere streak of water. The gorge in itself is worth including among short local excursions; but there is something to be seen in the distance—the Blattkogel, the Schlern, and other summits, and grey cliff, and green slope, and the valley beneath, into which your eye drops fondly from time to time. Among the mountains it is well to prowl everywhere, for a walk that begins with proxy labour may end amid delightful scenery and reveal a delightful prospect.

A few hours after my departure from Gröden a thunderstorm burst on the hills behind Oberwinkel. Soon a strange rushing and rumbling were heard in St. Ulrich. The Ratschötzbach, filled to overflowing, dashed raging down the valley, a

combined torrent of furious water and big stones, and these rolling together produced the strange rumbling. Access to the pleasant green meadow was cut off; the bridge, and a long section of the road, were swept away, and havoc and confusion reigned all down the valley. What a wonderful sight that torrent must have presented as it rushed through the deep, crooked gorge at Oberwinkel !



## CHAPTER XLVI.

**Innovations at Paneveggio.—Saw-mills.—Bad News for Predazzo.—House-builders.—Hod-boys.—New Canal.—New People?—The Sylvan Charm.—Our Party.—“Come again.”—Good-bye!**

A NEW road is the precursor of changes, and too often tends to banish simplicity.

Rumours of innovations had been heard from time to time at Paneveggio. At length, in 1874, gangs of labourers began to fell trees and dig foundations for saw-mills a short distance below the house, and the sound of voices and the roar of blasting disturbed the primeval quiet of the neighbourhood. All day long the loud reports startled the echoes into twenty repetitions among the hills, for all the building-stone required had to be torn out of the ground, and a long channel on a high level, by which to feed the water-wheels, had to be laboriously blasted through the forest, up to a favourable inlet on the main torrent. It was a surprise to see how near the stone lay to the surface. That bright green grass which yields such sweet crops of hay, and satiates grazing cattle, is but a skin. Scrape with a spade or hoe, and you at once lay bare the obdurate porphyry.

Before the summer was over the rough, solid walls of two saw-mills rose above the ground, and Predazzo put on a sour face at the prospect of losing the sawing of the yearly thousands of Travignolo logs. At the same time a house was

built for the forester by the side of the chapel. Most of the stone for the walls was dragged from the brook; the basement courses were squared; but above these the stones were laid in their natural shape embedded in plenty of mortar, which made up for want of skill, and hid bad workmanship. For me it was a novelty to see a house built without the appliances usual in other countries. There was no scaffold. When the top of the walls rose too high to be reached from the ground, a sloping gangway of planks was placed inside and outside, and by means of these and one stumpy ladder the walls were built. The hod is a flat board with two sticks projecting from its under side: the mortar stays on as best it may while the boy, resting a stick on each shoulder, carries his load to the mason. The plaster was thrown on the rough stone by a queer jerky movement of the hand, but shewed, when finished, a fair rustic surface. But, alas, for appearances! all too soon the walls bulged and gaped, and were saved from falling only by iron ties. I fear the house was built by contract.

In 1875 the water was let into the canal, and the two principal wheels were found to work satisfactorily. Then we heard that two more mills were to be built lower down, so that by-and-by stacks of logs and planks will encroach too much on the pleasant landscape.

In the same year the new road was finished. It ascends the hillside soon after leaving Predazzo, commands views all across the valley, and circumvents the awkward slope below Bellamonte by a few zigzags. Wehrsteine—fence stones—(paracarri, in Italian) protect its outer edge all the way from Predazzo to Primiero, and, though they are yards apart, are suggestive of safety even in precipitous places.

Another impending change is the departure of the Frau

Wirthinn, the widow of our brave Michele. Who shall venture to predict whether a new host and hostess will commend themselves to travellers and visitors so agreeably as the old ones did ?

But it will be long before the glorious forests lose their charm ; before Nature is driven from valley and glen and breezy alp, and air and water cease to bring delight.

We who met as friends during three summers, and enjoyed the local charm to the utmost, now look back on the place with mingled emotions. Three of that happy party are deceased ; the "Sängerinn" is married ; and the others are widely dispersed.

Earnest entreaties to "come again" have attended all my departures from Paneveggio ; and honest eyes have watched me till I passed out of sight among the trees. The forest so soon hides everything, whichever be your route.

Among the embarrassments that attend "Good-bye !" there is the feeling that you may have spoken the word for the last time. Hence it is, perhaps, that even inanimate objects seem unusually interesting, as if pervaded by sentiment, while you slowly, and with many a backward look, walk away.

"Good-bye !" Is it not after all a word of blessing ?



## APPENDIX.

	Suggestions for Pronunciation.	Explanations.
Agordo . . .	Ah-g'r-do . . .	Emphasis as in <i>agony</i> .
Boche . . .	Bo-kay. . .	
Botzen . . .	Boat-s'n. . .	The local newspapers spell it <i>Bozen</i> .
Castelruth . . .	Castel-root. . .	
Cavalese . . .	Cava-lay-zay. . .	
Cece . . .	Chay-chay . . .	<i>Ch</i> as in <i>chin</i> .
Cencenighe . . .	Chen-chen-e-gay . . .	Emphasis as in <i>consecration</i> .
Cima . . .	Che-ma . . .	<i>ma</i> as in <i>master</i> .
Cimon . . .	Che-moan, . . .	
Cismone . . .	Chis-mo-nay. . .	
Civetta . . .	Che-vet-ta. . .	
Cordevole . . .	Cor-day-vo-lay . . .	Emphasis as in <i>corporeal</i> .
Croce . . .	Cro-chay. . .	
Gasthaus . . .	Gast-house . . .	<i>Gast</i> as in <i>gastronomy</i> .
Gares . . .		<i>Careas</i> , with <i>g</i> in place of <i>c</i> , gives the sound.
Giau . . .	Jow . . .	<i>ow</i> as in <i>cow</i> .
Giuribello . . .	Jury-bello. . .	
Giuribrutto . . .	Jury-brute-o. . .	
Hall . . .		As <i>hall</i> in <i>hallucination</i>
Kufstein . . .	Koof-stine . . .	The slovenly practice of sound- ing the <i>s</i> as <i>sch</i> need not be regarded.
Neumarkt . . .	Ny-markt. . .	
Paneveggio . . .	Pan-a-ved-jo. . .	
Predazzo . . .	Pre-dat-zo . . .	Emphasis as in <i>predacious</i> .
Schmirn . . .	Shmearn. . .	
Seisser . . .	Sy-ser. . .	
Thal (dale or valley)		sounded as <i>tal</i> in <i>talent</i> .
Thierberg . . .	Teer-berg. . .	
Tre Croci . . .	Tray-cro-che. . .	
Venas . . .	Ven-nass . . .	as <i>menace</i> in French.
Waidbruck . . .	Vide-brook. . .	
Wirth . . .	Veert. . .	
Wirthshaus . . .	Veerts-house. . .	

(P. 21.)

## DER JESUIT.

Es geht ein finstres Wesen um,  
 Das nennt sich Jesuit;  
 Es lächelt nicht, ist still und stumm,  
 Und schleichend ist sein Schritt.

Es hat nicht Rast und hat nicht Ruh',  
 Und hat ein bleich' Gesicht  
 Und drückt am Tag die Augen zu,  
 Als beisse es das Licht.

Es trägt ein langes Trau'rgewand  
 Und kurzgeschornes Haar,  
 Und bringt die Nacht in jedes Land,  
 Wo schon die Dämm'ung war.

Es wohnt in einem engen Haus  
 Und sinnt auf neuen Zwang,  
 Und blickt es in die Welt hinaus,  
 So wird der Menschheit bang.

Und Jesus trug ein farbig' Kleid  
 Und seine Brust war bloss;  
 Und was er sprach, war Seligkeit,  
 Und was er that, war gross.

Und Jesus' off'nes Auge war  
 So frei wie sein Gebot,  
 Und Jesus trug ein lockig Haar,  
 Und seine Wang' war roth.

Am dattelreichen Palmenbaum  
 Da lehrt' er sein Gebet,  
 Und träumte seiner Liebe Traum  
 Am See Genesareth.

D'rum, seh ich solch' nen Finsterling,  
 So fällt mir immer ein,  
 Wie kann man solchen wüsten Ding  
 So schönen Namen leih'n?

HERMANN VON GILM.  
 (Born, 1812; died, 1864.)

(P. 214.)

## DAS LIED VON PANEVEGGIO.

*Arie*—"Yankee Doodle."

In Paneveggio lebt man frei;  
 Man klaffen kann und klaffen:  
 Da trinkt man gut, da schläft man sanft,  
 Und da frisst man die Pfaffen.  
 Kameraden! stimmt ein,  
 Preis't mit Chor und Solo  
 Tiroler Land, Tiroler Wein,  
 In lustig Travnolo.

Die Leute können Fichtenwald  
 Und frische Luft anbieten,  
 Und zeigen je im Himmelsblau  
 Die kühnen Dolomiten.

*Chor.*

Gasthaus zum schönen Kerl ist da,  
 Gar wenig and're Häuser:  
 Da wohnt in Fried ein dicker Wirth  
 Viel grösser als der Kaiser.

*Chor.*

Er isst nicht viel, doch trinken kann,  
 Kann leeren manche Flaschen:  
 Ist ehrlich wie ein Edelmann,  
 Hat immer Geld in Taschen.

*Chor.*

Im Winter sitzt er traurig da  
 Weil wilde Schnee-Stürm haufen:  
 Kein Fremder kommt, er hört kein Wort,  
 Was kann er thun als—saufen?

*Chor.*

Wann Frühling kommt dann wacht er auf  
 Und fängt er an zu singen—  
 Komm, Sommer, komm geschwind um mir  
 Recht viele Gäst' zu bringen!

*Chor.*

Die Wirthinn in der Küche steht,  
 Und kocht die besten Speisen:  
 Das schmeckt wohl jedermann so gut,  
 Ich muss sie immer preisen.

*Chor.*

Die Leute da sind treu und klar  
 Wie echte Diamanten :  
 Doch denken sie, ein' wilde Schaar  
 Fast alle Protestanten.

*Chor.*

Da bleibt der Herr Ingenieur,  
 Durch Wälder hau't er Strassen ;  
 Und eben wenig als er raucht  
 So wenig kann er spassen.

*Chor.*

Doch ist er ein geschickter Mann,  
 Thut Kirch' und Brücken bauen :  
 Was aber er am liebsten hat  
 Ist Schönheit anzuschauen.

*Chor.*

Ein' Dame kommt, ein' Künstlerinn—  
 Die nicht im mind'sten prahlet :  
 Doch sie Berg, Wald und Wasserfall  
 Hat wunderbar gemallet.

*Chor.*

Noch eine—Santa Lucia,  
 Die singt schön wie ein Engel :  
 Ich möchte wohl dass wie ein Kind  
 Sie führte mich am Gängel.

*Chor.*

Da kommt ein' holde Sängerinn :  
 Verschwindet all' Gewitter—  
 Sie spielt so süß, all' Herzen fall'n  
 Entzückt vor ihrer Zither.

*Chor.*

Kommt ein Professor aus Trient,  
 Die Wissenschaft mit Brille :  
 Sein' Weisheit aber flüchtig wird  
 Wenn er gehört die Trille.

*Chor.*

Und kommt der jung' Luigi da  
 Sein Tanzelei zu würzen ;  
 Er freiet eine Sängerinn,  
 Muss doch vom Soller sturzen.

*Chor.*



Dann steht der Herr Skultore auf :

Seid still, sagt er, ihr Leute !

Was hilft Gesang und Malerei ?

In Marmor Ich arbeite !

*Chor.*

Bravo ! ruft dann der Englischmann—

Hier gibt es viel zu frommen :

Zu solchen Freunden sage Ich

In England seid willkommen.

Kameraden ! stimmt ein,

Preis't mit Chor und Solo

Tiroler Land, Tiroler Wein,

In lustig Travignolo !

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